

£3

RKZ
1905

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY
EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS

POETRY AND
THE DRAMA

THE MINOR ELIZABETHAN
DRAMA · INTRODUCTION BY
PROF. ASHLEY THORNDIKE
I.—PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDIES

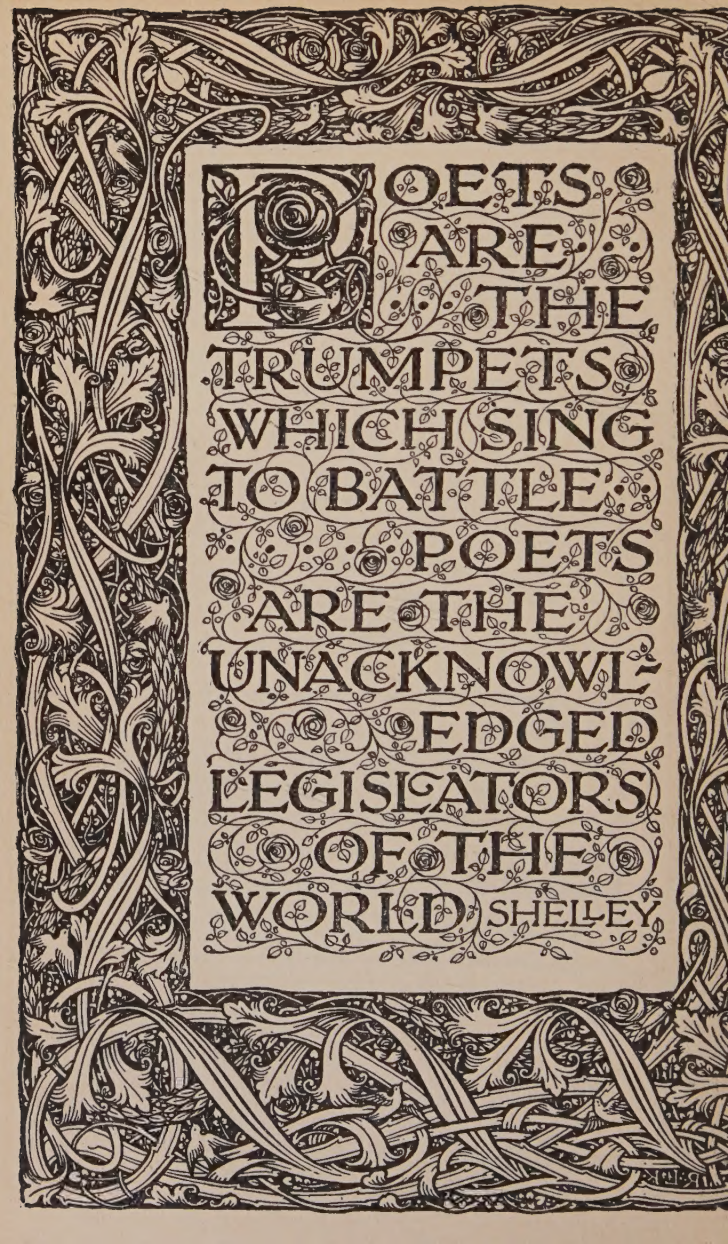
THIS IS NO. 491 OF *EVERYMAN'S*
LIBRARY. THE PUBLISHERS WILL
BE PLEASED TO SEND FREELY TO ALL
APPLICANTS A LIST OF THE PUBLISHED
AND PROJECTED VOLUMES ARRANGED
UNDER THE FOLLOWING SECTIONS:

TRAVEL ❖ SCIENCE ❖ FICTION
THEOLOGY & PHILOSOPHY
HISTORY ❖ CLASSICAL
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
ESSAYS ❖ ORATORY
POETRY & DRAMA
BIOGRAPHY
REFERENCE
ROMANCE



THE ORDINARY EDITION IS BOUND
IN CLOTH WITH GILT DESIGN AND
COLOURED TOP. THERE IS ALSO A
LIBRARY EDITION IN REINFORCED CLOTH

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.



POETS
ARE
THE
TRUMPETS
WHICH SING
TO BATTLE.
POETS
ARE THE
UNACKNOWLED-
GED
LEGISLATORS
OF THE
WORLD. SHELLEY

THE MINOR ELIZABETH -AN DRAMA (I) PRE-SHAK -ESPEAREAN TRAGEDIES



LONDON & TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS
LTD. NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & CO

FIRST ISSUE OF THIS EDITION . 1910
REPRINTED 1913, 1917, 1920, 1924

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

INTRODUCTION

THE dramas written during the first thirty years of Elizabeth's reign are not easily arranged in categories. They deal with many kinds of subjects, and they recall many different models. Any single play, in fact, is sure to reveal in some measure the conflicting influences of the two great traditions that were then struggling for mastery. The mediæval religious drama, with its miracles and moralities, had been for centuries virtually the only dramatic tradition existing; but by 1559, in England, as elsewhere in Europe, the new learning had brought to men's knowledge the tragedies and comedies of Greece and Rome. Although miracle plays had nearly ceased, their chief characteristics long survived: their epic structure, their adherence to the method of translation, their mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous, their medley of persons from all walks in life, and their readiness to exhibit anything whatever on the stage. And, although moralities were already losing their pre-eminence, abstractions figuring as characters in a symbolic presentation of life continued to be common until Shakespeare's time. The classical models, on the other hand, were winning imitators as well as admirers. By translations, by neo-Latin or vernacular imitations, by adaptations of biblical story to Terentian or Senecan form, by dramatisation of classical story or myth, and by many other processes, they were becoming familiar to actors and play-goers at court, school, and even in public theatres. While, as Sir Philip Sidney complained, there were very few "right comedies" or "right tragedies," there were an increasing number which showed that their authors had studied classical theory and practice.

The classical models adopted for tragedy were not, however, the Greek plays, but those of the Roman philosopher Seneca. These are but inferior rhetorical imitations of the Athenian masterpieces, but they won the unstinted admiration of the Renaissance. In England, as in every

other nation of Western Europe, they were read in school and college, translated into the vernacular, and became the common property of all educated men. Moreover, although they were probably never acted in Rome, they were accepted by the Elizabethans as stage plays, and all their characteristics were applied to stage performance. Their stories, drawn from the most bloody and revolting of the Greek myths and tracing crimes to their final horrible retribution, as well as their brilliant and elaborate poetic diction, delighted both scholars and public. Cultured men of letters strove to create an English drama modelled in all respects upon Seneca, retaining his structure, chorus, unities of time and place, along with his sensational themes and showy style. Fortunately, however, the public theatres had created a popular demand which could not endure such solecisms, and they soon attracted poets of independent genius who preferred the licence of the public taste to the narrow laws of the scholars. Meanwhile, however, Seneca served as a standard to define tragedy. If the popular dramatist did not produce "right tragedy," he was nevertheless conscious of his model. He wrote of adultery, lust, lawless ambition, murder, and revenge, and he gave these themes all the poetical embellishments he could devise. Even popular tragedies were generally confined to the affairs of princes or persons of high rank, and dealt with a reversal of fortune, the downfall of a prince, the ruin of a kingdom, or the punishment of some monstrous crime.

"Gorboduc" (1565, acted 1562), the first English tragedy, was a definite attempt to follow the examples of Italy and France and to initiate English tragedy in strict conformity to the Senecan model. It was written by two gentlemen of standing, both at court and in letters, Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst; and it was performed by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple as a part of their elaborate Christmas entertainment for the queen in 1561-2. The story of a fratricide and the resulting murders and wars was selected from English legend because of its likeness to Seneca's "Thebais;" and the long declamations, the chorus, the division into five acts, the messengers, and the narration of events, all follow Senecan practice. But even in "Gorboduc" the

unities of time and place are violated, and the interminable debates are like those in the moralities rather than those in Seneca. The structure, too, is really narrative and not dramatic, and the dumb-shows between the acts introduce spectacles foreign to the classical drama. "Gorboduc" was followed by several other English Senecan plays, "Jocasta," "Tancred and Gismunda," and "The Misfortunes of Arthur," all written for special occasions and performed by amateurs before the queen. These, along with some lost university plays, represent the attempt and the failure to bind English tragedy to Seneca. Sidney praised "Gorboduc," and Bacon assisted in "The Misfortunes of Arthur;" but the Senecan devotees won hardly a nod from Poetry and Imagination. These awaited the call of the public playhouses.

By the time that Shakespeare began his career, nearly twenty years after the performance of "Gorboduc," the companies of professional actors were securely established in London. They had built playhouses, won the favour of the court and the patronage of a large public, and were beginning to attract brilliant young men from the universities as playwrights. Tragedy by this time was well initiated as a species of the popular drama. To be sure, the species was not closely defined, and it existed without support of criticism or theory, but it already comprised a number of plays that were written in ambitious verse and dealt with momentous and direful events, heroic and extraordinary persons, and atrocious crimes. Sensational and bloody, they appealed to an audience which was familiar with cruelty and brutality in its daily life, and which read history in the light of the career of Mary Stuart and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Intent mainly on exhibiting the striking incidents of a story, careless of structure, eager for incongruity, they appealed to an audience which came to the theatre craving a startling story and which liked to have its emotions mixed. Grandiose in theme and style, audacious in their extravagant romanticism, they satisfied the desire for novelty, adventure, and fantasy which was shared by illiterate apprentice and aspiring poet. The audience welcomed verbal fireworks as well as gruesome murder; and while it required an exciting story, it was willing enough that the

poet should give this splendid verse and imaginative idealism.

The chief creator of this popular tragedy was Christopher Marlowe. His plays are contained in another volume of Everyman's Library, and need not be considered here; but any account of the pre-Shakespearean drama must be at pains to emphasise his importance. His plays deal with prodigious desires and the failures which inevitably result, and their dramatic interest centres upon the volitional struggles of their mighty protagonists. Marlowe freed himself from all allegiance to Senecan technique or diction; and devoted himself valiantly to the public theatres, providing his actors with great parts, his audience with sensation, spectacle, and rant, and the drama with genuine passion and exuberant poetry. His tragedies formed a type and set a fashion; and for several years all blank verse echoed his cadences, and the London stages witnessed ranting conquerors like Tamburlaine, monstrous villains like Barabbas, and death scenes like those of Faustus and Edward II. Shakespeare was his pupil, and in "Richard III." adopted his methods, and in "Richard II." and "The Merchant of Venice" wrote in emulation if no longer in imitation.

Only second to Marlowe in influence upon the pre-Shakespearian writers of tragedy was Thomas Kyd; and his influence is in most respects readily distinguishable from that of his greater rival. He was a "Senecal man." He translated the "Cornelia" of the French Senecan, Garnier; and in the one play on which his fame securely rests, "The Spanish Tragedy" (1592, acted 1588), he adapted a Senecan theme, and to some extent Senecan technique, to the popular stage. The main theme of revenge, the ghost, what there is left of the chorus, the philosophising, the introspection, the rhetorical antitheses and repetitions, are all Senecan. But Kyd was a born playwright, and he knew his theatre. In the main, the play was a crude, cumbrous, but powerful melodrama, so effective in its startling situations that it won an instantaneous, enormous, and long-continued popularity. Even the reader of to-day may find in its absurdities and bombast a not wholly powerless presentation of the struggle of the human will against evil and destiny.

Imitations of "The Spanish Tragedy" were many. Shrieking ghosts, soliloquising avengers, and Machiavellian villains became hardly less common than Tamburlaine-like protagonists. "Titus Andronicus," whatever may have been Shakespeare's share in its composition, belongs to Kyd's school, as does "Soliman and Perseda," somewhat doubtfully attributed to Kyd himself. Another play attributed to Kyd is the original "Hamlet," not extant but certainly acted by 1589, a dozen years before Shakespeare wrote his "Hamlet," and almost certainly used by Shakespeare as the basis of his play. In "The Spanish Tragedy" Kyd had dealt with the revenge of a father for a murdered son; in "Hamlet" he dealt, probably in a similar fashion, with the revenge of a son for a father. These two plays made the beginning of a long series of revenge tragedies, distinguished, like "The Spanish Tragedy," by the presentation of ghosts, insanity, diabolic intrigue, physical horrors, much philosophising, and copious slaughter. Ben Jonson, in his "Additions" to Kyd's play, Chapman, Webster, Shirley, and others, endowed the species with far greater poetry and more searching psychology than Kyd could muster. But his was the conception of the avenger hesitating and irresolute in the face of overpowering evil—a conception which Shakespeare transformed into the eternally puzzling moods of Hamlet.

Most of the tragedies written between the dates of "The Spanish Tragedy" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet" exhibit a large indebtedness to Marlowe or Kyd, or to both; but there were various departures from their methods. One of these is exemplified by Peele's "David and Bethsabe" (1599, acted *c.* 1590); another by the realistic "Arden of Feversham" (1592, acted *c.* 1590), often attributed in part to Shakespeare, but without any evidence.

George Peele was a versatile and facile poet who began his dramatic career at Oxford, where he made a version of one of the "Iphigenias" of Euripides, and who was later in London the friend of Nash, Greene, and Marlowe, and the author of a number of plays of various modes. "David and Bethsabe" is unique among extant tragedies of its time in its use of a biblical story, but otherwise it offers little that was novel in dramatic art. In structure and characterisation it offers no advance on the average

play of the period. Its most notable characteristic is undoubtedly its poetic style. This is generally monotonous and often absurd, as in the notorious passages where Absalom plays with conceits for many lines while hanging by his hair, and again for many lines after he has been stabbed. But Peele was famous as "primus verborum artifex," and he let no chance for poetry go by. No matter what the situation of his characters, he made them sing sweetly, and no matter what subjects were proposed, he could turn them to melodious and graceful fancy. And his play is not without charm and loveliness. It does not give us reality or wisdom or truth; it carries us into a world of verbal felicity, of music and fancy—a world that the Elizabethans loved, where the author of "Romeo and Juliet" was king.

"Arden of Feversham" represents tendencies in the drama opposite to those of "David and Bethsabe," and in the main counter to those prevailing in Elizabethan tragedy. It relates the history of a nearly contemporaneous murder, and is the earliest domestic tragedy extant. There had probably been earlier dramatisations of notorious criminal cases, and "Arden" makes the most of the public's morbid curiosity. But its author seems also to have designed a protest against current dramatic fashions. The tragedies of the day were concerned with kings and courts and state affairs; he would write of private men and domestic affairs. They were concerned with past events and remote scenes; he would write of English events of his own time. They sought to render their stories impressive by all the graces of imagery and ornament; he would tell the true story of an actual crime and let it point its own moral. He opposed the romanticism of the day with the creed of the realist.

Gentlemen, we hope youle pardon this naked tragedy,
Wherein no filed points are foisted in
To make it gracious to the eare or eye;
For simple truth is gracious enough,
And needes no other points of glosing stuffe.

"Arden of Feversham" was followed by a number of criminal plays in the Elizabethan period, and in the eighteenth century it was revived by Lillo and perhaps influenced him in his "George Barnwell." None of its

successors has surpassed it in its vivid presentation of facts, but the play does not merit half the laudation it has received. It borrows from Marlowe and Kyd, and its realism is tedious and over-detailed. Its unquestioned triumph lies in its portraiture of Alice Arden. No other evil woman in the drama before Lady Macbeth is comparable to her in verisimilitude.

"Arden of Feversham" might also be instanced as an example of plays based on the chronicles, for it follows Holinshed closely. Most of the chronicle plays, however, dealt with English history in a larger way, and they make up a loosely defined group. A considerable number of these have tragic themes and resemblances to some of the tragedies already discussed. Perhaps the most typical examples are the three parts of "Henry VI." In these Shakespeare had a share, but Marlowe's influence, if not his hand, is dominant. They form a panorama of Henry's long reign arranged to emphasise the "falls of princes;" and Shakespeare in "Richard III." carried on the tale to the downfall of the arch-villain and the triumph of the Tudor dynasty. Outside of the Shakespeare Folio the best tragic chronicle play is Marlowe's "Edward II."

With additions from these chronicle histories and the all-important work of Marlowe, the four plays in this volume illustrate the various essays and the most important tendencies in the beginnings of English tragedy. They indicate the way in which the field was prepared for Shakespeare; and their chief interest for us to-day is doubtless in their illustration of the conditions which he faced. They reveal themes, characters, stories, motives, stage effects, and traits of style which were examples and incentives for him. Under their tutelage he served his apprenticeship in dramatic art.

Naturally they suffer in comparison with his far more successful achievement. No one of the four plays is admirable as a whole. Only here and there, for a situation, a conception, a character, or a line—in the depiction of Alice Arden, in a verse here and there of Peele's, or a dramatic conception of Kyd's—can our praise become unreserved. But if we judge not by our own standards, and still less in comparison with Shakespeare, if we read these plays as the work of early pioneers of a new art and

a new poetry, as novel experiments of literature to express the life and passion of a great national epoch, then there must be admiration as well as gratitude for these pioneers and pursuivants of an imperial triumph.

ASHLEY THORNDIKE.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK.

BIBLIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF

NORTON and SACKVILLE.—*Gorboduc*, first acted 1560-1, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple; 4to, 1565; later authorised version, *The Tragidie of Feerex and Porrex*, 1570; reprint, 1590; edited R. Dodsley, 1736; in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1774, 1780; Hawkins, *English Drama*, 1773; *Ancient British Drama*, 1810; W. D. Cooper (*Shakespeare Society*), 1847; L. Toulmin Smith (*Vollmoeller, Englische Sprach- u. Literatur Denkmale*), 1883; *Early English Dramatists*, 1906; *Tudor facsimile Texts*, 1908; and in *Editions of Sackville's works*, 1820, 1859.

THOMAS KYD.—*The Spanish Tragedie*, containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia: with the pitiful death of olde Hieronimo, 4to, undated; 4to, 1594; 4to, 1599; later issues included new additions of the Painter's part and other; two entries in Henslow's *Diary* speak of money advanced to Ben Jonson for these additions, but a doubt is nevertheless thrown on his authorship, the credit of fine passages having been given to Webster or even Shakespeare. Ed. J. Shick (*Temple Dramatists*), 1898.

Works.—In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ed. by Hazlitt, vols. 4 and 5, 1874; by F. S. Boas (*Clarendon Press*), 1901.

GEORGE PEELE.—*Old Wives' Tale*, 4to, 1595; ed. F. B. Gummere, 1903. *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe*, with the *Tragedy of Absalon*, 4to, 1599.

Works.—Ed. A. Dyce, 1828, 1829-39; and with Greene's works, 1861; A. H. Bullen, 1888; *Plays and Poems*, with Introduction by H. Morley (*Morley's Universal Library*), vol. 52.

The lamentable and true tragedy of Master Arden of Feversham in Kent, doubtfully ascribed to Shakespeare, 4to, 1592; reprint, 1770; with Introduction by A. H. Bullen, 1887; 4to, 1633; ed. R. Bayne (*Temple Dramatists*), 1897; with Introduction by A. F. Hopkinson (*Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays*), 1907.

NICHOLAS UDALL.—*Ralph Roister Doister*, early copy undated; reprinted, 1818, 1821; published in I. White's *Old English Dramas*, 1830; by Shakespeare Society, 1847; in Arber's *English Reprints*, 1869, 1895; and in Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. 3, 1874; edited by W. H. Williams and P. A. Robin (*Temple Dramatists*), 1901; by E. Flügel, *Representative English Comedies*, 1903.

Works.—J. S. Farmer (*Early English Dramatists*), 1906; and 1907 (*Museum Dramatists*).

JOHN LYLY.—*Endimion*, *The Man in the Moone*, 4to, 1591; in Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, vol. i., 1814; edited G. P. Baker, 1894.

Works.—Edited F. W. Fairholt, 1858; by R. Warwick Bond (*Clarendon Press*), 3 vols. 1902.

ROBERT GREENE.—*The Honorable Historie of frier Bacon and frier Bongay*, 4to, 1594, 1599, etc.; *The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth*, slaine at Flodden, entermixed with a pleasant Comedie presented by Oboram, King of Fayeries, 4to, 1598.

Works.—*Plays*, edited by A. Dyce, 1831; revised edition (*Dramatic and Poetical*), with Peele's *Works*, 1861; complete works, 15 vols., edited by Dr. Grosart, 1881-6; *Plays and Poems*, J. Churton Collins (*Clarendon Press*), 1905; T. H. Dickinson (*Mermaid Series*), 1909.

CONTENTS

GORBODUC: by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville (Lord Buckhurst)	PA .
ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM	.
DAVID AND BETHSABE: by George Peele	I
THE SPANISH TRAGEDY: by Thomas Kyd	I
GLOSSARY	2

7

GORBODUC

THE ARGUMENT

GORBODUC, King of Britain, divided his realm in his life time to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to dissension. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GORBODUC, *King of Great Britain.*
 VIDENA, *Queen, and wife to King Gorboduc.*
 FERREX, *Elder son to King Gorboduc.*
 PORREX, *Younger son to King Gorboduc.*
 CLOTYN, *Duke of Cornwall.*
 FERGUS, *Duke of Albany.*
 MANDUD, *Duke of Loegris.*
 GWENARD, *Duke of Cumberland.*
 EUBULUS, *Secretary to the King.*
 AROSTUS, *a Counsellor to the King.*
 DORDAN, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his eldest son, Ferrex.*
 PHILANDER, *a Counsellor assigned*

by the King to his youngest son Porrex.
Both being of the old king's council before.
 HERMON, *a Parasite remaining with Ferrex.*
 TYNDAR, *a Parasite remaining with Porrex.*
 NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of the elder brother's death.*
 NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of Duke Fergus rising in arms.*
 MARCELLA, *a Lady of the Queen's privy-chamber.*
 CHORUS, *four ancient and sage men of Britain.*

GORBODUC

THE ORDER OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIRST ACT, AND THE SIGNIFICATION THEREOF.

First, the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his neck a fagot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strength to break ; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them pulled out one of the sticks, and brake it : and the rest plucking out all the other sticks, one after another, did easily break them, the same being severed ; which being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force, but being divided, is easily destroyed ; as befell upon Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy ; and upon the dissension of the brethren, to whom it was divided.

ACT I

SCENE I

VIDENA. FERREX.

Vid. The silent night that brings the quiet pause,
From painful travails of the weary day,
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame
The slow Aurore, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to show her blushing face,
And now the day renews my griefful plaint.

Fer. My gracious lady, and my mother dear,
Pardon my grief for your so grieved mind
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.

- Vid.* So great a wrong and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kind! ¹ 10
- Fer.* Such causeless wrong, and so unjust despite,
May have redress, or, at the least, revenge.
- Vid.* Neither, my son; such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mishap and thine.
- Fer.* Mine know I none, but grief for your distress.
- Vid.* Yes; mine for thine, my son. A father? no:
In kind a father, not in kindliness.
- Fer.* My Father? why, I know nothing at all,
Wherein I have misdone unto his grace. 20
- Vid.* Therefore, the more unkind to thee and me.
For, knowing well, my son, the tender love
That I have ever borne, and bear to thee;
He grieved thereat, is not content alone,
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,
But thee, of thy birth-right and heritage,
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,
Against all law and right, he will bereave:
Half of his kingdom he will give away.
- Fer.* To whom?
- Vid.* Even to Porrex, his younger son; 30
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That, being rais'd to equal rule with thee,
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,
Fill'd with disdain and with ambitious hope,
The end the gods do know, whose altars I
Full oft have made in vain of cattle slain
To send the sacred smoke to Heaven's throne,
For thee, my son, if things do so succeed,
As now my jealous mind misdeemeth sore.
- Fer.* Madam, leave care and careful plaint for me. 40
Just hath my father been to every wight:
His first injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me.
- Vid.* So grant the gods! But yet, thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved mind,
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail;
For those have I assay'd, but even this day
He will endeavour to procure assent

¹ Nature.

Of all his council to his fond devise.

50

Fer. Their ancestors from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers and their seed:
I trust they eke ¹ will bear the like to me.

Vid. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the gods requite it them;
And so they will, for so is wont to be,
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, and civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returns again,
By Jove's just judgment and deserved wrath,
Brings them to cruel and reproachful death,
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.

60

Fer. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

Vid. The end! thy end I fear: Jove end me first!

SCENE II

GORBODUC. AROSTUS. PHILANDER. EUBULUS.

Gor. My lords, whose grave advice and faithful aid
Have long upheld my honour and my realm,
And brought me to this age from tender years,
Guiding so great estate with great renown:
Now more importeth me, than erst ² to use
Your faith and wisdom, whereby yet I reign;
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
The kingdom yet may with unbroken course
Have certain prince, by whose undoubted right
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay;
And eke that they, whom nature hath prepared,
In time to take my place in princely seat,
While in their father's time their pliant youth
Yields to the frame of skilful governance,
May so be taught and trained in noble arts,

70

80

¹ Also.

² Formerly.

As what their fathers, which have reigned before,
 Have with great fame derived down to them,
 With honour they may leave unto their seed;
 And not be thought, for their unworthy life,
 And for their lawless swerving out of kind,
 Worthy to lose what law and kind them gave;
 But that they may preserve the common peace,
 The cause that first began and still maintains
 The lineal course of kings' inheritance,
 For me, for mine, for you, and for the state
 Whereof both I and you have charge and care.
 Thus do I mean to use your wonted faith
 To me and mine, and to your native land.
 My lords, be plain without all wry respect,
 Or poisonous craft to speak in pleasing wise,
 Lest as the blame of ill-succeeding things
 Shall light on you, so light the harms also.

90

100

Aros. Your good acceptance so, most noble king,
 Of such our faithfulness, as heretofore
 We have employed in duties to your grace,
 And to this realm, whose worthy head you are,
 Well proves, that neither you mistrust at all,
 Nor we shall need in boasting wise to show
 Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care
 For you, for yours, and for our native land.
 Wherefore, O king, I speak as one for all,
 Sith all as one do bear you equal faith:
 Doubt not to use our counsels and our aids,
 Whose honours, goods, and lives are whole avow'd,
 To serve, to aid, and to defend your grace.

110

Gor. My lords, I thank you all. This is the case:
 Ye know, the gods, who have the sovereign care
 For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,
 Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,
 Who now, in my decaying years, are grown
 Well towards riper state of mind and strength,
 To take in hand some greater princely charge.
 As yet they live and spend their hopeful days
 With me, and with their mother, here in court.
 Their age now asketh other place and trade,
 And mine also doth ask another change,
 Theirs to more travail, mine to greater ease.

120

When fatal death shall end my mortal life,
My purpose is to leave unto them twain,
The realm divided in two sundry parts:
The one, Ferrex, mine elder son, shall have, 130
The other, shall the younger, Porrex, rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly stand,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I mean forthwith to place them in the same;
That in my life they may both learn to rule,
And I may joy to see their ruling well.
This is, in sum, what I would have you weigh:
First, whether ye allow my whole devise,
And think it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our country, mother of us all: 140
And if ye like it and allow it well,
Then, for their guiding and their governance,
Show forth such means of circumstance,
As ye think meet to be both known and kept.
Lo, this is all; now tell me your advice.

Aros. And this is much, and asketh great advice:
But for my part, my sovereign lord and king,
This do I think: Your majesty doth know,
How under you, in justice and in peace,
Great wealth and honour long we have enjoy'd: 150
So as we cannot seem with greedy minds
To wish for change of prince or governance:
But if we like your purpose and devise,
Our liking must be deemed to proceed
Of rightful reason, and of heedful care,
Not for ourselves, but for the common state,
Sith our own state doth need no better change.
I think in all as erst your grace hath said:
First, when you shall unload your aged mind
Of heavy care and troubles manifold, 160
And lay the same upon my lords, your sons,
Whose growing years may bear the burden long,
(And long I pray the gods to grant it so)
And in your life, while you shall so behold
Their rule, their virtues, and their noble deeds,
Such as their kind behighteth¹ to us all,
Great be the profits that shall grow thereof;

¹ To promise.

Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
 Your lasting age shall be their longer stay.
 For cares of kings, that rule as you have rul'd, 170
 For public wealth, and not for private joy,
 Do waste man's life and hasten crooked age,
 With furrowed face, and with enfeebled limbs,
 To draw on creeping death a swifter pace.
 They two, yet young, shall bear the parted reign
 With greater ease than one, now old, alone
 Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is
 With lessened strength the double weight to bear.
 Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard 180
 Of father, yea, of such a father's name,
 Now at beginning of their sundred reign,
 When is the hazard of their whole success,
 Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,
 And so restrain the rage of insolence,
 Which most assails the young and noble minds,
 And so shall guide and train in temper'd stay
 Their yet green bending wits with reverend awe,
 As now inur'd with virtues at the first,
 Custom, O king, shall bring delightfulness,
 By use of virtue, vice shall grow in hate. 190
 But if you so dispose it, that the day
 Which ends your life, shall first begin their reign,
 Great is the peril, what will be the end,
 When such beginning of such liberties,
 Void of such stays as in your life do lie,
 Shall leave them free to random of their will,
 An open prey to traitorous flattery,
 The greatest pestilence of noble youth:
 Which peril shall be past, if in your life,
 Their temper'd youth with aged father's awe 200
 Be brought in ure ¹ of skilful stayedness;
 And in your life, their lives disposed so
 Shall length your noble life in joyfulness.
 Thus think I that your grace hath wisely thought,
 And that your tender care of common weal
 Hath bred this thought, so to divide your land,
 And plant your sons to bear the present rule,
 While you yet live to see their ruling well,

¹ Use, practice.

That you may longer live by joy therein.
 What further means behooveful are and meet, 210
 At greater leisure may your grace devise,
 When all have said, and when we be agreed
 If this be best, to part the realm in twain,
 And place your sons in present government:
 Whereof, as I have plainly said my mind,
 So would I hear the rest of all my lords.

Phil. In part I think as hath been said before;
 In part, again, my mind is otherwise.
 As for dividing of this realm in twain,
 And lotting out the same in equal parts 220
 To either of my lords, your grace's sons,
 That think I best for this your realm's behoof,
 For profit and advancement of your sons,
 And for your comfort and your honour eke:
 But so to place them while your life do last,
 To yield to them your royal governance,
 To be above them only in the name
 Of father, not in kingly state also,
 I think not good for you, for them, nor us.
 This kingdom, since the bloody civil field 230
 Where Morgan slain did yield his conquer'd part
 Unto his cousin's sword in Camberland,¹
 Containeth all that whilom did suffice
 Three noble sons of your forefather Brute;
 So your two sons it may suffice also,
 The more the stronger, if they 'gree in one.
 The smaller compass that the realm doth hold,
 The easier is the sway thereof to wield,
 The nearer justice to the wronged poor,
 The smaller charge, and yet enough for one. 240
 And when the region is divided so
 That brethren be the lords of either part,
 Such strength doth nature knit between them both,
 In sundry bodies by conjoined love,
 That, not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Each is to other as a sure defence:

¹ The event here alluded to is recorded in the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth, b. ii. c. 15. Morgan and Cunedagius, who were cousins, and nephews of Cordeilla Queen of Britain, having forcibly taken possession of the kingdom, divided it between themselves. Morgan, in his attempt afterwards to obtain the sole government, was slain by Cunedagius.

The nobleness and glory of the one
Doth sharp the courage of the other's mind,
With virtuous envy to contend for praise.
And such an equalness hath nature made 250
Between the brethren of one father's seed,
As an unkindly wrong it seems to be,
To throw the brother subject under feet
Of him, whose peer he is by course of kind;
And Nature, that did make this equalness,
Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,
That oft she raiseth up a grudging grief
In younger brethren at the elder's state:
Whereby both towns and kingdoms have been rased,
And famous stocks of royal blood destroyed: 260
The brother, that should be the brother's aid,
And have a wakeful care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the lingering years
That draw not forth his end with faster course;
And, oft impatient of so long delays,
With hateful slaughter he prevents the fates,
And heaps a just reward for brother's blood,
With endless vengeance on his stock for aye.
Such mischiefs here are wisely met withal;
If equal state may nourish equal love, 270
Where none hath cause to grudge at other's good.
But now the head to stoop beneath them both,
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good order bears.
And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course
Hath been perverted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
The children cease to know they should obey;
And often over kindly tenderness
Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.
I speak not this in envy or reproach, 280
As if I grudg'd the glory of your sons,
Whose honour I beseech the gods increase:
Nor yet as if I thought there did remain
So filthy cankers in their noble breasts,
Whom I esteem (which is their greatest praise)
Undoubted children of so good a king.
Only I mean to show by certain rules,
Which kind hath graft within the mind of man,

That Nature hath her order and her course,
 Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state 290
 Of minds and things, ev'n in the best of all.
 My lords, your sons, may learn to rule of you,
 Your own example in your noble court
 Is fittest guider of their youthful years.
 If you desire to see some present joy
 By sight of their well ruling in your life,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule:
 Who so obeyeth not with humbleness
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Long may they rule, I do beseech the gods, 300
 Long ¹ may they learn, ere they begin to rule.
 If kind and fates would suffer, I would wish
 Them aged princes, and immortal kings.
 Wherefore, most noble king, I well assent
 Between your sons that you divide your realm,
 And as in kind, so match them in degree.
 But while the gods prolong your royal life,
 Prolong your reign; for thereto live you here,
 And therefore have the gods so long forborne 310
 To join you to themselves, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weal.
 They, when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them room, and will remove you hence,
 That yours, in right ensuing of your life,
 May rightly honour your immortal name.
Eub. Your wonted true regard of faithful hearts
 Makes me, O king, the bolder to presume
 To speak what I conceive within my breast;
 Although the same do not agree at all 320
 With that which other here my lords have said,
 Nor which yourself have seemed best to like.
 Pardon I crave, and that my words be deem'd
 To flow from hearty zeal unto your grace,
 And to the safety of your common weal.
 To part your realm unto my lords, your sons,
 I think not good for you, ne yet for them,
 But worst of all for this our native land.
 Within one land, one single rule is best:
 Divided reigns do make divided hearts; 330

¹ But long.—*Edit.* 1570.

But peace preserves the country and the prince.
 Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,
 So great is his desire to climb aloft,
 In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,
 That faith and justice, and all kindly love,
 Do yield unto desire of sovereignty,
 Where equal state doth raise an equal hope
 To win the thing that either would attain.
 Your grace remembereth how in passed years,
 The mighty Brute, first prince of all this land,¹
 Possess'd the same, and rul'd it well in one: 340
 He, thinking that the compass did suffice
 For his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,
 Cut it in three, as you would now in twain.
 But how much British blood hath since been spilt,
 To join again the sunder'd unity!
 What princes slain before their timely hour!
 What waste of towns and people in the land!
 What treasons heap'd on murders and on spoils!
 Whose just revenge ev'n yet is scarcely ceas'd, 350
 Ruthful remembrance is yet raw in mind.
 The gods forbid the like to chance again:
 And you, O king, give not the cause thereof.
 My lord Ferrex, your elder son, perhaps
 (Whom kind and custom gives a rightful hope
 To be your heir, and to succeed your reign)
 Shall think that he doth suffer greater wrong
 Than he perchance will bear, if power serve.
 Porrex, the younger, so uprais'd in state,
 Perhaps in courage will be rais'd also. 360
 If flattery then, which fails not to assail
 The tender minds of yet unskilful youth,
 In one shall kindle and increase disdain,
 And envy in the other's heart inflame,
 This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,
 And ruthful ruin shall destroy them both.
 I wish not this, O king, so to befall,
 But fear the thing, that I do most abhor.
 Give no beginning to so dreadful end,
 Keep them in order and obedience, 370
 And let them both by now obeying you,

¹ See Geoffrey of Monmouth, book i.

Learn such behaviour as beseems their state;
 The elder, mildness in his governance,
 The younger, a yielding contentedness.
 And keep them near unto your presence still,
 That they, restrained by the awe of you,
 May live in compass of well temper'd stay,
 And pass the perils of their youthful years.
 Your aged life draws on to feebler time,
 Wherein you shall less able be to bear 380
 The travails that in youth you have sustain'd,
 Both in your person's and your realm's defence.
 If planting now your sons in further parts,
 You send them further from your present reach,
 Less shall you know how they themselves demean:
 Traitorous corrupters of their pliant youth
 Shall have unspied a much more free access;
 And if ambition and inflam'd disdain
 Shall arm the one, the other, or them both,
 To civil war, or to usurping pride, 390
 Late shall you rue that you ne reck'd¹ before.
 Good is I grant of all to hope the best,
 But not to live still dreadless of the worst.
 So trust the one that th' other be foreseen.
 Arm not unskilfulness with princely power.
 But you that long have wisely rul'd the reins
 Of royalty within your noble realm,
 So hold them, while the gods, for our avails,
 Shall stretch the thread of your prolonged days.
 Too soon he clomb into the flaming car, 400
 Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.
 Time, and example of your noble Grace,
 Shall teach your sons both to obey and rule.
 When time hath taught them, time shall make them place,
 The place that now is full: and so I pray
 Long it remain, to comfort of us all.

Gor. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part:
 But sith I see no cause to draw my mind,
 To fear the nature of my loving sons,
 Or to misdeem that envy or disdain 410
 Can there work hate, where nature planteth love;
 In one self purpose do I still abide.

¹ To heed, to care for.

My love extendeth equally to both,
 My land sufficeth for them both also.
 Humber shall part the marches of their realms:
 The southern part the elder shall possess,
 The northern shall Porrex, the younger, rule.
 In quiet I will pass mine aged days,
 Free from the travail, and the painful cares,
 That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.
 But lest the fraud, that ye do seem to fear,
 Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
 And writhe them to the ways of youthful lust,
 To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
 Or to neglecting of their careful charge
 Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,
 Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
 Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,
 To tread down truth, or favour false deceit;
 I mean to join to either of my sons
 Some one of those, whose long approved faith
 And wisdom tried, may well assure my heart,
 That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
 Into their fenced ears with grave advice.
 This is the end; and so I pray you all
 To bear my sons the love and loyalty
 That I have found within your faithful breasts.

Aros. You, nor your sons, my sovereign lord, shall want
 Our faith and service, while our hearts do last. [Exeunt

CHORUS.

When settled stay doth hold the royal throne
 In steadfast place, by known and doubtless right,
 And chiefly when descent on one alone
 Makes single and unparted reign to light;
 Each change of course unjoins the whole estate,
 And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.

The strength that knit by fast accord in one,
 Against all foreign power of mighty foes,
 Could of itself defend itself alone,
 Disjoined once, the former force doth lose,

The sticks, that sunder'd brake so soon in twain,
In fagot bound attempted were in vain.

450

Oft tender mind that leads the partial eye
Of erring parents in their children's love,
Destroys the wrongly loved child thereby.
This doth the proud son of Apollo prove,
Who, rashly set in chariot of his sire,
Inflam'd the parched earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king that doth divide his land,
And change the course of his descending crown,
And yields the reign into his children's hand,
From blissful state of joy and great renown,
A mirror shall become to princes all,
To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.

460

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE SECOND ACT.

First, the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art ; so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befel in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.

ACT II

SCENE I

FERREX. HERMON. DORDAN.

Fer. I marvel much what reason led the king,
My father, thus, without all my desert,
To reave me half the kingdom, which by course
Of law and nature should remain to me.

Her. If you with stubborn and untamed pride
Had stood against him in rebelling wise;
Or if, with grudging mind, you had envied

So slow a sliding of his aged years;
 Or sought before your time to haste the course
 Of fatal death upon his royal head;
 Or stain'd your stock with murder of your kin;
 Some face of reason might perhaps have seem'd
 To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.

10

Fer. The wreakful gods pour on my cursed head
 Eternal plagues and never-dying woes,
 The hellish prince adjudge my damned ghost
 To Tantale's thirst, or proud Ixion's wheel,
 Or cruel Gripe¹ to gnaw my growing heart,
 To during torments and unquenched flames,
 If ever I conceiv'd so foul a thought,
 To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

20

Dor. Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
 Did ever think so foul a thing of you;
 For he, with more than father's tender love,
 While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,
 (Who long might live to see your ruling well)
 To you, my lord, and to his other son,
 Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty;
 Which never would so wise a prince have done,
 If he had once misdeem'd that in your heart
 There ever lodged so unkind a thought.
 But tender love, my lord, and settled trust
 Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
 Made him to place you thus in royal throne,
 And now to give you half this realm to guide;
 Yea, and that half which, in abounding store
 Of things that serve to make a wealthy realm,
 In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
 In things of needful use, which friendly sea
 Transports by traffic from the foreign parts,
 In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
 Doth pass the double value of the part
 That Porrex hath allotted to his reign.
 Such is your case, such is your father's love.

30

40

Fer. Ah love, my friends! Love wrongs not whom he loves.

Dor. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that giveth you
 So large a reign, ere that the course of time

¹ Griffin.

Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

50

Fer. Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
My native right of half so great a realm,
And thus to match his younger son with me.
In equal pow'r, and in as great degree?
Yea, and what son? The son whose swelling pride
Would never yield one point of reverence,
When I the elder and apparent heir
Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole;
Yea, and that son which from his childish age
Envieth mine honour, and doth hate my life.
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindful malice of his grudging heart
Is arm'd with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

60

Her. Was this not wrong? yea, ill advised wrong,
To give so mad a man so sharp a sword,
To so great peril of so great mishap,
Wide open thus to set so large a way?

Dor. Alas, my lord, what grievful thing is this,
That of your brother you can think so ill?
I never saw him utter likely sign,
Whereby a man might see or once misdeem
Such hate of you, ne such unyielding pride.
Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
That raising such mistrustful fear in you,
Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,
Travail by treason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm.
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,
Whose strength is your strength if you 'gree in one.

70

80

Her. If Nature and the Gods had pinched so
Their flowing bounty, and their noble gifts
Of princely qualities, from you, my lord,
And pour'd them all at once in wasteful wise
Upon your father's younger son alone;
Perhaps there be, that in your prejudice
Would say that birth should yield to worthiness,
But sith in each good gift and princely art
Ye are his match, and in the chief of all
In mildness and in sober governance

90

Ye far surmount; and sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopeful towardness
To wield the whole, and match your elder's praise;
I see no cause why ye should lose the half,
Ne would I wish you yield to such a loss:
Lest your mild sufferance of so great a wrong,
Be deemed cowardice and simple dread,
Which shall give courage to the fiery head
Of your young brother to invade the whole.
While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind 100
The loathed wrong of your disheritance;
And ere your brother have, by settled power,
By guileful cloak of an alluring show,
Got him some force and favour in the realm;
And while the noble queen, your mother, lives,
To work and practise all for your avail;
Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself
Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
In your own kingdom triumphs over you. 110
Show now your courage meet for kingly state,
That they which have avow'd to spend their goods,
Their lands, their lives and honours in your cause,
May be the bolder to maintain your part,
When they do see that coward fear in you
Shall not betray, ne fail their faithful hearts.
If once the death of Porrex end the strife,
And pay the price of his usurped reign,
Your mother shall persuade the angry king,
The lords, your friends, eke shall appease his rage. 120
For they be wise, and well they can foresee,
That ere long time your aged father's death
Will bring a time when you shall well requite
Their friendly favour, or their hateful spite,
Yea, or their slackness to advance your cause.
"Wise men do not so hang on passing state
Of present princes, chiefly in their age,
But they will further cast their reaching eye,
To view and weigh the times and reigns to come."
Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth, 130
That he yet will, or that the realm will bear,
Extreme revenge upon his only son:

Or, if he would, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterprise?
 And here you be now placed in your own,
 Amid your friends, your vassals, and your strength:
 We shall defend and keep your person safe,
 Till either counsel turn his tender mind,
 Or age or sorrow end his weary days.

But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge 140
 Of nature's law, repining at the fact,

Withhold your courage from so great attempt,
 Know ye, that lust of kingdoms hath no law,
 The gods do bear, and well allow in kings,
 The things that they abhor¹ in rascal routs.

"When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,
 And then in cruel and unkindly wise,
 Command thefts, rapes, murders of innocents,
 The spoil of towns, ruins of mighty realms;
 Think you such princes do suppose themselves 150
 Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods?"

Murders and violent thefts in private men
 Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach;
 Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name
 Of noble conquests in the hands of kings,
 But if you like not yet so hot devise,
 Ne list to take such vantage of the time,
 But, though with peril of your own estate,
 You will not be the first that shall invade;
 Assemble yet your force for your defence, 160
 And for your safety stand upon your guard.

Dor. O heaven! was there ever heard or known,
 So wicked counsel to a noble prince?
 Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace
 This heinous tale, what mischief it contains;
 Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
 Your present murder, and eternal shame.
 Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink
 So high a treason in your princely breast.

Fer. The mighty gods forbid that ever I 170
 Should once conceive such mischief in my heart.
 Although my brother hath bereft my realm,
 And bear, perhaps, to me an hateful mind,

¹ The things they abhor.—*Edit.* 1570.

Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
Or shall I so destroy my father's life
That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say:
Cease you to speak so any more to me;
Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat
So foul a tale. In silence let it die.

What lord or subject shall have hope at all, 180
That under me they safely shall enjoy
Their goods, their honours, lands, and liberties,
With whom, neither one only brother dear,
Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?
But, sith I fear my younger brother's rage,
And sith, perhaps, some other man may give
Some like advice, to move his grudging head
At mine estate; which counsel may perchance
Take greater force with him, than this with me;
I will in secret so prepare myself, 190
As, if his malice or his lust to reign
Break forth in arms or sudden violence,
I may withstand his rage and keep mine own.

[*Exeunt Ferrex and Hermon.*]

Dor. I fear the fatal time now draweth on,
When civil hate shall end the noble line
Of famous Brute, and of his royal seed.
Great Jove, defend the mischiefs now at hand!
O that the secretary's wise advice
Had erst been heard, when he besought the king
Not to divide his land, nor send his sons 200
To further parts, from presence of his court,
Ne yet to yield to them his governance.
Lo, such are they now in the royal throne
As was rash Phaeton in Phoebus' car;
Ne then the fiery steeds did draw the flame
With wilder random through the kindled skies,
Than traitorous counsel now will whirl about
The youthful heads of these unskilful kings,
But I hereof their father will inform;
The reverence of him perhaps shall stay 210
The growing mischiefs, while they yet are green.
If this help not, then woe unto themselves,
The prince, the people, the divided land! [Exit.]

SCENE II

PORREX. TYNDAR. PHILANDER.

Por. And is it thus? and doth he so prepare
Against his brother as his mortal foe?
And now, while yet his aged father lives?
Neither regards he him? nor fears he me?
War would he have? and he shall have it so.

Tyn. I saw, myself, the great prepared store
Of horse, of armour, and of weapons there: 220
Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,
Without the ground of seen and searched truth.
Lo, secret quarrels run about his court,
To bring the name of you, my lord, in hate.
Each man, almost, can now debate the cause,
And ask a reason of so great a wrong,
Why he, so noble and so wise a prince,
Is, as unworthy, reft his heritage?
And why the king, misled by crafty means,
Divided thus his land from course of right? 230
The wiser sort hold down their griefful heads;
Each man withdraws from talk and company
Of those that have been known to favour you:
To hide the mischief of their meaning there,
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascal numbers of unskilful sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secret, I was counsell'd by my friends
To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,
Letters from those that both can truly tell, 240
And would not write unless they knew it well.

Phil. My lord, yet ere you move unkindly war,
Send to your brother, to demand the cause.
Perhaps some traitorous tales have filled his ears
With false reports against your noble grace;
Which, once disclos'd, shall end the growing strife,
That else, not stay'd with wise foresight in time,
Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives.
Send to your father eke, he shall appease

Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.

250

Por. Rid me of fear! I fear him not at all;

Ne will to him, ne to my father send.

If danger were for one to tarry there,

Think ye it safety to return again?

In mischiefs, such as Ferrex now intends,

The wonted courteous laws to messengers

Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.

Shall I so hazard any one of mine?

Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,

That have disclosed his treason unto me?

260

Let him entreat that fears; I fear him not.

Or shall I to the king, my father, send?

Yea, and send now, while such a mother lives,

That loves my brother, and that hateth me?

Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,

To Ferrex to oppress me all unware?

I will not; but I will invade his realm,

And seek the traitor prince within his court.

Mischief for mischief is a due reward.

His wretched head shall pay the worthy price

270

Of this his treason and his hate to me.

Shall I abide, and treat, and send, and pray,

And hold my yielding throat to traitor's knife,

While I, with valiant mind and conquering force,

Might rid myself of foes, and win a realm?

Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,

Then to the king, my father, will I send.

The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:

If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt Porrex and Tyndar.*

Phil. Lo, here the end of these two youthful kings!

280

The father's death! the ruin of their realms!

"O most unhappy state of counsellors,

That light on so unhappy lords and times,

That neither can their good advice be heard,

Yet must they bear the blames of ill success."

But I will to the king, their father, haste,

Ere this mischief come to the likely end;

That, if the mindful wrath of wreakful gods

(Since mighty Ilion's fall not yet appeas'd

With these poor remnants of the Trojan name)

290

Have not determin'd by unmoved fate,
 Out of this realm to raze the British line,
 By good advice, by awe of father's name,
 By force of wiser lords, this kindled hate
 May yet be quench'd ere it consume us all.

[Exit.

CHORUS

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,
 Is left to random of their own delight,
 And wilds whole realms by force of sovereign sway,
 Great is the danger of unmaster'd might,
 Lest skillless rage throw down, with headlong fall, 300
 Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling breast,
 And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,
 Oh, hardly may the peril be repress'd.
 Ne fear of angry gods, ne lawes kind,
 Ne country's care can fired hearts restrain,
 When force hath armed envy and disdain.

When kings of foresight will neglect the rede ¹
 Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales
 That do their fancies' noisome humour feed, 310
 Ne reason nor regard of right avails.
 Succeeding heaps of plagues shall teach, too late,
 To learn the mischiefs of misguided state.

Foul fall the traitor false, that undermines
 The love of brethren, to destroy them both.
 Woe to the prince, that pliant ear inclines,
 And yields his mind to poisonous tale that floweth
 From flattering mouth! And woe to wretched land,
 That wastes itself with civil sword in hand!
 Lo thus it is, poison in gold to take, 320
 And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.

¹ Counsel.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB
SHOW BEFORE THE THIRD ACT.

First, the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage, a company of mourners, all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissension of brethren, as befel upon the murder of Ferrex by his youngex brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the music ceased.

ACT III

SCENE I

GORBODUC. EUBULUS. AROSTUS.

Gor. O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of gods,
Whose vengeance, neither Simois' stained streams
Flowing with blood of Trojan princes slain,
Nor Phrygian fields made rank with corpses dead
Of Asian kings and lords, can yet appease;
Ne slaughter of unhappy Priam's race,
Nor Ilion's fall, made level with the soil,
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage
Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troy.
"Oh, no man happy till his end be seen."
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy
In present years might make a happy wight,
Happy was Hecuba, the woefull'st wretch
That ever lived to make a mirror of;
And happy Priam, with his noble sons;
And happy I, till now, alas! I see
And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.
Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;
Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,
If timely speed provide not hasty help.

10

20

Yet, O ye gods, if ever woeful king
 Might move ye, kings of kings, wreak it on me
 And on my sons, not on this guiltless realm:
 Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies,
 To reave me and my sons the hateful breath.
 Read, read, my lords; this is the matter why
 I call'd ye now, to have your good advice.

The letter from DORDAN, the Counsellor of the elder Prince.

EUBULUS readeth the letter.

My sovereign lord, what I am loath to write,
 But loathest am to see, that I am forc'd • 30
 By letters now to make you understand.
 My lord Ferrex, your eldest son, misled
 By traitorous fraud of young untemper'd wits,
 Assembleth force against your younger son,
 Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat
 And furious pangs of his inflamed head.
 Disdain, saith he, of his disheritance
 Arms him to wreak the great pretended wrong,
 With civil sword upon his brother's life.
 If present help do not restrain this rage, 40
 This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.
Your Majesty's faithful,
and most humble subject,
 DORDAN.

Aros. O king, appease your grief, and stay your plaint;
 Great is the matter, and a woeful case:
 But timely knowledge may bring timely help.
 Send for them both unto your presence here:
 The reverence of your honour, age, and state,
 Your grave advice, the awe of father's name, 50
 Shall quickly knit again this broken peace.
 And if in either of my lords, your sons,
 Be such untamed and unyielding pride,
 As will not bend unto your noble hests;¹
 If Ferrex, the elder son, can bear no peer,
 Or Porrex, not content, aspires to more
 Than you him gave above his native right;

¹ Commands.

Join with the juster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and hold the land in stay.

Eub. What meaneth this? Lo, yonder comes in haste 60
Philander from my lord, your younger son.

Enter PHILANDER.

Gor. The gods send joyful news!

Phil. The mighty Jove
Preserve your majesty, O noble king.

Gor. Philander, welcome: but how doth my son?

Phil. Your son, sir, lives, and healthy I him left.
But yet, O king, the want of lustful health
Could not be half so grievous to your grace,
As these most wretched tidings that I bring.

Gor. O heavens, yet more? no end of woes to me?

Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court 70
Of Ferrex, to my lord your younger son,
And made report of great prepared store
For war, and saith that it is wholly meant
Against Porrex, for high disdain that he
Lives now a king, and equal in degree
With him that claimeth to succeed the whole,
As by due title of descending right.
Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,
Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,
Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby, 80
That he in haste prepareth to invade
His brother's land, and with unkindly war
Threatens the murder of your elder son;
Ne could I him persuade, that first he should
Send to his brother to demand the cause;
Nor yet to you to stay this hateful strife.
Wherefore sith there no more I can be heard,
I come myself now to inform your grace,
And to beseech you, as you love the life
And safety of your children and your realm, 90
Now to employ your wisdom and your force
To stay this mischief ere it be too late.

Gor. Are they in arms? would he not send to me?
Is this the honour of a father's name?
In vain we travail to assuage their minds,

As if their hearts, whom neither brother's love,
 Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's cares, can move,
 Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat.
 Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line.
 For though perhaps fear of such mighty force
 As I, my lords, joined with your noble aids,
 May yet raise, shall repress their present heat,
 The secret grudge and malice will remain,
 The fire not quench'd, but kept in close restraint,
 Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame.
 Their death and mine must 'pease the angry gods.

100

Phil. Yield not, O king, so much to weak despair:
 Your sons yet live, and long, I trust, they shall.
 If fates had taken you from earthly life,
 Before beginning of this civil strife,
 Perhaps your sons in their unmaster'd youth,
 Loose from regard of any living wight,
 Would run on headlong, with unbridled race,
 To their own death, and ruin of this realm.
 But sith the gods, that have the care for kings,
 Of things and times dispose the order so,
 That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth,
 While yet your life, your wisdom, and your power,
 May stay the growing mischief, and repress
 The fiery blaze of their enkindled heat;
 It seems, and so ye ought to deem thereof,
 That loving Jove hath temper'd so the time
 Of this debate to happen in your days,
 That you yet living may the same appease,
 And add it to the glory of your age,
 And they your sons may learn to live in peace.
 Beware, O king, the greatest harm of all,
 Lest, by your wailful plaints, your hastened death
 Yield larger room unto their growing rage.
 Preserve your life, the only hope of stay.
 And if your highness herein list to use
 Wisdom or force, counsel or knightly aid,
 Lo we, our persons, powers, and lives are yours;
 Use us till death, O king, we are your own.

110

120

130

Eub. Lo, here the peril that was erst foreseen,
 When you, O king, did first divide your land,
 And yield your present reign unto your sons.

But now, O noble prince, now is no time
 To wail and plain, and waste your woeful life;
 Now is the time for present good advice. 140
 Sorrow doth dark the judgment of the wit.
 "The heart unbroken, and the courage free
 From feeble faintness of bootless despair,
 Doth either rise to safety or renown
 By noble valour of unvanquish'd mind,
 Or yet doth perish in more happy sort."
 Your grace may send to either of your sons
 Some one both wise and noble personage,
 Which with good counsel, and with weighty name
 Of father, shall present before their eyes 150
 Your hest, your life, your safety, and their own,
 The present mischief of their deadly strife.
 And in the while, assemble you the force
 Which your commandment and the speedy haste
 Of all my lords here present can prepare.
 The terror of your mighty power shall stay
 The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

Enter NUNTIUS.

Nun. O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did hear,
 That ever woeful messenger did tell,
 That ever wretched land hath seen before, 160
 I bring to you: Porrex your younger son
 With sudden force invaded hath the land
 That you to Ferrex did allot to rule;
 And with his own most bloody hand he hath
 His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.

Gor. O heavens, send down the flames of your revenge!
 Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire
 The traitor son, and then the wretched sire!
 But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
 Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods. [Exeunt.

CHORUS.

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith, 171
 No rule of reason, no regard of right,
 No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath;
 But with contempt of gods, and man's despise,

Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
To fatal sceptre and accursed reign.

The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
Ne dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain.

O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land

180

Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
Bereft Morgan his life with cousin's hand?

Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand, imbru'd with guiltless blood,

Asks vengeance still before the heaven's face,
With endless mischiefs on the cursed brood.

The wicked child thus brings to woeful sire
The mournful plaints to waste his very life.

Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire

Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife.

190

And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dead black streams of mourning, plaints, and woe.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FOURTH ACT.

First, the music of hautboys began to play, during which there came forth from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand : each driving before them a king and a queen ; which, moved by furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The names of the kings and queens were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyzes, Althea ; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow ; that is to say, Porrex slain by his own mother, and of king Gorboduc and queen Videna, killed by their own subjects.

ACT IV

SCENE I

VIDENA *sola*.

Why should I live, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distress?
O me, most woeful wight, whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.
Might not these hands, by fortune or by fate,
Have pierc'd this breast, and life with iron reft?
Or in this palace here, where I so long
Have spent my days, could not that happy hour
Once, once have happ'd, in which these hugy frames
With death by fall might have oppressed me?
Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,
So oft where I have press'd my wretched steps,

10

Sometime had ruth of mine accursed life
 To rend in twain, and swallow me therein?
 So had my bones possessed now in peace
 Their happy grave within the closed ground,
 And greedy worms had gnawn this pined heart
 Without my feeling pain: so should not now
 This living breast remain the ruthless tomb,
 Wherein my heart yelden to death is graved;
 Nor dreary thoughts, with pangs of pining grief,
 My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.
 O my beloved son! O my sweet child!
 My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight!
 Is my beloved son, is my sweet child,
 My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight,
 Murder'd with cruel death? O hateful wretch!
 O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!
 Thou, Porrex, thou this damned deed hast wrought;
 Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye ¹ the same.
 Traitor to kin and kind, to sire and me,
 To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself:
 The gods on thee in hell shall wreak their wrath,
 And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
 On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitiff wight.
 If after blood so eager were thy thirst,
 And murd'rous mind had so possessed thee,
 If such hard heart of rock and stony flint
 Liv'd in thy breast, that nothing else could like
 Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood:
 Wild savage beasts, might not their slaughter serve
 To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst
 Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands
 With blood deserv'd, and drink thereof thy fill?
 Or if nought else but death and blood of man
 Might please thy lust, could none in Britain land,
 Whose heart betorn out of his panting breast
 With thine own hand, or work what death thou would'st,
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to 'pease
 That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee,
 But he who in the selfsame womb was wrapp'd,
 Where thou in dismal hour receivedst life?
 Or if needs, needs thy hand must slaughter make,

¹ Abye. To abide, to suffer for.

Mightest thou not have reach'd a mortal wound,
 And with thy sword have pierc'd this cursed womb
 That the accursed Porrex brought to light,
 And given me a just reward therefore?
 So Ferrex yet sweet life might have enjoyed,
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 With some young son in whom they both might live. 60
 But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech,
 To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
 Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?
 No, traitor, no; I thee refuse for mine:
 Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
 Never, O wretch, this womb conceived thee;
 Nor never bode I painful throws for thee.
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
 Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew. 70
 Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
 Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast;
 But, from thy birth, the cruel tiger's teats
 Have nursed thee; nor yet of flesh and blood
 Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;
 And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.
 But canst thou hope to 'scape my just revenge?
 Or that these hands will not be wroke on thee?
 Dost thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,
 That loved him more dearly than herself? 80
 And doth she live, and is not veng'd on thee?

SCENE II

GORBODUC. AROSTUS.

Gor. We marvel much, whereto this ling'ring stay
 Falls out so long: Porrex unto our court,
 By order of our letters, is return'd;
 And Eubulus receiv'd from us behest,
 At his arrival here, to give him charge
 Before our presence straight to make repair,
 And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

Aros. Lo where he comes, and Eubulus with him.

Enter EUBULUS and PORREX.

- Eub.* According to your highness' hest to me, 90
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such haste therein.
- Gor.* We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
And from those bounds which law of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
In cruel murder of thy brother's life;
Our present hand could stay no longer time, 100
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No; we should not offend the law of kind,
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By blood again; and justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet since thou art our child, and sith as yet
In this hard case what word thou canst allege 110
For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,
We are content to stay our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to work,
And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.
- Por.* Neither, O king, I can or will deny
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft:
Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail,
Oh! would it might as full appear to sight,
As inward grief doth pour it forth to me. 120
So yet, perhaps, if ever ruthful heart
Melting in tears within a manly breast,
Through deep repentance of his bloody fact;
If ever grief, if ever woeful man
Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,
I think the torment of my mournful case,
Known to your grace, as I do feel the same,
Would force even Wrath herself to pity me.

But as the water, troubled with the mud,
 Shows not the face which else the eye should see; 130
 Even so your ireful mind with stirred thought
 Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.
 But this unhap, amongst so many haps,
 I must content me with, most wretched man,
 That to myself I must reserve my woe,
 In pining thoughts of mine accursed fact;
 Since I may not show here my smallest grief,
 Such as it is, and as my breast endures,
 Which I esteem the greatest misery
 Of all mishaps that fortune now can send. 140
 Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears
 To purchase life; for to the gods I clepe ¹
 For true record of this my faithful speech;
 Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
 To die the death that by your grace's doom,
 By just desert, shall be pronounced to me:
 Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech,
 Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.
 I mean not this as though I were not touch'd
 With care of dreadful death, or that I held 150
 Life in contempt: but that I know the mind
 Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail,
 And for my guilt, I yield the same so great
 As in myself I find a fear to sue
 For grant of life.

Gor. In vain, O wretch, thou showest
 A woeful heart: Ferrex now lies in grave,
 Slain by thy hand.

Por. Yet this, O father, hear;
 And then I end. Your majesty well knows,
 That when my brother Ferrex and myself
 By your own hest were join'd in governance 160
 Of this your grace's realm of Britain land,
 I never sought nor travail'd for the same;
 Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,
 But from your highness' will alone it sprung,
 Of your most gracious goodness bent to me.
 But how my brother's heart even then repin'd
 With swollen disdain against mine equal rule,

¹ To call.

Seeing that realm, which by descent should grow
Wholly to him, allotted half to me;
Even in your highness' court he now remains, 170
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can record what proof thereof was show'd,
And how my brother's envious heart appear'd.
Yet I that judged it my part to seek
His favour and good will, and loath to make
Your highness know the thing which should have brought
Grief to your grace, and your offence to him;
Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
A loving heart within a brother's breast,
Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love 180
And faithful heart, he gave to me his hand.
This made me think that he had banish'd quite
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
Such hearty love as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your grace's court,
And from your highness' presence liv'd apart,
This equal rule still, still did grudge him so,
That now those envious sparks which erst lay rak'd
In living cinders of dissembling breast,
Kindled so far within his heart disdain, 190
That longer could he not refrain from proof
Of secret practice to deprive me life
By poison's force; and had bereft me so,
If mine own servant hired to this fact,
And mov'd by truth with hate to work the same,
In time had not bewray'd it unto me.
When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
All honest league and faithful promise broke,
The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,
His heart on mischief set, and in his breast 200
Black treason hid; then, then did I despair
That ever time could win him friend to me;
Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
Wrapp'd under cloak, then saw I deep deceit
Lurk in his face and death prepar'd for me:
Even nature moved me then to hold my life
More dear to me than his, and bade this hand,
Since by his life my death must needs ensue,
And by his death my life to be preserved,

To shed his blood, and seek my safety so,
And wisdom willed me without protract
In speedy wise to put the same in ure.
Thus have I told the cause that moved me
To work my brother's death; and so I yield
My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.

210

Gor. Oh cruel wight, should any cause prevail
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to do
Shall yet remain unknown. Thou in the mean
Shalt from our royal presence banish'd be,
Until our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be show'd. Depart therefore our sight,
Accursed child! [*Exit Porrex.*] What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted us this chance,
That even in those, where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.

220

Aros. Your grace should now, in these grave years of yours, 230
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither shall nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

Gor. Many can yield right sage and grave advice 240
Of patient spirit to others wrapp'd in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

Enter MARCELLA.

Mar. Oh where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?

Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
 Never to make return? is all the world 250
 Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
 If not in women mercy may be found,
 If not, alas, within the mother's breast,
 To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;
 If ruth be banish'd thence, if pity there
 May have no place, if there no gentle heart
 Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

Gor. Madam, alas, what means your woeful tale?

Mar. O silly woman I! why to this hour 260
 Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
 That I should live to see this doleful day?
 Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
 Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
 With her own hand to slay her only son?
 But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same:
 They saw the dreary sight, and are become
 Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
 Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
 And with her hand, a woeful thing to tell,
 While slumbering on his careful bed he rests, 270
 His heart stabb'd in with knife is reft of life.

Gor. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
 And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful light,
 O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death!
 Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech!

Eub. Patient your grace; perhaps he liveth yet,
 With wound receiv'd, but not of certain death.

Gor. O let us then repair unto the place,
 And see if Porrex live, or thus be slain.

[*Exeunt Gorboduc and Eubulus.*]

Mar. Alas, he liveth not! it is too true, 280
 That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
 Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
 Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.

Aros. O damned deed!

Mar. But hear his ruthful end:
 The noble prince, pierc'd with the sudden wound,
 Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
 Whose strength now failing straight he overthrew,
 When in the fall his eyes, ev'n new unclos'd,

Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.
 We then, alas, the ladies which that time
 Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
 And hearing him oft call the wretched name
 Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
 Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
 Pitying, alas, (for nought else could we do)
 His ruthful end, ran to the woeful bed,
 Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might
 Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand,
 The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
 Out of the gaping wound. O what a look,
 O what a ruthful steadfast eye methought
 He fix'd upon my face, which to my death
 Will never part from me, when with a braid ¹
 A deep-fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithal
 Claspings his hands, to heaven he cast his sight;
 And straight pale death pressing within his face,
 The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

290

300

Aros. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Mar. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assign'd
 Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
 But most hard cruel heart that could consent
 To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
 By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought.
 O queen of adamant! O marble breast!

310

If not the favour of his comely face,
 If not his princely cheer and countenance,
 His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
 If not his fair and seemly personage,
 His noble limbs in such proportion cast
 As would have wrapt a silly woman's thought;
 If this might not have mov'd thy bloody heart,
 And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
 Ev'n to let fall, and kiss'd him in the face,
 With tears for ruth to reave such one by death;
 Should nature yet consent to slay her son?

320

O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
 Even Jove with justice must with lightening flames
 From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee,
 Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld

¹ A start.

Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed, 330
 Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
 And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
 And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
 That bow'd the head-piece of thy friendly foe!
 How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
 How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
 Which never now these eyes may see again!

Aros. Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed;
 Rather with me depart, and help to 'swage
 The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king 340
 Must needs by nature grow by death of this
 His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

Mar. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
 And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
 Not I, alas! that heart is not in me:
 But let us go, for I am griev'd anew,
 To call to mind the wretched father's woe. [Exeunt.

CHORUS.

When greedy lust in royal seat to reign
 Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men;
 And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain, 350
 Within ambitious breast are lodged, then
 Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
 And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the heaven's face,
 Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,
 The mighty god ev'n moveth from his place,
 With wrath to wreak: then sends he forth with speed
 The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,
 With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
 With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright 360
 With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire,
 These, for revenge of wretched murder done,
 Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
 Jove, by his just and everlasting doom,

Justly hath ever so requited it.

The times before record, and times to come
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight, that suffers not the snare

Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood;

And happy he, that can in time beware

By other's harms, and turn it to his good.

But woe to him that, fearing not to offend,

Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

370

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIFTH ACT.

First, the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harquebussiers, and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, arms, and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of Great Britain, which, by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility after the death of king Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certain limitation in the succession of the crown, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchy.

ACT V

SCENE I

CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD. FERGUS. EUBULUS.

Clot. Did ever age bring forth such tyrant hearts?
The brother hath bereft the brother's life,
The mother, she hath dyed her cruel hands
In blood of her own son; and now at last
The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
Ev'n they have slain their sovereign lord and queen.

Man. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunish'd rest?
Ev'n yet they cease not, carried on with rage,
In their rebellious routs, to threaten still
A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,
To slay them all, and to uproot the race
Both of the king and queen; so are they mov'd
With Porrex' death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltless king, without desert at all;

10

And traitorously have murder'd him therefore,
And eke the queen.

Gwen.

Shall subjects dare with force
To work revenge upon their prince's fact?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son,
Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
Arise against his lord, and slay his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts
Are not rent out ev'n from their living breasts,
And with the body thrown unto the fowls,
As carrion food, for terrour of the rest.

20

Ferg. There can no punishment be thought too great
For this so grievous crime: let speed therefore
Be used therein, for it behooveth so.

Eub. Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,

30

And I as one consent with ye in all.
I hold it more than need, with sharpest law
To punish this tumultuous bloody rage.
For nothing more may shake the common state,
Than sufferance of uproars without redress;
Whereby how some kingdoms of mighty power,
After great conquests made, and flourishing
In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought:
I pray to Jove, that we may rather wail
Such hap in them than witness in ourselves.
Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees,¹
Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.

40

¹ The following lines are in the unauthorised edition of 1565:—

“ That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
Call to account the doings of his prince,
Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,
No more than may the hand cut off the head;
In act nor speech, no not in secret thought
The subject may rebel against his lord,
Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seat,
With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes.”

Warton, vol. iii. p. 370, attributes the suppression of these lines to Thomas Norton. He says, “ It is well known that the Calvinists carried their ideas of reformation and refinement into government as well as religion; and it seems probable, that these eight verses were suppressed by Thomas Norton, Sackville's supposed assistant in the play, who was not only an active and, I believe, a sensible Puritan, but a licencer of the publication of books under the commission of the Bishop of London.”

But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,
 Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall fall
 By justice' plague on these rebellious wights;
 Methinks ye rather should first search the way,
 By which in time the rage of this uproar
 Might be repress'd, and these great tumults ceas'd.
 Even yet the life of Britain land doth hang
 In traitors' balance of unequal weight. 50
 Think not, my lords, the death of Gorboduc,
 Nor yet Videna's blood, will cease their rage:
 Ev'n our own lives, our wives, and children dear,
 Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands,
 Now to be spoil'd, now, now made desolate,
 And by ourselves a conquest to ensue.
 For, give once sway unto the people's lusts,
 To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
 And as the stream that rolleth down the hill, 60
 So will they headlong run with raging thoughts
 From blood to blood, from mischief unto more,
 To ruin of the realm, themselves, and all:
 So giddy are the common people's minds,
 So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.
 Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels have,
 What hugy number is assembled still:
 For though the traitorous fact, for which they rose,
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
 So that, how far their furies yet will stretch, 70
 Great cause we have to dread. That we may seek
 By present battle to repress their power,
 Speed must we use to levy force therefore;
 For either they forthwith will mischief work,
 Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease.
 These violent things may have no lasting long,
 Let us, therefore, use this for present help;
 Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace
 With gift of pardon, save unto the chief;
 And that upon condition that forthwith 80
 They yield the captains of their enterprise,
 To bear such guerdon ¹ of their traitorous fact
 As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
 And wholesome terrour to posterity.

¹ Reward, recompense.

This shall, I think, scatter the greatest part
 That now are holden with desire of home,
 Wearied in field with cold of winter's nights,
 And some, no doubt, stricken with dread of law.
 When this is once proclaimed, it shall make
 The captains to mistrust the multitude,
 Whose safety bids them to betray their heads;
 And so much more, because the rascal routs,
 In things of great and perilous attempts,
 Are never trusty to the noble race.

90

And while we treat, and stand on terms of grace,
 We shall both stay their furious rage the while,
 And eke gain time, whose only help sufficeth
 Withouten war to vanquish rebels' power.
 In the meanwhile, make you in readiness
 Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.
 Horsemen, you know, are not the commons' strength,
 But are the force and store of noble men;
 Whereby the unchosen and unarmèd sort
 Of skillless rebels, whom none other power
 But number makes to be of dreadful force,
 With sudden brunt may quickly be oppress'd.
 And if this gentle mean of proffer'd grace
 With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail,
 As to assuage their desp'rate courages;
 Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
 As present age, and eke posterity,
 May be adrad ¹ with horroure of revenge
 That justly then shall on these rebels fall.
 This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

100

110

Clot. Neither this case admits debate at large;
 And though it did, this speech that hath been said,
 Hath well abridged the tale I would have told.
 Fully with Eubulus do I consent
 In all that he hath said: and if the same
 To you, my lords, may seem for best advice,
 I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

120

Man. My lords, then let us presently depart,
 And follow this that liketh us so well.

[*Exeunt Clotyn, Mandud, Gwenard, and Eubulus.*]

Ferg. If ever time to gain a kingdom here

¹ Afraid.

Were offer'd man, now it is offer'd me.
The realm is reft both of their king and queen,
The offspring of the prince is slain and dead,
No issue now remains, the heir unknown,
The people are in arms and mutinies,
The nobles, they are busied how to cease 130
These great rebellious tumults and uproars;
And Britain land, now desert left alone
Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,
Offers herself unto that noble heart
That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.
Shall I, that am the Duke of Albany,
Descended from that line of noble blood,
Which hath so long flourish'd in worthy fame
Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts 140
Of right should rest above the baser sort,
Refuse to venture life to win a crown?
Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand
My fact herein, if I attempt by arms
To seek the same now in these times of broil?
These dukes' power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in arms.
But if, perhaps, my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power above the best
Of all these lords now left in Britain land?
And though they should match me with power of men, 150
Yet doubtful is the chance of battles joined.
If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the sceptre then of Great Britain;
If slain amid the plain this body lie,
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
But that I died giving the noble charge
To hazard life for conquest of a crown.
Forthwith, therefore, will I in post depart
To Albany, and raise in armour there
All power I can: and here my secret friends, 160
By secret practice shall solicit still,
To seek to win to me the people's hearts. [Exit.

SCENE II

EUBULUS *solus.*

Eub. O Jove, how are these people's hearts abus'd!
What blind fury thus headlong carries them?
That though so many books, so many rolls
Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues
Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft
Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell
What just reward these traitors still receive;
Yea, though themselves have seen deep death and blood, 170
By strangling cord, and slaughter of the sword,
To such assign'd, yet can they not beware,
Yet cannot stay their lewd rebellious hands;
But suffering, lo, foul treason to distain
Their wretched minds, forget their loyal heart,
Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
A ruthful case, that those, whom duty's bond,
Whom grafted law, by nature, truth, and faith,
Bound to preserve their country and their king,
Born to defend their commonwealth and prince, 180
Ev'n they should give consent thus to subvert
Thee, Britain land, and from thy womb should spring,
O native soil, those that will needs destroy
And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.
For lo, when once the dukes had offer'd grace
Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled
By traitorous fraud of their ungracious heads,
One sort that saw the dangerous success
Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,
And knew the difference of prince's power 190
From headless number of tumultuous routs,
Whom common country's care, and private fear
Taught to repent the error of their rage,
Laid hands upon the captains of their band,
And brought them bound unto the mighty dukes:
And other sort, not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
Their own offence than that they could conceive
Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed,

Or for that they their captains could not yield,
 Who, fearing to be yielded, fled before,
 Stole home by silence of the secret night:
 The third unhappy and enraged sort
 Of desp'rate hearts, who, stain'd in princes' blood,
 From traitorous furour could not be withdrawn
 By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,
 By proffer'd life, ne yet by threaten'd death,
 With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,
 Careless of country, and aweless of God,
 Stood bent to fight, as furies did them move,
 With violent death to close their traitorous life.
 These all by power of horsemen were oppress'd,
 And with revenging sword slain in the field,
 Or with the strangling cord hang'd on the trees,
 Where yet their carrion carcasses do preach
 The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,
 And of the murder of their sacred prince.
 But lo, where do approach the noble dukes
 By whom these tumults have been thus appeas'd.

200

210

Enter CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD, and AROSTUS.

Clot. I think the world will now at length beware
 And fear to put on arms against their prince.

220

Man. If not, those traitorous hearts that dare rebel,
 Let them behold the wide and hugy fields
 With blood and bodies spread of rebels slain;
 The lofty trees cloth'd with the corpses dead,
 That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.

Aros. A just reward; such as all times before
 Have ever lotted to those wretched folks.

Gwen. But what means he that cometh here so fast?

Enter NUNTIUS.

Nun. My lords, as duty and my troth doth move,
 And of my country work a care in me,
 That, if the spending of my breath avail'd
 To do the service that my heart desires,
 I would not shun to embrace a present death;
 So have I now, in that wherein I thought
 My travail might perform some good effect,
 Ventur'd my life to bring these tidings here.

230

Fergus, the mighty duke of Albany,
Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field
With twenty thousand men: hither he bends
His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown.
Daily he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad,
That to this realm no certain heir remains,
That Britain land is left without a guide,
That he the sceptre seeks, for nothing else
But to preserve the people and the land,
Which now remain as ship without a stern.
Lo, this is that which I have here to say.

Clot. Is this his faith? and shall he falsely thus
Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruel and untemper'd wilfulness,
His deep dissembling shows of false pretence,
Should once attain the crown of Britain land!
Let us, my lords, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Man. Though we remain without a certain prince,
To wield the realm, or guide the wand'ring rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our country, that contains
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all
That ever is or may be dear to man,
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.
Let us advance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwen. Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty speed,
And ye, O gods, send us the welcome death,
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
In loathsome life to linger out our days,
To see the huge heaps of these unhaps,
That now roll down upon the wretched land,
Where empty place of princely governance,
No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,
Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey
To endless storms and waste of civil war.

Aros. That ye, my lords, do so agree in one,
To save your country from the violent reign
And wrongfully usurped tyranny

Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realm, and in this realm yourselves,
From foreign thraldom of so proud a prince,
Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,
With happy honour to requite it you.
But, O my lords, sith now the heaven's wrath
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince;
Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord
Remains no more, since the young kings be slain,
And of the title of descended crown
Uncertainly the divers minds do think
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
Will partial fancy and affection deem;
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reign withdraw to sundry parts
The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.
When once this noble service is achiev'd
For Britain land, the mother of ye all,
When once ye have with armed force repress'd
The proud attempts of this Albanian prince,
That threatens thraldom to your native land,
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,
And find the princely state an open prey
To greedy lust and to usurping power,
Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care
Of antient honour of your ancestors,
Of present wealth and nobless of your stocks,
Yea of the lives and safety yet to come
Of your dear wives, your children, and yourselves,
Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruth,
Then, then, have pity on the torn estate;
Then help to salve the well-near hopeless sore;
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold
The slaying knife from your own mother's throat,
Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbear
Once to lay hand or take unto yourselves
The crown, by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other means soe'er it be,
Till first by common counsel of you all
In parliament, the regal diadem
Be set in certain place of governance;

280

290

300

310

320

In which your parliament, and in your choice,
Prefer the right, my lords, without respect
Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause
That may set forward any other's part.
For right will last, and wrong cannot endure.
Right mean I his or hers, upon whose name
The people rest by mean of native line,
Or by the virtue of some former law,
Already made their title to advance.

330

Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king,
Such one so born within your native land;
Such one prefer, and in no wise admit
The heavy yoke of foreign governance:
Let foreign titles yield to public wealth.
And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,
With that same heart, my lords, keep out also
Unnatural thralldom of stranger's reign;
Ne suffer you, against the rules of kind,
Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.

340

Eub. Lo, here the end of Brutus' royal line,
And lo, the entry to the woeful wreck
And utter ruin of this noble realm.
The royal king and eke his sons are slain;
No ruler rests within the regal seat;
The heir, to whom the sceptre 'longs, unknown;
That to each force of foreign princes' power,
Whom vantage of our wretched state may move
By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm,
And to the proud and greedy mind at home,
Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire,
Lo, Britain realm is left an open prey,
A present spoil by conquest to ensue.
Who seeth not now how many rising minds
Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a realm?
And who will not by force attempt to win
So great a gain, that hope persuades to have?
A simple colour shall for title serve.
Who wins the royal crown will want no right,
Nor such as shall display by long descent
A lineal race to prove him lawful king.
In the meanwhile these civil arms shall rage,

350

360

And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,
 And far and near spread thee, O Britain land;
 All right and law shall cease, and he that had
 Nothing to-day, to-morrow shall enjoy
 Great heaps of gold, and he that flow'd in wealth,
 Lo, he shall be bereft of life and all;

And happiest he that then possesseth least.

370

The wives shall suffer rape, the maids deflower'd,
 And children fatherless shall weep and wail;
 With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish,
 One kinsman shall bereave another's life,

The father shall unwitting slay the son,

The son shall slay the sire and know it not.

Women and maids the cruel soldier's sword

Shall pierce to death, and silly children lo,

That playing ¹ in the streets and fields are found,

By violent hands shall close their latter day.

380

Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier

Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?

Ev'n thou, O wretched mother, half alive,

Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child

Slain with the sword while he yet sucks thy breast.

Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed.

Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,

But dearth and famine shall possess the land.

The towns shall be consum'd and burnt with fire,

The peopled cities shall wax desolate;

390

And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown,

Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,

Dismember'd thus, and thus be rent in twain,

Thus wasted and defac'd, spoil'd and destroy'd.

These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.

Hereto it comes when kings will not consent

To grave advice, but follow wilful will.

This is the end, when in fond princes' hearts

Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place:

These are the plagues, when murder is the mean

400

To make new heirs unto the royal crown.

Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath

Nought but the blood of her own child may swage;

These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise

¹ Play.—*Edit.* 1570.

To work revenge and judge their prince's fact,
This, this ensues, when noble men do fail
In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
And this doth grow, when lo, unto the prince,
Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
No certain heir remains, such certain heir, 410
As not all only is the rightful heir,
But to the realm is so made known to be;
And troth thereby vested in subjects' hearts,
To owe faith there where right is known to rest.
Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
When is of parliament no hope at all,
Which, though it be assembled by consent,
Yet is not likely with consent to end;
While each one for himself, or for his friend,
Against his foe, shall travail what he may; 420
While now the state, left open to the man
That shall with greatest force invade the same,
Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope;
When will they once with yielding hearts agree?
Or in the while, how shall the realm be used?
No, no: then parliament should have been holden,
And certain heirs appointed to the crown,
To stay the title of established right,
And in the people plant obedience,
While yet the prince did live, whose name and power 430
By lawful summons and authority
Might make a parliament to be of force,
And might have set the state in quiet stay.
But now, O happy man, whom speedy death
Deprives of life, ne is enforc'd to see
These hugy mischiefs, and these miseries,
These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs,
Of justice, yet must God in fine restore
This noble crown unto the lawful heir:
For right will always live, and rise at length, 440
But wrong can never take deep root to last,

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THOMAS ARDEN, Gentleman, of <i>Feversham.</i>	RICHARD REEDE, a Sailor.
FRANKLIN, his Friend.	BLACK WILL } Murderers.
MOSBIE.	SHAKEBAG }
CLARKE, a Painter.	A PRENTICE.
ADAM FOWLE, Landlord of the <i>Flower-de-Luce.</i>	A FERRYMAN.
BRADSHAW, a Goldsmith.	LORD CHEINY, and his Men.
MICHAEL, Arden's Servant.	MAYOR OF FEVERSHAM, and Watch.
GREENE.	ALICE, Arden's Wife.
	SUSAN, Mosbie's Sister.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

ACT I

A Room in Arden's House.

Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN.

Franklin. Arden, cheer up thy spirits, and droop no more!
My gracious Lord, the Duke of Somerset,
Hath freely given to thee and to thy heirs,
By letters patents from his Majesty,
All the lands of the Abbey of Feversham.
Here are the deeds, *[He hands them.]*
Sealed and subscribed with his name and the king's:
Read them, and leave this melancholy mood.

Arden. Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life; 10
And but for thee how odious were this life,
That shows me nothing but torments my soul,
And those foul objects that offend mine eyes!
Which makes me wish that for this veil of heaven
The earth hung over my head and covered me,
Love-letters pass 'twixt Mosbie and my wife,
And they have privy meetings in the town:
Nay, on his finger did I spy the ring
Which at our marriage-day the priest put on,
Can any grief be half so great as this?

Franklin. Comfort thyself, sweet friend; it is not strange 20
That women will be false and wavering.

Arden. Ay, but to dote on such a one as he
Is monstrous, Franklin, and intolerable.

Franklin. Why, what is he?

Arden. A botcher, and no better at the first;
Who, by base brokage getting some small stock,
Crept into service of a nobleman,
And by his servile flattery and fawning
Is now become the steward of his house,

And bravely jets it in his silken gown.

30

Franklin. No nobleman will countenance such a peasant.

Arden. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loves not me.

But through his favour let him not grow proud;

For were he by the Lord Protector backed,

He should not make me to be pointed at.

I am by birth a gentleman of blood,

And that injurious ribald, that attempts

To violate my dear wife's chastity

(For dear I hold her love, as dear as heaven)

Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile

40

See his dissevered joints and sinews torn,

Whilst on the planchers pants his weary body,

Smeared in the channels of his lustful blood.

Franklin. Be patient, gentle friend, and learn of me

To ease thy grief and save her chastity:

Intreat her fair; sweet words are fittest engines

To race the flint walls of a woman's breast.

In any case be not too jealous,

Nor make no question of her love to thee;

But, as securely, presently take horse,

50

And lie with me at London all this term;

For women, when they may, will not,

But, being kept back, straight grow outrageous.

Arden. Though this abhors from reason, yet I'll try it,

And call her forth and presently take leave.

How! Alice!

Here enters ALICE.

Alice. Husband, what mean you to get up so early?

Summer nights are short, and yet you rise ere day.

Had I been wake, you had not risen so soon.

Arden. Sweet love, thou knowest that we two, Ovid-like,

60

Have often chid the morning when it 'gan to peep,

And often wished that dark night's purblind steeds

Would pull her by the purple mantle back,

And cast her in the ocean to her love.

But this night, sweet Alice, thou hast killed my heart:

I heard thee call on Mosbie in thy sleep.

Alice. 'Tis like I was asleep when I named him,

For being awake he comes not in my thoughts.

Arden. Ay, but you started up and suddenly,
Instead of him, caught me about the neck.

70

Alice. Instead of him? why, who was there but you?
And where but one is, how can I mistake?

Franklin. Arden, leave to urge her over-far.

Arden. Nay, love, there is no credit in a dream;

Let it suffice I know thou lovest me well.

Alice. Now I remember whereupon it came:

Had we no talk of Mosbie yesternight?

Franklin. Mistress Alice, I heard you name him once or twice.

Alice. And thereof came it, and therefore blame not me,

Arden. I know it did, and therefore let it pass.

80

I must to London, sweet Alice, presently.

Alice. But tell me, do you mean to stay there long?

Arden. No longer there till my affairs be done.

Franklin. He will not stay above a month at most.

Alice. A month? ay me! Sweet Arden, come again

Within a day or two, or else I die.

Arden. I cannot long be from thee, gentle Alice.

Whilst Michael fetch our horses from the field,

Franklin and I will down unto the quay;

For I have certain goods there to unload.

90

Meanwhile prepare our breakfast, gentle Alice;

For yet ere noon we'll take horse and away.

[*Exeunt Arden and Franklin.*]

Alice. Ere noon he means to take horse and away!

Sweet news is this. O that some airy spirit

Would in the shape and likeness of a horse

Gallop with Arden 'cross the Ocean,

And throw him from his back into the waves!

Sweet Mosbie is the man that hath my heart:

And he usurps it, having nought but this,

That I am tied to him by marriage.

100

Love is a God, and marriage is but words;

And therefore Mosbie's title is the best.

Tush! whether it be or no, he shall be mine,

In spite of him, of Hymen, and of rites.

Here enters ADAM of the Flower-de-luce.

And here comes Adam of the Flower-de-luce;

I hope he brings me tidings of my love.

—How now, Adam, what is the news with you?
Be not afraid; my husband is now from home.

Adam. He whom you wot of, Mosbie, Mistress Alice,
Is come to town, and sends you word by me
In any case you may not visit him.

110

Alice. Not visit him?

Adam. No, nor take no knowledge of his being here.

Alice. But tell me, is he angry or displeased?

Adam. It should seem so, for he is wondrous sad.

Alice. Were he as mad as raving Hercules,
I'll see him, I; and were thy house of force,
These hands of mine should race it to the ground,
Unless that thou wouldst bring me to my love.

Adam. Nay, and you be so impatient, I'll be gone.

120

Alice. Stay, Adam, stay; thou wert wont to be my friend.
Ask Mosbie how I have incurred his wrath;
Bear him from me these pair of silver dice,
With which we played for kisses many a time,
And when I lost, I won, and so did he;—
Such winning and such losing Jove send me!
And bid him, if his love do not decline,
To come this morning but along my door,
And as a stranger but salute me there:
This may he do without suspect or fear.

130

Adam. I'll tell him what you say, and so farewell. [*Exit Adam.*]

Alice. Do, and one day I'll make amends for all.—
I know he loves me well, but dares not come,
Because my husband is so jealous,
And these my narrow-prying neighbours blab,
Hinder our meetings when we would confer.
But, if I live, that block shall be removed,
And, Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stealth,
Shalt neither fear the biting speech of men,
Nor Arden's looks; as surely shall he die
As I abhor him and love only thee.

140

Here enters MICHAEL.

How now, Michael, whither are you going?

Michael. To fetch my master's nag.

I hope you'll think on me.

Alice. Ay; but, Michael, see you keep your oath,

And be as secret as you are resolute.

Michael. I'll see he shall not live above a week.

Alice. On that condition, Michael, here's my hand:

None shall have Mosbie's sister but thyself.

Michael. I understand the painter here hard by

150

Hath made report that he and Sue is sure.

Alice. There's no such matter, Michael; believe it not.

Michael. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a heart,

With a verse or two stolen from a painted cloth,

The which I hear the wench keeps in her chest.

Well, let her keep it! I shall find a fellow

That can both write and read and make rhyme too,

And if I do—well, I say no more:

I'll send from London such a taunting letter

As she shall eat the heart he sent with salt

160

And fling the dagger at the painter's head.

Alice. What needs all this? I say that Susan's thine.

Michael. Why, then I say that I will kill my master,

Or anything that you will have me do.

Alice. But, Michael, see you do it cunningly.

Michael. Why, say I should be took, I'll ne'er confess

That you know anything; and Susan, being a maid,

May beg me from the gallows of the sheriff.

Alice. Trust not to that, Michael.

Michael. You cannot tell me, I have seen it, I.

170

But, mistress, tell her, whether I live or die,

I'll make her more worth than twenty painters can;

For I will rid mine elder brother away,

And then the farm of Bolton is mine own.

Who would not venture upon house and land,

When he may have it for a right down blow?

Here enters MOSBIE.

Alice. Yonder comes Mosbie. Michael, get thee gone,

And let not him nor any know thy drifts. [*Exit Michael.*

Mosbie, my love!

Mosbie. Away, I say, and talk not to me now.

180

Alice. A word or two, sweet heart, and then I will.

'Tis yet but early days, thou needst not fear.

Mosbie. Where is your husband?

Alice. 'Tis now high water, and he is at the quay.

Mosbie. There let him be; henceforward know me not.

Alice. Is this the end of all thy solemn oaths?

Is this the fruit thy reconciliation buds?

Have I for this given thee so many favours,

Incurred my husband's hate, and, out alas!

Made shipwreck of mine honour for thy sake?

190

And dost thou say "henceforward know me not"?

Remember, when I lock'd thee in my closet,

What were thy words and mine; did we not both

Decree to murder Arden in the night?

The heavens can witness, and the world can tell,

Before I saw that falsehood look of thine,

'Fore I was tangled with thy 'ticing speech,

Arden to me was dearer than my soul,—

And shall be still: base peasant, get thee gone,

200

And boast not of thy conquest over me,

Gotten by witchcraft and mere sorcery!

For what hast thou to countenance my love,

Being descended of a noble house,

And matched already with a gentleman

Whose servant thou may'st be!—and so farewell.

Mosbie. Ungentle and unkind Alice, now I see

That which I ever feared, and find too true:

A woman's love is as the lightning-flame,

Which even in bursting forth consumes itself.

To try thy constancy have I been strange;

210

Would I had never tried, but lived in hope!

Alice. What need'st thou try me whom thou ne'er found false?

Mosbie. Yet pardon me, for love is jealous.

Alice. So lists the sailor to the mermaid's song,

So looks the traveller to the basilisk:

I am content for to be reconciled,

And that, I know, will be mine overthrow.

Mosbie. Thine overthrow? first let the world dissolve.

Alice. Nay, Mosbie, let me still enjoy thy love,

And happen what will, I am resolute.

220

My saving husband hoards up bags of gold

To make our children rich, and now is he

Gone to unload the goods that shall be thine,

And he and Franklin will to London straight.

Mosbie. To London, Alice? if thou'lt be ruled by me,

We'll make him sure enough for coming there.

Alice. Ah, would we could!

Mosbie. I happened on a painter yesternight,
The only cunning man of Christendom;
For he can temper poison with his oil,
That whoso looks upon the work he draws
Shall, with the beams that issue from his sight,
Suck venom to his breast and slay himself.
Sweet Alice, he shall draw thy counterfeit,
That Arden may, by gazing on it, perish.

230

Alice. Ay, but Mosbie, that is dangerous,
For thou, or I, or any other else,
Coming into the chamber where it hangs, may die.

Mosbie. Ay, but we'll have it covered with a cloth
And hung up in the study for himself.

240

Alice. It may not be, for when the picture's drawn,
Arden, I know, will come and show it me.

Mosbie. Fear not; we'll have that shall serve the turn,
This is the painter's house; I'll call him forth.

Alice. But, Mosbie, I'll have no such picture, I.

Mosbie. I pray thee leave it to my discretion.
How! Clarke!

Here enters CLARKE.

Oh, you are an honest man of your word! you served me
well.

Clarke. Why, sir, I'll do it for you at any time,
Provided, as you have given your word,
I may have Susan Mosbie to my wife.
For, as sharp-witted poets, whose sweet verse
Make heavenly gods break off their nectar draughts
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth,
Use humble promise to their sacred Muse,
So we that are the poets' favourites
Must have a love: ay, Love is the painter's muse,
That makes him frame a speaking countenance,
A weeping eye that witnesses heart's grief.
Then tell me, Master Mosbie, shall I have her?

250

260

Alice. 'Tis pity but he should; he'll use her well.

Mosbie. Clarke, here's my hand: my sister shall be thine.

Clarke. Then, brother, to requite this courtesy,
You shall command my life, my skill, and all.

Alice. Ah, that thou couldst be secret,

Mosbie. Fear him not; leave; I have talked sufficient.

Clarke. You know not me that ask such questions,

Let it suffice I know you love him well,

And fain would have your husband made away:

Wherein, trust me, you show a noble mind,

That rather than you'll live with him you hate,

You'll venture life, and die with him you love,

The like will I do for my Susan's sake.

270

Alice. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed

But Mosbie's love. Might I without control

Enjoy thee still, then Arden should not die:

But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

Mosbie. Enough, sweet Alice; thy kind words makes me melt.

Your trick of poisoned pictures we dislike;

Some other poison would do better far.

280

Alice. Ay, such as might be put into his broth,

And yet in taste not to be found at all.

Clarke. I know your mind, and here I have it for you,

Put but a dram of this into his drink,

Or any kind of broth that he shall eat,

And he shall die within an hour after.

Alice. As I am a gentlewoman, Clarke, next day

Thou and Susan shall be married.

Mosbie. And I'll make her dowry more than I'll talk of, Clarke,

Clarke. Yonder's your husband. Mosbie, I'll be gone.

290

Here enters ARDEN and FRANKLIN.

Alice. In good time see where my husband comes.

Master Mosbie, ask him the question yourself. [*Exit Clarke.*]

Mosbie. Master Arden, being at London yesternight,

The Abbey lands, whereof you are now possessed,

Were offered me on some occasion

By Greene, one of Sir Antony Ager's men:

I pray you, sir, tell me, are not the lands yours?

Hath any other interest herein?

Arden. Mosbie, that question we'll decide anon.

Alice, make ready my breakfast, I must hence.

300

[*Exit Alice.*]

As for the lands, Mosbie, they are mine

By letters patents from his Majesty.

But I must have a mandate for my wife;
 They say you seek to rob me of her love:
 Villain, what makes thou in her company?
 She's no companion for so base a groom.

Mosbie. Arden, I thought not on her, I came to thee;
 But rather than I pocket up this wrong——

Franklin. What will you do, sir?

Mosbie. Revenge it on the proudest of you both, 310
[Then Arden draws forth Mosbie's sword.]

Arden. So, sirrah; you may not wear a sword,
 The statute makes against artificers;
 I warrant that I do. Now use your bodkin,
 Your Spanish needle, and your pressing iron,
 For this shall go with me; and mark my words,
 You goodman botcher, 'tis to you I speak:
 The next time that I take thee near my house,
 Instead of legs I'll make thee crawl on stumps.

Mosbie. Ah, Master Arden, you have injured me:
 I do appeal to God and to the world. 320

Franklin. Why, canst thou deny thou wert a botcher once?

Mosbie. Measure me what I am, not what I was.

Arden. Why, what art thou now but a velvet drudge,
 A cheating steward, and base-minded peasant?

Mosbie. Arden, now thou hast belched and vomited
 The rancorous venom of thy mis-swoll'n heart,
 Hear me but speak: as I intend to live
 With God and his elected saints in heaven,
 I never meant more to solicit her;
 And that she knows, and all the world shall see. 330
 I loved her once;—sweet Arden, pardon me,
 I could not choose, her beauty fired my heart!
 But time hath quenched these over-raging coals;
 And, Arden, though I now frequent thy house,
 'Tis for my sister's sake, her waiting-maid,
 And not for hers. Mayest thou enjoy her long:
 Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me,
 If I dishonour her or injure thee.

Arden. Mosbie, with these thy protestations
 The deadly hatred of my heart's appeased, 340
 And thou and I'll be friends, if this prove true.
 As for the base terms I gave thee late,
 Forget them, Mosbie: I had cause to speak,

When all the knights and gentlemen of Kent
Make common table-talk of her and thee.

Mosbie. Who lives that is not touched with slanderous tongues?

Franklin. Then, Mosbie, to eschew the speech of men,
Upon whose general bruit all honour hangs,
Forbear his house.

Arden. Forbear it! nay, rather frequent it more: 350
The world shall see that I distrust her not.
To warn him on the sudden from my house
Were to confirm the rumour that is grown,

Mosbie. By my faith, sir, you say true,
And therefore will I sojourn here a while,
Until our enemies have talked their fill;
And then, I hope, they'll cease, and at last confess
How causeless they have injured her and me.

Arden. And I will lie at London all this term
To let them see how light I weigh their words. 360

Here enters ALICE.

Alice. Husband, sit down; your breakfast will be cold.

Arden. Come, Master Mosbie, will you sit with us?

Mosbie. I cannot eat, but I'll sit for company.

Arden. Sirrah Michael, see our horse be ready.

Alice. Husband, why pause ye? why eat you not?

Arden. I am not well; there's something in this broth
That is not wholesome: didst thou make it, Alice?

Alice. I did, and that's the cause it likes not you.

[Then she throws down the broth on the ground.]

There's nothing that I do can please your taste;
You were best to say I would have poisoned you. 370

I cannot speak or cast aside my eye,

But he imagines I have stepped awry.

Here's he that you cast in my teeth so oft:

Now will I be convinced or purge myself.

I charge thee speak to this mistrustful man,

Thou that wouldst see me hang, thou, Mosbie, thou:

What favour hast thou had more than a kiss

At coming or departing from the town?

Mosbie. You wrong yourself and me to cast these doubts:

Your loving husband is not jealous. 380

Arden. Why, gentle Mistress Alice, cannot I be ill

But you'll accuse yourself?

Franklin, thou hast a box of mithridate;
I'll take a little to prevent the worst.

Franklin. Do so, and let us presently take horse;
My life for yours, ye shall do well enough.

Alice. Give me a spoon, I'll eat of it myself;
Would it were full of poison to the brim,
Then should my cares and troubles have an end.
Was ever silly woman so tormented?

390

Arden. Be patient, sweet love; I mistrust not thee.

Alice. God will revenge it, Arden, if thou dost;
For never woman loved her husband better
Than I do thee.

Arden. I know it, sweet Alice; cease to complain,
Lest that in tears I answer thee again.

Franklin. Come, leave this dallying, and let us away.

Alice. Forbear to wound me with that bitter word;
Arden shall go to London in my arms.

Arden. Loth am I to depart, yet I must go.

400

Alice. Wilt thou to London, then, and leave me here?
Ah, if thou love me, gentle Arden, stay.
Yet, if thy business be of great import
Go, if thou wilt, I'll bear it as I may;
But write from London to me every week,
Nay, every day, and stay no longer there
Than thou must needs, lest that I die for sorrow.

Arden. I'll write unto thee every other tide,
And so farewell, sweet Alice, till we meet next.

Alice. Farewell, husband, seeing you'll have it so;
And, Master Franklin, seeing you take him hence,
In hope you'll hasten him home, I'll give you this.

410

[*And then she kisseth him.*]

Franklin. And if he stay, the fault shall not be mine.
Mosbie, farewell, and see you keep your oath.

Mosbie. I hope he is not jealous of me now.

Arden. No, Mosbie, no; hereafter think of me
As of your dearest friend, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt Arden, Franklin, and Michael.*]

Alice. I am glad he is gone; he was about to stay,
But did you mark me then how I brake off?

Mosbie. Ay, Alice, and it was cunningly performed.
But what a villain is that painter Clarke!

420

Alice. Was it not a goodly poison that he gave?
 Why, he's as well now as he was before.
 It should have been some fine confection
 That might have given the broth some dainty taste:
 This powder was too gross and populous.

Mosbie. But had he eaten but three spoonfuls more,
 Then had he died and our love continued.

Alice. Why, so it shall, Mosbie, albeit he live.

Mosbie. It is impossible, for I have sworn 430
 Never hereafter to solicit thee,
 Or, whilst he lives, once more importune thee.

Alice. Thou shalt not need, I will importune thee.
 What? shall an oath make thee forsake my love?
 As if I have not sworn as much myself
 And given my hand unto him in the church!
 Tush, Mosbie; oaths are words, and words is wind,
 And wind is mutable: then, I conclude,
 'Tis childishness to stand upon an oath.

Mosbie. Well proved, Mistress Alice; yet by your leave 440
 I'll keep mine unbroken whilst he lives.

Alice. Ay, do, and spare not, his time is but short;
 For if thou beest as resolute as I,
 We'll have him murdered as he walks the streets.
 In London many alehouse ruffians keep,
 Which, as I hear, will murder men for gold.
 They shall be soundly fee'd to pay him home.

Here enters GREENE.

Mosbie. Alice, what's he that comes yonder? knowest thou him?

Alice. Mosbie, be gone: I hope 'tis one that comes
 To put in practice our intended drifts. [Exit Mosbie.]

Greene. Mistress Arden, you are well met. 451
 I am sorry that your husband is from home,
 When as my purposed journey was to him:
 Yet all my labour is not spent in vain,
 For I suppose that you can full discourse
 And flat resolve me of the thing I seek.

Alice. What is it, Master Greene? If that I may
 Or can with safety, I will answer you.

Greene. I heard your husband hath the grant of late,
 Confirmed by letters patents from the king, 460

Of all the lands of the Abbey of Feversham,
Generally intituled, so that all former grants
Are cut off; whereof I myself had one;
But now my interest by that is void.

This is all, Mistress Arden; is it true or no?

Alice. True, Master Greene; the lands are his in state,
And whatsoever leases were before
Are void for term of Master Arden's life;
He hath the grant under the Chancery seal.

Greene. Pardon me, Mistress Arden, I must speak, 470
For I am touched. Your husband doth me wrong
To wring me from the little land I have.
My living is my life, and only that
Resteth remainder of my portion.

Desire of wealth is endless in his mind,
And he is greedy-gaping still for gain;
Nor cares he though young gentlemen do beg,
So he may scrape and hoard up in his pouch.
But, seeing he hath ta'en my lands, I'll value life
As careless as he is careful for to get: 480

And tell him this from me, I'll be revenged,
And so as he shall wish the Abbey lands
Had rested still within their former state.

Alice. Alas, poor gentleman, I pity you,
And woe is me that any man should want!
God knows 'tis not my fault; but wonder not
Though he be hard to others, when to me,—
Ah, Master Greene, God knows how I am used.

Greene. Why, Mistress Arden, can the crabbed churl
Use you unkindly? respects he not your birth, 490
Your honourable friends, nor what you brought?
Why, all Kent knows your parentage and what you are.

Alice. Ah, Master Greene, be it spoken in secret here,
I never live good day with him alone:
When he's at home, then have I froward looks,
Hard words and blows to mend the match withal;
And though I might content as good a man,
Yet doth he keep in every corner trulls;
And when he's weary with his trugs at home,
Then rides he straight to London; there, forsooth, 500
He revels it among such filthy ones
As counsels him to make away his wife.

Thus live I daily in continual fear,
 In sorrow; so despairing of redress
 As every day I wish with hearty prayer
 That he or I were taken forth the world.

Greene. Now trust me, Mistress Alice, it grieveth me
 So fair a creature should be so abused.
 Why, who would have thought the civil sir so sullen?
 He looks so smoothly. Now, fie upon him, churl! 510
 And if he live a day, he lives too long.
 But frolic, woman! I shall be the man
 Shall set you free from all this discontent;
 And if the churl deny my interest
 And will not yield my lease into my hand,
 I'll pay him home, whatever hap to me.

Alice. But speak you as you think?

Greene. Ay, God's my witness, I mean plain dealing,
 For I had rather die than lose my land.

Alice. Then, Master Greene, be counselled by me: 520
 Indanger not yourself for such a churl,
 But hire some cutter for to cut him short,
 And here's ten pound to wager them withal;
 When he is dead, you shall have twenty more,
 And the lands whereof my husband is possess'd
 Shall be intitled as they were before.

Greene. Will you keep promise with me?

Alice. Or count me false and perjured whilst I live.

Greene. Then here's my hand, I'll have him so dispatched. 530
 I'll up to London straight, I'll thither post,
 And never rest till I have compassed it.
 Till then farewell.

Alice. Good fortune follow all your forward thoughts.

[*Exit Greene.*]

And whosoever doth attempt the deed,
 A happy hand I wish, and so farewell.—
 All this goes well: Mosbie, I long for thee
 To let thee know all that I have contrived.

Here enters MOSBIE and CLARKE.

Mosbie. How, now, Alice, what's the news?

Alice. Such as will content thee well, sweetheart.

Mosbie. Well, let them pass a while, and tell me, Alice, 540

How have you dealt and tempered with my sister?

What, will she have my neighbour Clarke, or no?

Alice. What, Master Mosbie! let him woo himself!

Think you that maids look not for fair words?

Go to her, Clarke; she's all alone within;

Michael my man is clean out of her books.

Clarke. I thank you, Mistress Arden, I will in;

And if fair Susan and I can make a gree,

You shall command me to the uttermost,

As far as either goods or life may stretch. [Exit Clarke.

Mosbie. Now, Alice, let's hear thy news. 551

Alice. They be so good that I must laugh for joy,

Before I can begin to tell my tale.

Mosbie. Let's hear them, that I may laugh for company.

Alice. This morning, Master Greene, Dick Greene I mean,

From whom my husband had the Abbey land,

Came hither, railing, for to know the truth

Whether my husband had the lands by grant.

I told him all, whereat he stormed amain

And swore he would cry quittance with the churl, 560

And, if he did deny his interest,

Stab him, whatsoever did befall himself.

Whenas I saw his choler thus to rise,

I whetted on the gentleman with words;

And, to conclude, Mosbie, at last we grew

To composition for my husband's death.

I gave him ten pound for to hire knaves,

By some device to make away the churl;

When he is dead, he should have twenty more

And repossess his former lands again. 570

On this we 'greed, and he is ridden straight

To London, for to bring his death about.

Mosbie. But call you this good news?

Alice. Ay, sweetheart, be they not?

Mosbie. 'Twere cheerful news to hear the churl were dead;

But trust me, Alice, I take it passing ill

You would be so forgetful of our state

To make recount of it to every groom.

What! to acquaint each stranger with our drifts,

Chiefly in case of murder, why, 'tis the way 580

To make it open unto Arden's self

And bring thyself and me to ruin both.

Forewarned, forearmed; who threatens his enemy,
Lends him a sword to guard himself withal.

Alice. I did it for the best.

Mosbie. Well, seeing 'tis done, cheerly let it pass,
You know this Greene; is he not religious?
A man, I guess, of great devotion?

Alice. He is.

Mosbie. Then, sweet Alice, let it pass: I have a drift
Will quiet all, whatever is amiss.

590

Here enters CLARKE and SUSAN.

Alice. How now, Clarke? have you found me false?
Did I not plead the matter hard for you?

Clarke. You did.

Mosbie. And what? wilt be a match?

Clarke. A match, i' faith, sir: ay, the day is mine,
The painter lays his colours to the life,
His pencil draws no shadows in his love.
Susan is mine.

Alice. You make her blush.

600

Mosbie. What, sister, is it Clarke must be the man?

Susan. It resteth in your grant; some words are past,
And haply we be grown unto a match,
If you be willing that it shall be so.

Mosbie. Ah, Master Clarke, it resteth at my grant:
You see my sister's yet at my dispose,
But, so you'll grant me one thing I shall ask,
I am content my sister shall be yours.

Clarke. What is it, Master Mosbie?

Mosbie. I do remember once in secret talk
You told me how you could compound by art
A crucifix poisoned,
That whoso look upon it should wax blind
And with the scent be stifled, that ere long
He should die poisoned that did view it well.
I would have you make me such a crucifix,
And then I'll grant my sister shall be yours.

610

Clarke. Though I am loth, because it toucheth life,
Yet, rather or I'll leave sweet Susan's love,
I'll do it, and with all the haste I may.
But for whom is it?

620

Alice. Leave that to us. Why, Clarke, is it possible
That you should paint and draw it out yourself,
The colours being baleful and im poisoned,
And no ways prejudice yourself withal?

Mosbie. Well questioned, Alice; Clarke, how answer you that?

Clarke. Very easily: I'll tell you straight
How I do work of these im poisoned drugs.
I fasten on my spectacles so close
As nothing can any way offend my sight;
Then, as I put a leaf within my nose,
So put I rhubarb to avoid the smell,
And softly as another work I paint.

630

Mosbie. 'Tis very well; but against when shall I have it?

Clarke. Within this ten days.

Mosbie. 'Twill serve the turn.

Now, Alice, let's in and see what cheer you keep.
I hope, now Master Arden is from home,
You'll give me leave to play your husband's part.

Alice. Mosbie, you know, who's master of my heart,
He well may be the master of the house.

640

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Country between Feversham and London.*

Enter GREENE and BRADSHAW.

Bradshaw. See you them that comes yonder, Master Greene?

Greene. Ay, very well: do you know them?

Here enters BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.

Bradshaw. The one I know not, but he seems a knave

Chiefly for bearing the other company;

For such a slave, so vile a rogue as he,

Lives not again upon the earth.

Black Will is his name. I tell you, Master Greene,

At Boulogne he and I were fellow-soldiers,

Where he played such pranks

As all the camp feared him for his villainy

I warrant you he bears so bad a mind

That for a crown he'll murder any man.

10

Greene. The fitter is he for my purpose, marry!

Will. How now, fellow Bradshaw? Whither away so early?

Bradshaw. O Will, times are changed: no fellows now,

Though we were once together in the field;

Yet thy friend to do thee any good I can.

Will. Why, Bradshaw, was not thou and I fellow-soldiers at Boulogne, where I was a corporal, and thou but a base mercenary groom? No fellows now! because you are a goldsmith and have a little plate in your shop! You were glad to call me "fellow Will," and with a curtsey to the earth, "One snatch, good corporal," when I stole the half ox from John the victualer, and domineer'd with it amongst good fellows in one night.

25

Bradshaw. Ay, Will, those days are past with me.

Will. Ay, but they be not past with me, for I keep that same honourable mind still. Good neighbour Bradshaw, you are too proud to be my fellow; but were it not that I see more company coming down the hill, I would be fellows with you once more, and share crowns with you too. But let that pass, and tell me whither you go.

32

Bradshaw. To London, Will, about a piece of service,
Wherein haply thou mayest pleasure me.

Will. What is it?

Bradshaw. Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,
Which one did bring and sold it at my shop,
Saying he served Sir Antony Cooke.
A search was made, the plate was found with me,
And I am bound to answer at the 'size. 40
Now, Lord Cheiny solemnly vows, if law
Will serve him, he'll hang me for his plate.
Now I am going to London upon hope
To find the fellow. Now, Will, I know
Thou art acquainted with such companions.

Will. What manner of man was he?

Bradshaw. A lean-faced writhen knave,
Hawk-nosed and very hollow-eyed,
With mighty furrows in his stormy brows;
Long hair down his shoulders curled; 50
His chin was bare, but on his upper lip
A mutchado, which he wound about his ear.

Will. What apparel had he?

Bradshaw. A watchet satin doublet all-to torn,
The inner side did bear the greater show;
A pair of thread-bare velvet hose, seam rent,
A worsted stocking rent above the shoe,
A livery cloak, but all the lace was off;
'Twas bad, but yet it served to hide the plate.

Will. Sirrah Shakebag, canst thou remember since we trolled the
bowl at Sittingburgh, where I broke the tapster's head of
the Lion with a cudgel stick? 62

Shakebag. Ay, very well, Will.

Will. Why, it was with the money that the plate was sold for.
Sirrah Bradshaw, what wilt thou give him that can tell
thee who sold thy plate?

Bradshaw. Who, I pray thee, good Will?

Will. Why, 'twas one Jack Fitten. He's now in Newgate for
stealing a horse, and shall be arraigned the next 'size.

Bradshaw. Why, then let Lord Cheiny seek Jack Fitten forth,
For I'll back and tell him who robbed him of his plate. 71
This cheers my heart; Master Greene, I'll leave you,
For I must to the Isle of Sheppy with speed.

Greene. Before you go, let me intreat you

To carry this letter to Mistress Arden of Feversham
And humbly recommend me to herself.

Bradshaw. That will I, Master Greene, and so farewell.

Here, Will, there's a crown for thy good news.

[*Exit Bradshaw.*]

Will. Farewell, Bradshaw; I'll drink no water for thy sake
whilst this lasts.—Now, gentleman, shall we have your
company to London? 81

Greene. Nay, stay, sirs:

A little more I needs must use your help,
And in a matter of great consequence,
Wherein if you'll be secret and profound,
I'll give you twenty angels for your pains.

Will. How? twenty angels? give my fellow George Shakebag
and me twenty angels? And if thou'lt have thy own father
slain, that thou may'st inherit his land, we'll kill him.

Shakebag. Ay, thy mother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy
kin. 90

Greene. Well, this is it: Arden of Feversham

Hath highly wronged me about the Abbey land,
That no revenge but death will serve the turn.
Will you two kill him? here's the angels down,
And I will lay the platform of his death.

Will. Plat me no platforms; give me the money, and I'll stab
him as he stands pissing against a wall, but I'll kill him.

Shakebag. Where is he?

Greene. He is now at London, in Aldersgate Street.

Shakebag. He's dead as if he had been condemned by an Act of
Parliament, if once Black Will and I swear his death. 101

Greene. Here is ten pound, and when he is dead,
Ye shall have twenty more.

Will. My fingers itches to be at the peasant. Ah, that I might
be set a work thus through the year, and that murder would
grow to an occupation, that a man might follow without
danger of law:—zounds, I warrant I should be warden of
the company! Come, let us be going, and we'll bait at
Rochester, where I'll give thee a gallon of sack to handsel the
match withal,

110

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*London. A Street near St. Paul's.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Michael. I have gotten such a letter as will touch the painter:
And thus it is:

Here enters ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN *and hears* MICHAEL *read this letter.*

“My duty remembered, Mistress Susan, hoping in God you be in good health, as I Michael was at the making hereof. This is to certify you that as the turtle true, when she hath lost her mate, sitteth alone, so I, mourning for your absence, do walk up and down Paul’s till one day I fell asleep and lost my master’s pantofles. Ah, Mistress Susan, abolish that paltry painter, cut him off by the shins with a frowning look of your crabbed countenance, and think upon Michael, who, drunk with the dregs of your favour, will cleave as fast to your love as a plaster of pitch to a galled horse-back. Thus hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate mercy of your meek hands, I end
“Yours, Michael, or else not Michael.”

Arden. Why, you paltry knave,
Stand you here loitering, knowing my affairs,
What haste my business craves to send to Kent?

Franklin. Faith, friend Michael, this is very ill,
Knowing your master hath no more but you, 130
And do ye slack his business for your own?

Arden. Where is the letter, sirrah? let me see it.

[Then he gives him the letter.]

See, Master Franklin, here’s proper stuff:
Susan my maid, the painter, and my man,
A crew of harlots, all in love, forsooth;
Sirrah, let me hear no more of this,
Nor for thy life once write to her a word.

Here enters GREENE, WILL, *and* SHAKEBAG,

Wilt thou be married to so base a trull?
’Tis Mosbie’s sister: come I once at home,
I’ll rouse her from remaining in my house.

Now, Master Franklin, let us go walk in Paul's;
Come but a turn or two, and then away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Greene. The first is Arden, and that's his man,
The other is Franklin, Arden's dearest friend.

Will. Zounds, I'll kill them all three.

Greene. Nay, sirs, touch not his man in any case;
But stand close, and take you fittest standing,
And at his coming forth speed him:
To the Nag's Head, there is this coward's haunt.

But now I'll leave you till the deed be done. [*Exit Greene.*]

Shakebag. If he be not paid his own, ne'er trust Shakebag. 151

Will. Sirrah Shakebag, at his coming forth I'll run him through,
and then to the Blackfriars, and there take water and away.

Shakebag. Why, that's the best; but see thou miss him not.

Will. How can I miss him, when I think on the forty angels I
must have more?

Here enters PRENTICE.

Prentice. 'Tis very late; I were best shut up my stall, for here
will be old filching, when the press comes forth of Paul's.

[*Then lets he down his window, and it breaks Black Will's
head.*]

Will. Zounds, draw, Shakebag, I am almost killed.

Prentice. We'll tame you, I warrant. 160

Will. Zounds, I am tame enough already.

Here enters ARDEN, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL.

Arden. What troublesome fray or mutiny is this?

Franklin. 'Tis nothing but some brabbling paltry fray,
Devised to pick men's pockets in the throng.

Arden. Is't nothing else? come, Franklin, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

Will. What 'mends shall I have for my broken head?

Prentice. Marry, this 'mends, that if you get you not away all the
sooner, you shall be well beaten and sent to the Counter.

[*Exit Prentice.*]

Will. Well, I'll be gone, but look to your signs, for I'll pull them
down all. Shakebag, my broken head grieves me not so
much as by this means Arden hath escaped. 171

Here enters GREENE.

I had a glimpse of him and his companion.

Greene. Why, sirs, Arden's as well as I; I met him and Franklin going merrily to the ordinary. What, dare you not do it?

Will. Yes, sir, we dare do it; but, were my consent to give again, we would not do it under ten pound more. I value every drop of my blood at a French crown. I have had ten pound to steal a dog, and we have no more here to kill a man; but that a bargain is a bargain, and so forth, you should do it yourself. 180

Greene. I pray thee, how came thy head broke?

Will. Why, thou seest it is broke, dost thou not?

Shakebag. Standing against a stall, watching Arden's coming, a boy let down his shop-window, and broke his head; whereupon arose a brawl, and in the tumult Arden escaped us and passed by unthought on. But forbearance is no acquittance; another time we'll do it, I warrant thee.

Greene. I pray thee, Will, make clean thy bloody brow,

And let us bethink us on some other place

Where Arden may be met with handsomely. 190

Remember how devoutly thou hast sworn

To kill the villain; think upon thine oath.

Will. Tush, I have broken five hundred oaths!

But wouldst thou charm me to effect this deed,

Tell me of gold, my resolution's fee;

Say thou seest Moshie kneeling at my knees,

Offering me service for my high attempt,

And sweet Alice Arden, with a lap of crowns,

Comes with a lowly curtesy to the earth,

Saying "Take this but for thy quarterage, 200

Such yearly tribute will I answer thee."

Why, this would steel soft-mettled cowardice,

With which Black Will was never tainted yet.

I tell thee, Greene, the forlorn traveller,

Whose lips are glued with summer's parching heat,

Ne'er longed so much to see a running brook

As I to finish Arden's tragedy.

Seest thou this gore that cleaveth to my face?

From hence ne'er will I wash this bloody stain,

Till Arden's heart be panting in my hand. 210

Greene. Why, that's well said; but what saith Shakebag?

Shakebag. I cannot paint my valour out with words:

But, give me place and opportunity,
Such mercy as the starven lioness,
When she is dry sucked of her eager young,
Shows to the prey that next encounters her,
On Arden so much pity would I take.

Greene. So should it fare with men of firm resolve.

And now, sirs, seeing that this accident
Of meeting him in Paul's hath no success,
Let us bethink us of some other place
Whose earth may swallow up this Arden's blood,

220

Here enters MICHAEL.

See, yonder comes his man: and wot you what?
The foolish knave's in love with Mosbie's sister,
And for her sake, whose love he cannot get
Unless Mosbie solicit his suit,
The villain hath sworn the slaughter of his master.
We'll question him, for he may stead us much,—
How now, Michael, whether are you going?

Michael. My master hath new supped,
And I am going to prepare his chamber.

230

Greene. Where supped Master Arden?

Michael. At the Nag's Head, at the eighteen pence ordinary.
How now, Master Shakebag? what, Black Will! God's
dear lady, how chance your face is so bloody?

Will. Go to, sirrah, there is a chance in it; this sauciness in
you will make you be knocked.

Michael. Nay, an you be offended, I'll be gone.

Greene. Stay, Michael, you may not escape us so.

Michael, I know you love your master well.

240

Michael. Why, so I do; but wherefore urge you that?

Greene. Because I think you love your mistress better.

Michael. So think not I; but say, i'faith, what, if I should?

Shakebag. Come to the purpose, Michael; we hear
You have a pretty love in Feversham.

Michael. Why, have I two or three, what's that to thee!

Will. You deal too mildly with the peasant. Thus it is:
'Tis known to us that you love Mosbie's sister;
We know besides that you have ta'en your oath

To further Mosbie to your mistress' bed,
 And kill your master for his sister's sake.
 Now, sir, a poorer coward than yourself
 Was never fostered in the coast of Kent:
 How comes it then that such a knave as you
 Dare swear a matter of such consequence?

Greene. Ah, Will——

Will. Tush, give me leave, there's no more but this:

Sith thou hast sworn, we dare discover all;
 And hadst thou or should'st thou utter it,
 We have devised a complat under hand,
 Whatever shall betide to any of us,
 To send thee roundly to the devil of hell,
 And therefore thus: I am the very man,
 Marked in my birth-hour by the destinies,
 To give an end to Arden's life on earth;
 Thou but a member but to whet the knife
 Whose edge must search the closet of his breast:
 Thy office is but to appoint the place,
 And train thy master to his tragedy;
 Mine to perform it when occasion serves.
 Then be not nice, but here devise with us
 How and what way we may conclude his death.

Shakebag. So shalt thou purchase Mosbie for thy friend,
 And by his friendship gain his sister's love.

Greene. So shall thy mistress be thy favourer,
 And thou disburdened of the oath thou made.

Michael. Well, gentlemen, I cannot but confess,
 Sith you have urged me so apparently,
 That I have vowed my master Arden's death;
 And he whose kindly love and liberal hand
 Doth challenge nought but good deserts of me,
 I will deliver over to your hands.

This night come to his house at Aldersgate:
 The doors I'll leave unlock'd against you come.
 No sooner shall ye enter through the latch,
 Over the threshold to the inner court,
 But on your left hand shall you see the stairs
 That leads directly to my master's chamber:
 There take him and dispose him as ye please.
 Now it were good we parted company;
 What I have promised, I will perform.

Will. Should you deceive us, 'twould go wrong with you.

Michael. I will accomplish all I have revealed.

Will. Come, let's go drink: choler makes me as dry as a dog.

[Exeunt Will, Greene, and Shakebag. Manet Michael.]

Michael. Thus feeds the lamb securely on the down,

Whilst through the thicket of an arbour brake

The hunger-bitten wolf o'erprires his haunt

And takes advantage for to eat him up.

Ah, harmless Arden, how hast thou misdone,

That thus thy gentle life is levelled at?

300

The many good turns that thou hast done to me,

Now must I quittance with betraying thee.

I that should take the weapon in my hand

And buckler thee from ill-intending foes,

Do lead thee with a wicked fraudulent smile,

As unsuspected, to the slaughter-house.

So have I sworn to Mosbie and my mistress,

So have I promised to the slaughtermen;

And should I not deal currently with them,

Their lawless rage would take revenge on me.

310

Tush, I will spurn at mercy for this once:

Let pity lodge where feeble women lie,

I am resolved, and Arden needs must die.

[Exit Michael.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Room in Franklin's House, at Aldersgate.*

Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN.

Arden. No, Franklin, no: if fear or stormy threats,
If love of me or care of womanhood,
If fear of God or common speech of men,
Who mangle credit with their wounding words,
And couch dishonour as dishonour buds,
Might join repentance in her wanton thoughts,
No question then but she would turn the leaf
And sorrow for her dissolution;
But she is rooted in her wickedness,
Perverse and stubborn, not to be reclaimed;
Good counsel is to her as rain to weeds,
And reprehension makes her vice to grow
As Hydra's head that plenished by decay.
Her faults, methink, are painted in my face,
For every searching eye to overread;
And Mosbie's name, a scandal unto mine,
Is deeply trenchèd in my blushing brow.
Ah, Franklin, Franklin, when I think on this,
My heart's grief rends my other powers
Worse than the conflict at the hour of death.

10

20

Franklin. Gentle Arden, leave this sad lament:
She will amend, and so your griefs will cease;
Or else she'll die, and so your sorrows end.
If neither of these two do haply fall,
Yet let your comfort be that others bear
Your woes, twice doubled all, with patience.

Arden. My house is irksome; there I cannot rest.

Franklin. Then stay with me in London; go not home.

Arden. Then that base Mosbie doth usurp my room
And makes his triumph of my being thence.

30

At home or not at home, where'er I be,
Here, here it lies, ah Franklin, here it lies
That will not out till wretched Arden dies.

Here enters MICHAEL.

Franklin. Forget your griefs a while; here comes your man.

Arden. What a-clock is't, sirrah?

Michael. Almost ten.

Arden. See, see, how runs away the weary time!

Come, Master Franklin, shall we go to bed?

[Exeunt Arden and Michael. Manet Franklin.]

Franklin. I pray you, go before: I'll follow you.

—Ah, what a hell is fretful jealousy!

40

What pity-moving words, what deep-fetched sighs,

What grievous groans and overlading woes

Accompanies this gentle gentleman!

Now will he shake his care-oppressèd head,

Then fix his sad eyes on the sullen earth,

Ashamed to gaze upon the open world;

Now will he cast his eyes up towards the heavens,

Looking that ways for redress of wrong:

Sometimes he seeketh to beguile his grief

And tells a story with his careful tongue;

50

Then comes his wife's dishonour in his thoughts

And in the middle cutteth off his tale,

Pouring fresh sorrow on his weary limbs.

So woe-begone, so inly charged with woe,

Was never any lived and bare it so.

Here enters MICHAEL.

Michael. My master would desire you come to bed.

Franklin. Is he himself already in his bed?

[Exit Franklin. Manet Michael.]

Michael. He is, and fain would have the light away.

—Conflicting thoughts, encampèd in my breast,

Awake me with the echo of their strokes,

60

And I, a judge to censure either side,

Can give to neither wishèd victory.

My master's kindness pleads to me for life

With just demand, and I must grant it him:

My mistress she hath forced me with an oath,

For Susan's sake, the which I may not break,

For that is nearer than a master's love:

That grim-faced fellow, pitiless Black Will,
 And Shakebag, stern in bloody stratagem,
 —Two rougher ruffians never lived in Kent,—
 Have sworn my death, if I infringe my vow,
 A dreadful thing to be considered of.
 Methinks I see them with their bolstered hair
 Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
 And in their ruthless hands their daggers drawn,
 Insulting o'er thee with a peck of oaths,
 Whilst thou submissive, pleading for relief,
 Art mangled by their ireful instruments.
 Methinks I hear them ask where Michael is,
 And pitiless Black Will cries: "Stab the slave!
 The peasant will detect the tragedy!"
 The wrinkles in his foul death-threat'ning face
 Gapes open wide, like graves to swallow men.
 My death to him is but a merriment,
 And he will murder me to make him sport.
 He comes, he comes! ah, Master Franklin, help!
 Call on the neighbours, or we are but dead!

70

80

Here enters FRANKLIN and ARDEN.

Franklin. What dismal outcry calls me from my rest?

Arden. What hath occasioned such a fearful cry?

Speak, Michael: hath any injured thee?

90

Michael. Nothing, sir; but as I fell asleep,

Upon the threshold leaning to the stairs,

I had a fearful dream that troubled me,

And in my slumber thought I was beset

With murderer thieves that came to rifle me.

My trembling joints witness my inward fear:

I crave your pardons for disturbing you.

Arden. So great a cry for nothing I ne'er heard.

What? are the doors fast locked and all things safe?

Michael. I cannot tell; I think I locked the doors.

100

Arden. I like not this, but I'll go see myself.—

Ne'er trust me but the doors were all unlocked:

This negligence not half contenteth me.

Get you to bed, and if you love my favour,

Let me have no more such pranks as these.

Come, Master Franklin, let us go to bed.

Franklin. Ay, by my faith; the air is very cold.

Michael, farewell; I pray thee dream no more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Outside Franklin's house.*

Here enters WILL, GREENE, and SHAKEBAG.

Shakebag. Black night hath hid the pleasures of the day,
And sheeting darkness overhangs the earth, 110
And with the black fold of her cloudy robe
Obscures us from the eyesight of the world,
In which sweet silence such as we triumph.
The lazy minutes linger on their time,
As loth to give due audit to the hour,
Till in the watch our purpose be complete
And Arden sent to everlasting night.
Greene, get you gone, and linger here about,
And at some hour hence come to us again,
Where we will give you instance of his death. 120

Greene. Speed to my wish, whose will so e'er says no;
And so I'll leave you for an hour or two. [Exit Greene.

Will. I tell thee, Shakebag, would this thing were done:
I am so heavy that I can scarce go;
This drowsiness in me bodes little good.

Shakebag. How now, Will? become a precisian?
Nay, then let's go sleep, when bugs and fears
Shall kill our courages with their fancy's work.

Will. Why, Shakebag, thou mistakest me much,
And wrongs me too in telling me of fear. 130
Were't not a serious thing we go about,
It should be slipt till I had fought with thee,
To let thee know I am no coward, I.
I tell thee, Shakebag, thou abusest me.

Shakebag. Why, thy speech bewrayed an inly kind of fear,
And savoured of a weak relenting spirit.
Go forward now in that we have begun,
And afterwards attempt me when thou darest.

Will. And if I do not, heaven cut me off!
But let that pass, and show me to this house, 140
Where thou shalt see I'll do as much as Shakebag.

Shakebag. This is the door; but soft, methinks 'tis shut.

The villain Michael hath deceived us.

Will. Soft, let me see, Shakebag; 'tis shut indeed.

Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slave will hear,

Shakebag. It will not be; the white-livered peasant

Is gone to bed, and laughs us both to scorn.

Will. And he shall buy his merriment as dear

As ever coistril bought so little sport:

Ne'er let this sword assist me when I need,

150

But rust and canker after I have sworn,

If I, the next time that I meet the hind,

Lop not away his leg, his arm, or both.

Shakebag. And let me never draw a sword again,

Nor prosper in the twilight, cockshut light,

When I would fleece the wealthy passenger,

But lie and languish in a loathsome den,

Hated and spit at by the goers-by,

And in that death may die unpitied,

If I, the next time that I meet the slave,

160

Cut not the nose from off the coward's face

And trample on it for this villainy.

Will. Come, let's go seek out Greene; I know he'll swear.

Shakebag. He were a villain, an he would not swear.

'Twould make a peasant swear among his boys,

That ne'er durst say before but "yea" and "no,"

To be thus flouted of a coistril.

Will. Shakebag, let's seek out Greene, and in the morning

At the alehouse butting Arden's house

Watch the out-coming of that prick-eared cur,

170

And then let me alone to handle him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Room in Franklin's house as before.*

Here enters ARDEN, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL.

Arden. Sirrah, get you back to Billingsgate

And learn what time the tide will serve our turn;

Come to us in Paul's. First go make the bed,

And afterwards go hearken for the flood. [*Exit Michael.*]

Come, Master Franklin, you shall go with me.

This night I dreamt that, being in a park,

A toil was pitched to overthrow the deer,

And I upon a little rising hill
 Stood whistly watching for the herd's approach. 180
 Even there, methoughts, a gentle slumber took me,
 And summoned all my parts to sweet repose;
 But in the pleasure of this golden rest
 An ill-thewed foster had removed the toil,
 And rounded me with that beguiling home
 Which late, methought, was pitched to cast the deer.
 With that he blew an evil-sounding horn,
 And at the noise another herdman came,
 With falchion drawn, and bent it at my breast,
 Crying aloud, "Thou art the game we seek!" 190
 With this I woke and trembled every joint,
 Like one obscured in a little bush,
 That sees a lion foraging about,
 And, when the dreadful forest-king is gone,
 He pries about with timorous suspect
 Throughout the thorny casements of the brake,
 And will not think his person dangerless,
 But quakes and shivers, though the cause be gone:
 So, trust me, Franklin, when I did awake,
 I stood in doubt whether I waked or no: 200
 Such great impression took this fond surprise.
 God grant this vision bedee me any good.

Franklin. This fantasy doth rise from Michael's fear,
 Who being awaked with the noise he made,
 His troubled senses yet could take no rest;
 And this, I warrant you, procured your dream.

Arden. It may be so, God frame it to the best:
 But oftentimes my dreams presage too true.

Franklin. To such as note their nightly fantasies,
 Some one in twenty may incur belief; 210
 But use it not, 'tis but a mockery.

Arden. Come, Master Franklin; we'll now walk in Paul's
 And dine together at the ordinary,
 And by my man's direction draw to the quay,
 And with the tide go down to Feversham.
 Say, Master Franklin, shall it not be so?

Franklin. At your good pleasure, sir; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Aldersgate.*

Here enters MICHAEL at one door.

Here enters GREENE, WILL, and SHAKEBAG at another door.

Will. Draw, Shakebag, for here's that villain Michael.

Greene. First, Will, let's hear what he can say.

Will. Speak, milksop slave, and never after speak. 220

Michael. For God's sake, sirs, let me excuse myself:

For here I swear, by heaven and earth and all,

I did perform the utmost of my task,

And left the doors unbolted and unlocked.

But see the chance: Franklin and my master

Were very late conferring in the porch,

And Franklin left his napkin where he sat

With certain gold knit in it, as he said.

Being in bed, he did bethink himself,

And coming down he found the doors unshut: 230

He locked the gates, and brought away the keys,

For which offence my master rated me.

But now I am going to see what flood it is,

For with the tide my master will away;

Where you may front him well on Rainham Down,

A place well-fitting such a stratagem.

Will. Your excuse hath somewhat mollified my choler.

Why now, Greene, 'tis better now nor e'er it was.

Greene. But, Michael, is this true?

Michael. As true as I report it to be true. 240

Shakebag. Then, Michael, this shall be your penance,

To feast us all at the Salutation,

Where we will plat our purpose thoroughly.

Greene. And, Michael, you shall bear no news of this tide,

Because they two may be in Rainham Down

Before your master.

Michael. Why, I'll agree to anything you'll have me,

So you will except of my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Arden's House at Feversham.**Here enters MOSBIE.*

Mosbie. Disturbèd thoughts drives me from company
And dries my marrow with their watchfulness; 250
Continual trouble of my moody brain
Feebles my body by excess of drink,
And nips me as the bitter north-east wind
Doth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man, howe'er his cates do taste,
That tables not with foul suspicion;
And he but pines amongst his delicates,
Whose troubled mind is stuffed with discontent.
My golden time was when I had no gold;
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure; 260
My daily toil begat me night's repose,
My night's repose made daylight fresh to me.
But since I climbed the top-bough of the tree
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentle stirry gale doth shake my bed,
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.
But whither doth contemplation carry me?
The way I seek to find, where pleasure dwells,
Is hedged behind me that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to danger's gate. 270
Then, Arden, perish thou by that decree;
For Greene doth ear the land and weed thee up
To make my harvest nothing but pure corn.
And for his pains I'll hive him up a while,
And after smother him to have his wax:
Such bees as Greene must never live to sting,
Then is there Michael and the painter too,
Chief actors to Arden's overthrow;
Who when they shall see me sit in Arden's seat,
They will insult upon me for my meed, 280
Or fright me by detecting of his end.
I'll none of that, for I can cast a bone
To make these curs pluck out each other's throat,
And then am I sole ruler of mine own.

Yet Mistress Arden lives; but she's myself,
And holy Church rites makes us two but one.
But what for that? I may not trust you, Alice:
You have supplanted Arden for my sake,
And will extirpen me to plant another.
'Tis fearful sleeping in a serpent's bed,
And I will cleanly rid my hands of her.

290

Here enters ALICE.

But here she comes, and I must flatter her.
—How now, Alice? what, sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness:
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

Alice. But I will dam that fire in my breast
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah, Mosbie!

Mosbie. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst
Discharged against a ruined wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Where lies a heart that dies when thou art sad.
It is not love that loves to anger love.

300

Alice. It is not love that loves to murder love.

Mosbie. How mean you that?

Alice. Thou knowest how dearly Arden loved me.

Mosbie. And then?

310

Alice. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried with the wind,
And published in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our springtime wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what hath passed betwixt us,
For how I blush and tremble at the thoughts!

Mosbie. What? are you changed?

Alice. Ay, to my former happy life again,
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife.
Ha, Mosbie! 'tis thou has rifled me of that
And made me slanderous to all my kin;

320

Even in my forehead is thy name ingraven,
A mean artificer, that low-born name.
I was bewitched: woe worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me!

Mosbie. Nay, if you ban, let me breathe curses forth,
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.

33°

I have neglected matters of import
That would have stated me above thy state,
Forslowed advantages, and spurned at time:
Ay, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weighed down all thy wealth,
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee:

This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.

34°

I was bewitched,—that is no theme of thine,
And thou unhallowed has enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes
That showed my heart a raven for a dove.

Thou art not fair, I viewed thee not till now;
Thou art not kind, till now I knew thee not;
And now the rain hath beaten off thy guilt,
Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit.

It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.

35°

Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite.

Alice. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth,
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.

Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two;
I'll bite my tongue if it speak bitterly.

Look on me, Mosbie, or I'll kill myself:

36°

Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look.

If thou cry war, there is no peace for me;

I will do penance for offending thee,

And burn this prayer-book, where I here use

The holy word that had converted me.

See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves, and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell;
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion. 370
Wilt thou not look? is all thy love o'erwhelmed?
Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thine ears?
Why speaks thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear or see or speak,
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks. 380
A fence of trouble is not thickened still:
Be clear again, I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

Mosbie. O no, I am a base artificer:

My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.
Mosbie? fie! no, not for a thousand pound.
Make love to you? why, 'tis unpardonable;
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

Alice. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands, 390
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;
So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.

Mosbie. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet-set tongue!
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

Here enters BRADSHAW.

Alice. Then with thy lips seal up this new-made match.

Mosbie. Soft, Alice, here comes somebody.

Alice. How now, Bradshaw, what's the news with you? 400

Bradshaw. I have little news, but here's a letter
That Master Greene importuned me to give you.

Alice. Go in, Bradshaw; call for a cup of beer;
'Tis almost supper-time, thou shalt stay with us.

[Exit Bradshaw.]

Then she reads the letter.

"We have missed of our purpose at London, but shall perform it by the way. We thank our neighbour Bradshaw.—Yours, Richard Greene."

How likes my love the tenor of this letter?

Mosbie. Well, were his date completed and expired.

Alice. Ah, would it were! Then comes my happy hour: 410
Till then my bliss is mixed with bitter gall.

Come, let us in to shun suspicion.

Mosbie. Ay, to the gates of death to follow thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Country near Rochester.*

Here enters GREENE, WILL, and SHAKEBAG.

Shakebag. Come, Will, see thy tools be in a readiness!

Is not thy powder dank, or will thy flint strike fire?

Will. Then ask me if my nose be on my face,
Or whether my tongue be frozen in my mouth.
Zounds, here's a coil!

You were best swear me on the interrogatories

How many pistols I have took in hand, 420

Or whether I love the smell of gunpowder,

Or dare abide the noise the dag will make,

Or will not wink at flashing of the fire.

I pray thee, Shakebag, let this answer thee,

That I have took more purses in this down

Than e'er thou handledst pistols in thy life.

Shakebag. Ay, haply thou has picked more in a throng:

But, should I brag what booties I have took,

I think the overplus that's more than thine

Would mount to a greater sum of money 430

Then either thou or all thy kin are worth,

Zounds, I hate them as I hate a toad

That carry a muscado in their tongue,

And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

Will. O Greene, intolerable!

It is not for mine honour to bear this.

Why, Shakebag, I did serve the king at Boulogne,

And thou canst brag of nothing that thou hast done,

Shakebag. Why, so can Jack of Feversham,
That sounded for a fillip of the nose,
When he that gave it him holloed in his ear,
And he supposed a cannon-bullet hit him.

440

Then they fight.

Greene. I pray you, sirs, list to Æsop's talk:
Whilst two stout dogs were striving for a bone,
There comes a cur and stole it from them both;
So, while you stand striving on these terms of manhood,
Arden escapes us, and deceives us all.

Shakebag. Why, he begun.

Will. And thou shalt find I'll end;

I do but slip it until better time:

But, if I do forget——

450

[Then he kneels down and holds up his hands to heaven.]

Greene. Well, take your fittest standings, and once more

Lime well your twigs to catch this wary bird.

I'll leave you, and at your dag's discharge

Make towards, like the longing water-dog

That coucheth till the fowling-piece be off,

Then seizeth on the prey with eager mood.

Ah, might I see him stretching forth his limbs,

As I have seen them beat their wings ere now!

Shakebag. Why, that thou shalt see, if he come this way.

Greene. Yes, that he doth, Shakebag, I warrant thee:

460

But brawl not when I am gone in any case.

But, sirs, be sure to speed him when he comes,

And in that hope I'll leave you for an hour.

[Exit Greene.]

Here enters ARDEN, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL.

Michael. 'Twere best that I went back to Rochester:

The horse halts downright; it were not good

He travelled in such pain to Feversham;

Removing of a shoe may haply help it.

Arden. Well, get you back to Rochester; but, sirrah, see

Ye o'ertake us ere we come to Rainham Down,

For 't will be very late ere we get home.

470

Michael. Ay, God he knows, and so doth Will and Shakebag,

That thou shalt never go further than that down;
 And therefore have I pricked the horse on purpose,
 Because I would not view the massacre. [*Exit Michael.*]

Arden. Come, Master Franklin, onwards with your tale.

Franklin. I do assure you, sir, you task me much:

A heavy blood is gathered at my heart,
 And on the sudden is my wind so short
 As hindereth the passage of my speech;
 So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailed me.

480

Arden. Come, Master Franklin, let us go on softly:

The annoyance of the dust or else some meat
 You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.
 I have been often so, and soon amended.

Franklin. Do you remember where my tale did leave?

Arden. Ay, where the gentleman did check his wife.

Franklin. She being reprehended for the fact,
 Witness produced that took her with the deed,
 Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
 And many other assured arguments,
 Her husband asked her whether it were not so.

490

Arden. Her answer then? I wonder how she looked,
 Having forsworn it with such vehement oaths,
 And at the instant so approved upon her.

Franklin. First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,
 Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;
 Then softly draws she forth her handkercher,
 And modestly she wipes her tear-stained face;
 Them hemmed she out, to clear her voice should seem,
 And with a majesty addressed herself
 To encounter all their accusations.—

500

Pardon me, Master Arden, I can no more;

This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

Arden. Come, we are almost now at Rainham Down:

Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way;

I would you were in state to tell it out.

Shakebag. Stand close, Will, I hear them coming.

Here enters LORD CHEINY with his men.

Will. Stand to it, Shakebag, and be resolute.

L. Cheiny. Is it so near night as it seems,

Or will this black-faced evening have a shower?

510

—What, Master Arden? you are well met,
 I have longed this fortnight's day to speak with you:
 You are a stranger, man, in the Isle of Sheppy.

Arden. Your honour's always! bound to do you service.

L. Cheiny. Come you from London, and ne'er a man with
 you?

Arden. My man's coming after, but here's
 My honest friend that came along with me.

L. Cheiny. My Lord Protector's man I take you to be.

Franklin. Ay, my good lord, and highly bound to you.

L. Cheiny. You and your friend come home and sup with
 me. 520

Arden. I beseech your honour pardon me;
 I have made a promise to a gentleman,
 My honest friend, to meet him at my house;
 The occasion is great, or else would I wait on you.

L. Cheiny. Will you come to-morrow and dine with me,
 And bring your honest friend along with you?
 I have divers matters to talk with you about.

Arden. To-morrow we'll wait upon your honour.

L. Cheiny. One of you stay my horse at the top of the hill.

—What! Black Will? for whose purse wait you? 530
 Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.

Will. Not hanged, God save your honour;
 I am your bedesman, bound to pray for you.

L. Cheiny. I think thou ne'er said'st prayer in all thy life.—
 One of you give him a crown:—
 And, sirrah, leave this kind of life;
 If thou beest tainted for a penny-matter,
 And come in question, surely thou wilt truss.
 —Come, Master Arden, let us be going;
 Your way and mine lies four miles together. 540

[*Exeunt. Manet Black Will and Shakebag.*]

Will. The devil break all your necks at four miles' end!
 Zounds, I could kill myself for very anger!
 His lordship chops me in,
 Even when my dag was levelled at his heart.
 I would his crown were molten down his throat.

Shakebag. Arden, thou hast wondrous holy luck,
 Did ever man escape as thou hast done?
 Well, I'll discharge my pistol at the sky,
 For by this bullet Arden might not die.

Here enters GREENE.

Greene. What, is he down? is he dispatched? 550

Shakebag. Ay, in health towards Feversham, to shame us all.

Greene. The devil he is! why, sirs, how escaped he?

Shakebag. When we were ready to shoot,

Comes my Lord Cheiny to prevent his death.

Greene. The Lord of Heaven hath preserved him.

Will. Preserved a fig! The Lord Cheiny hath preserved him,

And bids him to a feast to his house at Shorlow.

But by the way once more I'll meet with him,

And, if all the Cheinies in the world say no,

I'll have a bullet in his breast to-morrow. 560

Therefore come, Greene, and let us to Feversham.

Greene. Ay, and excuse ourselves to Mistress Arden:

O, how she'll chafe when she hears of this!

Shakebag. Why, I'll warrant you she'll think we dare not do it.

Will. Why, then let us go, and tell her all the matter,

And plat the news to cut him off to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—ARDEN'S *House at Feversham.*

Here enters ARDEN and his wife, FRANKLIN, and MICHAEL.

Arden. See how the hours, the gardant of heaven's gate,
Have by their toil removed the darksome clouds,
That Sol may well discern the trampled path
Wherein he wont to guide his golden car;
The season fits; come, Franklin, let's away.

Alice. I thought you did pretend some special hunt,
That made you thus cut short the time of rest.

Arden. It was no chase that made me rise so early,
But, as I told thee yesternight, to go
To the Isle of Sheppy, there to dine with my Lord Cheiny;
For so his honour late commanded me. 11

Alice. Ay, such kind husbands seldom want excuses;
Home is a wild cat to a wandering wit.
The time hath been,—would God it were not past,—
That honour's title nor a lord's command
Could once have drawn you from these arms of mine.
But my deserts or your desires decay,
Or both; yet if true love may seem desert,
I merit still to have thy company,

Franklin. Why, I pray you, sir, let her go along with us; 20
I am sure his honour will welcome her
And us the more for bringing her along.

Arden. Content; sirrah, saddle your mistress' nag.

Alice. No, begged favour merits little thanks;
If I should go, our house would run away,
Or else be stolen; therefore I'll stay behind.

Arden. Nay, see how mistaking you are! I pray thee, go.

Alice. No, no, not now.

Arden. Then let me leave thee satisfied in this,
That time nor place nor persons alter me, 30
But that I hold thee dearer than my life.

Alice. That will be seen by your quick return.

Arden. And that shall be ere night, and if I live.
Farewell, sweet Alice, we mind to sup with thee.

[*Exit Alice.*]

Franklin. Come, Michael, are our horses ready?

Michael. Ay, your horse are ready, but I am not ready, for I have lost my purse, with six and thirty shillings in it, with taking up of my master's nag.

Franklin. Why, I pray you, let us go before,
Whilst he stays behind to seek his purse.

40

Arden. Go to, sirrah, see you follow us to the Isle of Sheppy
To my Lord Cheiny's, where we mean to dine.

[*Exeunt Arden and Franklin. Manet Michael.*]

Michael. So, fair weather after you, for before you lies Black
Will and Shakebag in the broom close, too close for you:
they'll be your ferrymen to long home.

Here enters the Painter.

But who is this? the painter, my corrival, that would
needs win Mistress Susan.

Clarke. How now, Michael? how doth my mistress and all at
home?

Michael. Who? Susan Mosbie? she is your mistress, too?

Clarke. Ay, how doth she and all the rest?

50

Michael. All's well but Susan; she is sick.

Clarke. Sick? Of what disease?

Michael. Of a great fever.

Clarke. A fear of what?

Michael. A great fever.

Clarke. A fever? God forbid!

Michael. Yes, faith, and of a lordaine, too, as big as yourself.

Clarke. O, Michael, the spleen prickles you. Go to, you carry
an eye over Mistress Susan.

Michael. I' faith, to keep her from the painter.

60

Clarke. Why more from a painter than from a serving creature
like yourself?

Michael. Because you painters make but a painting table of a
pretty wench, and spoil her beauty with blotting.

Clarke. What mean you by that?

Michael. Why, that you painters paint lambs in the lining of
wenches' petticoats, and we serving-men put horns to them
to make them become sheep.

Clarke. Such another word will cost you a cuff or a knock.

Michael. What, with a dagger made of a pencil? Faith, 'tis too weak, and therefore thou too weak to win Susan. 71

Clarke. Would Susan's love lay upon this stroke.

[*Then he breaks Michael's head.*]

Here enters MOSBIE, GREENE, and ALICE.

Alice. I'll lay my life, this is for Susan's love.

Stayed you behind your master to this end?

Have you no other time to brable in

But now when serious matters are in hand?—

Say, Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?

Clarke. Ay, here it is; the very touch is death.

Alice. Then this, I hope, if all the rest do fail,

Will catch Master Arden,

80

And make him wise in death that lived a fool.

Why should he thrust his sickle in our corn,

Or what hath he to do with thee, my love,

Or govern me that am to rule myself?

Forsooth, for credit sake, I must leave thee!

Nay, he must leave to live that we may love,

May live, may love; for what is life but love?

And love shall last as long as life remains,

And life shall end before my love depart.

Mosbie. Why, what is love without true constancy? 90

Like to a pillar built of many stones,

Yet neither with good mortar well compact

Nor with cement to fasten it in the joints,

But that it shakes with every blast of wind,

And, being touched, straight falls unto the earth,

And buries all his haughty pride in dust.

No, let our love be rocks of adamant,

Which time nor place nor tempest can asunder.

Greene. Mosbie, leave protestations now,

And let us bethink us what we have to do. 100

Black Will and Shakebag I have placed i' the broom,

Close watching Arden's coming; let's to them

And see what they have done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Kentish Coast opposite the Isle of Sheppy.*

Here enters ARDEN and FRANKLIN.

Arden. Oh, ferryman, where art thou?

Here enters the Ferryman.

Ferryman. Here, here, go before to the boat, and I will follow you.

Arden. We have great haste; I pray thee, come away.

Ferryman. Fie, what a mist is here!

Arden. This mist, my friend, is mystical,
Like to a good companion's smoky brain,
That was half drowned with new ale overnight. 110

Ferryman. 'Twere pity but his skull were opened to make more chimney room.

Franklin. Friend, what's thy opinion of this mist?

Ferryman. I think 'tis like to a curst wife in a little house, that never leaves her husband till she have driven him out at doors with a wet pair of eyes; then looks he as if his house were a-fire, or some of his friends dead.

Arden. Speaks thou this of thine own experience?

Ferryman. Perhaps, ay; perhaps, no: For my wife is as other women are, that is to say, governed by the moon. 120

Franklin. By the moon? how, I pray thee?

Ferryman. Nay, thereby lies a bargain, and you shall not have it fresh and fasting.

Arden. Yes, I pray thee, good ferryman.

Ferryman. Then for this once; let it be midsummer moon, but yet my wife has another moon.

Franklin. Another moon?

Ferryman. Ay, and it hath influences and eclipses.

Arden. Why, then, by this reckoning you sometimes play the man in the moon? 130

Ferryman. Ay, but you had not best to meddle with that moon, lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.

Arden. I am almost stifled with this fog; come, let's away.

Franklin. And, sirrah, as we go, let us have some more of your bold yeomanry.

Ferryman. Nay, by my troth, sir, but flat knavery. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another place on the coast.*

Here enters WILL at one door, and SHAKEBAG at another.

Shakebag. Oh, Will, where art thou?

Will. Here, Shakebag, almost in hell's mouth, where I cannot see my way for smoke.

Shakebag. I pray thee speak still that we may meet by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditch or other, unless my feet see better than my eyes. 142

Will. Didst thou ever see better weather to run away with another man's wife, or play with a wench at pot finger?

Shakebag. No; this were a fine world for chandlers, if this weather would last; for then a man should never dine nor sup without candle-light. But, sirrah Will, what horses are those that passed?

Will. Why, didst thou hear any?

Shakebag. Ay, that I did. 150

Will. My life for thine, 'twas Arden, and his companion, and then all our labour's lost.

Shakebag. Nay, say not so, for if it be they, they may haply lose their way as we have done, and then we may chance meet with them.

Will. Come, let us go on like a couple of blind pilgrims.

[Then Shakebag falls into a ditch.]

Shakebag. Help, Will, help, I am almost drowned.

Here enters the Ferryman.

Ferryman. Who's that that calls for help?

Will. 'Twas none here, 'twas thou thyself.

Ferryman. I came to help him that called for help. 160

Why, how now? who is this that's in the ditch?

You are well enough served to go without a guide such weather as this.

Will. Sirrah, what companies hath passed your ferry this morning?

Ferryman. None but a couple of gentlemen, that went to dine at my Lord Cheiny's.

Will. Shakebag, did not I tell thee as much?

Ferryman. Why, sir, will you have any letters carried to them?

Will. No, sir; get you gone.

170

Ferryman. Did you ever see such a mist as this?

Will. No, nor such a fool as will rather be hought than get his way.

Ferryman. Why, sir, this is no Hough-Monday; you are deceived.

—What's his name, I pray you, sir?

Shakebag. His name is Black Will.

Ferryman. I hope to see him one day hanged upon a hill.

[*Exit Ferryman.*]

Shakebag. See how the sun hath cleared the foggy mist,
Now we have missed the mark of our intent.

Here enters GREENE, MOSBIE, and ALICE.

Mosbie. Black Will and Shakebag, what make you here? 180
What, is the deed done? is Arden dead?

Will. What could a blinded man perform in arms?
Saw you not how till now the sky was dark,
That neither horse nor man could be discerned?
Yet did we hear their horses as they passed.

Greene. Have they escaped you, then, and passed the ferry?

Shakebag. Ay, for a while; but here we two will stay,
And at their coming back meet with them once more.
Zounds, I was ne'er so toiled in all my life
In following so slight a task as this.

190

Mosbie. How cam'st thou so berayed?

Will. With making false footing in the dark;
He needs would follow them without a guide.

Alice. Here's to pay for a fire and good cheer:
Get you to Feversham to the Flower-de-luce,
And rest yourselves until some other time.

Greene. Let me alone; it most concerns my state.

Will. Ay, Mistress Arden, this will serve the turn,
In case we fall into a second fog.

[*Exeunt Greene, Will, and Shakebag.*]

Mosbie. These knaves will never do it, let us give it over. 200

Alice. First tell me how you like my new device:
Soon, when my husband is returning back,
You and I both marching arm in arm,
Like loving friends, we'll meet him on the way,
And boldly beard and brave him to his teeth.
When words grow hot and blows begin to rise,

I'll call those cutters forth your tenement,
Who, in a manner to take up the fray,
Shall wound my husband Hornsby to the death.

Mosbie. A fine device! why, this deserves a kiss.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The open country.*

Here enters DICK REEDE and a Sailor.

Sailor. Faith, Dick Reede, it is to little end:

211

His conscience is too liberal, and he too niggardly
To part from any thing may do thee good.

Reede. He is coming from Shorlow as I understand;

Here I'll intercept him, for at his house
He never will vouchsafe to speak with me.
If prayers and fair entreaties will not serve,
Or make no battery in his flinty breast,

Here enters FRANKLIN, ARDEN, and MICHAEL.

I'll curse the carle, and see what that will do.
See where he comes to further my intent!—
Master Arden, I am now bound to the sea;
My coming to you was about the plat
Of ground which wrongfully you detain from me.
Although the rent of it be very small,
Yet it will help my wife and children,
Which here I leave in Feversham, God knows,
Needy and bare: for Christ's sake, let them have it!

220

Arden. Franklin, hearest thou this fellow speak?
That which he craves I dearly bought of him,
Although the rent of it was ever mine.—

230

Sirrah, you that ask these questions,
If with thy clamorous impeaching tongue
Thou rail on me, as I have heard thou dost,
I'll lay thee up so close a twelve-month's day,
As thou shalt neither see the sun nor moon.
Look to it, for, as surely as I live,
I'll banish pity if thou use me thus.

Reede. What, wilt thou do me wrong and threat me too,
Nay, then, I'll tempt thee, Arden, do thy worst.

God, I beseech thee, show some miracle 240
 On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this.
 That plot of ground which thou detains from me,
 I speak it in an agony of spirit,
 Be ruinous and fatal unto thee!
 Either there be butchered by thy dearest friends,
 Or else be brought for men to wonder at,
 Or thou or thine miscarry in that place,
 Or there run mad and end thy cursèd days!

Franklin. Fie, bitter knave, bridle thine envious tongue;
 For curses are like arrows shot upright, 250
 Which falling down light on the shooter's head.

Reede. Light where they will! Were I upon the sea,
 As oft I have in many a bitter storm,
 And saw a dreadful southern flaw at hand,
 The pilot quaking at the doubtful storm,
 And all the sailors praying on their knees,
 Even in that fearful time would I fall down,
 And ask of God, whate'er betide of me,
 Vengeance on Arden or some misevent
 To show the world what wrong the carle hath done. 260
 This charge I'll leave with my distressful wife,
 My children shall be taught such prayers as these;
 And thus I go, but leave my curse with thee.

[*Exeunt Reede and Sailor.*]

Arden. It is the railingest knave in Christendom,
 And oftentimes the villain will be mad;
 It greatly matters not what he says,
 But I assure you I ne'er did him wrong.

Franklin. I think so, Master Arden.

Arden. Now that our horses are gone home before,
 My wife may haply meet me on the way. 270
 For God knows she is grown passing kind of late,
 And greatly changed from
 The old humour of her wonted frowardness,
 And seeks by fair means to redeem old faults.

Franklin. Happy the change that alters for the best!
 But see in any case you make no speech
 Of the cheer we had at my Lord Cheiny's,
 Although most bounteous and liberal,
 For that will make her think herself more wronged,
 In that we did not carry her along; 280

For sure she grieved that she was left behind.

Arden. Come, Franklin, let us strain to mend our pace,
And take her unawares playing the cook;

Here enters ALICE and MOSBIE.

For I believe she'll strive to mend our cheer.

Franklin. Why, there's no better creatures in the world,
Than women are when they are in good humours.

Arden. Who is that? Mosbie? what, so familiar?
Injurious strumpet, and thou ribald knave,
Untwine those arms.

Alice. Ay, with a sugared kiss let them untwine.

290

Arden. Ah, Mosbie! perjured beast! bear this and all!

Mosbie. And yet no horned beast; the horns are thine.

Franklin. O monstrous! Nay, then it is time to draw.

Alice. Help, help! they murder my husband.

Here enters WILL and SHAKEBAG.

Shakebag. Zounds, who injures Master Mosbie? Help, Will!
I am hurt.

Mosbie. I may thank you, Mistress Arden, for this wound.

[Exeunt Mosbie, Will, and Shakebag.]

Alice. Ah, Arden, what folly blinded thee?

Ah, jealous harebrained man, what hast thou done!

When we, to welcome thee with intended sport,

Came lovingly to meet thee on thy way,

300

Thou drew'st thy sword, enraged with jealousy,

And hurt thy friend whose thoughts were free from harm:

All for a worthless kiss and joining arms,

Both done but merrily to try thy patience.

And me unhappy that devised the jest,

Which, though begun in sport, yet ends in blood!

Franklin. Marry, God defend me from such a jest!

Alice. Could'st thou not see us friendly smile on thee,
When we joined arms, and when I kissed his cheek?

Hast thou not lately found me over-kind?

310

Did'st thou not hear me cry "they murder thee"?

Called I not help to set my husband free?

No, ears and all were witched; ah me accursed

To link in liking with a frantic man!

Henceforth I'll be thy slave, no more thy wife,
 For with that name I never shall content thee.
 If I be merry, thou straightways thinks me light;
 If sad, thou sayest the sullens trouble me;
 If well attired, thou thinks I will be gadding;
 If homely, I seem sluttish in thine eye:
 Thus am I still, and shall be while I die.

320

Poor wench abused by thy misgovernment!

Arden. But is it for truth that neither thou nor he
 Intendedst malice in your misdemeanour?

Alice. The heavens can witness of our harmless thoughts.

Arden. Then pardon me, sweet Alice, and forgive this fault!
 Forget but this and never see the like.
 Impose me penance, and I will perform it,
 For in thy discontent I find a death,—
 A death tormenting more than death itself.

330

Alice. Nay, had'st thou loved me as thou dost pretend,
 Thou wouldst have marked the speeches of thy friend,
 Who going wounded from the place, he said
 His skin was pierced only through my device;
 And if sad sorrow taint thee for this fault,
 Thou would'st have followed him, and seen him dressed,
 And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone:
 Ne'er shall my heart be eased till this be done.

Arden. Content thee, sweet Alice, thou shalt have thy will,
 Whate'er it be. For that I injured thee,
 And wronged my friend, shame scourgeth my offence;
 Come thou thyself, and go along with me,
 And be a mediator 'twixt us two.

340

Franklin. Why, Master Arden! know you what you do?
 Will you follow him that hath dishonoured you?

Alice. Why, canst thou prove I have been disloyal?

Franklin. Why, Mosbie taunted your husband with the horn.

Alice. Ay, after he had reviled him

By the injurious name of perjured beast:
 He knew no wrong could spite a jealous man
 More than the hateful naming of the horn.

350

Franklin. Suppose 'tis true; yet is it dangerous
 To follow him whom he hath lately hurt.

Alice. A fault confessed is more than half amends;
 But men of such ill spirit as yourself
 Work crosses and debates 'twixt man and wife.

Arden. I pray thee, gentle Franklin, hold thy peace:
I know my wife counsels me for the best.
I'll seek out Mosbie where his wound is dressed,
And salve this hapless quarrel if I may.

360

[Exeunt Arden and Alice.]

Franklin. He whom the devil drives must go perforce.
Poor gentleman, how soon he is bewitched!
And yet, because his wife is the instrument,
His friends must not be lavish in their speech.

[Exit Franklin.]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A Street in Feversham.*

Here enters WILL, SHAKEBAG, and GREENE.

Will. Sirrah Greene, when was I so long in killing a man?

Greene. I think we shall never do it; let us give it over.

Shakebag. Nay, Zounds! we'll kill him, though we be hanged at his door for our labour.

Will. Thou knowest, Greene, that I have lived in London this twelve years, where I have made some go upon wooden legs for taking the wall on me; divers with silver noses for saying "There goes Black Will!" I have cracked as many blades as thou hast nuts.

Greene. O monstrous lie!

10

Will. Faith, in a manner I have. The bawdy-houses have paid me tribute; there durst not a whore set up, unless she have agreed with me first for opening her shop-windows. For a cross word of a tapster I have pierced one barrel after another with my dagger, and held him by the ears till all his beer hath run out. In Thames Street a brewer's cart was like to have run over me: I made no more ado, but went to the clerk and cut all the notches of his tallies and beat them about his head. I and my company have taken the constable from his watch, and carried him about the fields on a coltstaff. I have broken a sergeant's head with his own mace, and bailed whom I list with my sword and buckler. All the tenpenny-alehouses-men would stand every morning with a quart-pot in their hand, saying, "Will it please your worship drink?" He that had not done so, had been sure to have had his sign pulled down and his lattice borne away the next night. To conclude, what have I not done? yet cannot do this; doubtless, he is preserved by miracle.

Here enters ALICE and MICHAEL.

Greene. Hence, Will! here comes Mistress Arden.

Alice. Ah, gentle Michael, art thou sure they're friends?

30

Michael. Why, I saw them when they both shook hands.

When Mosbie bled, he even wept for sorrow,
And railed on Franklin that was cause of all.

No sooner came the surgeon in at doors,
But my master took to his purse and gave him money,
And, to conclude, sent me to bring you word
That Mosbie, Franklin, Bradshaw, Adam Fowle,
With divers of his neighbours and his friends,
Will come and sup with you at our house this night. 40

Alice. Ah, gentle Michael, run thou back again,
And, when my husband walks into the fair,
Bid Mosbie steal from him and come to me;
And this night shall thou and Susan be made sure.

Michael. I'll go tell him.

Alice. And as thou goest, tell John cook of our guests,
And bid him lay it on, spare for no cost. [*Exit Michael.*]

Will. Nay, and there be such cheer, we will bid ourselves.—

Mistress Arden, Dick Greene and I do mean to sup with you.

Alice. And welcome shall you be. Ah, gentlemen, 50
How missed you of your purpose yesternight?

Greene. 'Twas 'long of Shakebag, that unlucky villain.

Shakebag. Thou dost me wrong; I did as much as any.

Will. Nay then, Mistress Arden, I'll tell you how it was:

When he should have locked with both his hilts,

He in a bravery flourished o'er his head;

With that comes Franklin at him lustily,

And hurts the slave; with that he slinks away.

Now his way had been to have come hand and feet, one
and two round, at his costard; he like a fool bears his
sword-point half a yard out of danger. I lie here for my
life; if the devil come, and he have no more strength than I
have fence, he shall never beat me from this ward, I'll stand
to it; a buckler in a skilful hand is as good as a castle; nay,
'tis better than a sconce, for I have tried it. 65

Mosbie, perceiving this, began to faint:

With that comes Arden with his arming sword,

And thrust him through the shoulder in a trice.

Alice. Ay, but I wonder why you both stood still.

Will. Faith, I was so amazed, I could not strike. 70

Alice. Ah, sirs, had he yesternight been slain,
For every drop of his detested blood
I would have crammed in angels in thy fist,

And kissed thee, too, and hugged thee in my arms.

Will. Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.

Greene and we two will dog him through the fair,
And stab him in the crowd, and steal away.

Here enters MOSBIE.

Alice. It is impossible; but here comes he

That will, I hope, invent some surer means.

Sweet Mosbie, hide thy arm, it kills my heart.

8c

Mosbie. Ay, Mistress Arden, this is your favour.

Alice. Ah, say not so; for when I saw thee hurt,
I could have took the weapon thou let'st fall,

And run at Arden; for I have sworn

That these mine eyes, offended with his sight,

Shall never close till Arden's be shut up.

This night I rose and walked about the chamber,

And twice or thrice I thought to have murdered him.

Mosbie. What, in the night? then had we been undone.

Alice. Why, how long shall he live?

90

Mosbie. Faith, Alice, no longer than this night.—

Black Will and Shakebag, will you two perform

The complot that I have laid?

Will. Ay, or else think me a villain.

Greene. And rather than you shall want, I'll help myself.

Mosbie. You, Master Greene, shall single Franklin forth,

And hold him with a long tale of strange news,

That he may not come home till supper-time.

I'll fetch Master Arden home, and we like friends

Will play a game or two at tables here.

100

Alice. But what of all this? how shall he be slain?

Mosbie. Why, Black Will and Shakebag locked within the
counting-house

Shall at a certain watchword given rush forth.

Will. What shall the watchword be?

Mosbie. "Now I take you"; that shall be the word:

But come not forth before in any case.

Will. I warrant you. But who shall lock me in?

Alice. That will I do; thou'st keep the key thyself.

Mosbie. Come, Master Greene, go you along with me.

See all things ready, Alice, against we come.

110

Alice. Take no care for that; send you him home.

[*Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.*]

And if he e'er go forth again, blame me.
 Come, Black Will, that in mine eyes art fair;
 Next unto Mosbie do I honour thee;
 Instead of fair words and large promises
 My hands shall play you golden harmony:
 How like you this? say, will you do it, sirs?

Will. Ay, and that bravely, too. Mark my device:

Place Mosbie, being a stranger, in a chair,
 And let your husband sit upon a stool, 120
 That I may come behind him cunningly,
 And with a towel pull him to the ground,
 Then stab him till his flesh be as a sieve;
 That done, bear him behind the Abbey,
 That those that find him murdered may suppose
 Some slave or other killed him for his gold.

Alice. A fine device! you shall have twenty pound,
 And, when he is dead, you shall have forty more,
 And, lest you might be suspected staying here,
 Michael shall saddle you two lusty geldings; 130
 Ride whither you will, to Scotland, or to Wales,
 I'll see you shall not lack, where'er you be.

Will. Such words would make one kill a thousand men!
 Give me the key: which is the counting-house?

Alice. Here would I stay and still encourage you;
 But that I know how resolute you are.

Shakebag. Tush, you are too faint-hearted; we must do it.

Alice. But Mosbie will be there, whose very looks
 Will add unwonted courage to my thought,
 And make me the first that shall adventure on him. 140

Will. Tush, get you gone; 'tis we must do the deed.
 When this door opens next, look for his death.

[Exeunt Will and Shakebag.]

Alice. Ah, would he now were here that it might open!
 I shall no more be closed in Arden's arms,
 That like the snakes of black Tisiphone
 Sting me with their embracing! Mosbie's arms
 Shall compass me, and, were I made a star,
 I would have none other spheres but those.
 There is no nectar but in Mosbie's lips!
 Had chaste Diana kissed him, she like me
 Would grow love-sick, and from her watery bower
 Fling down Endymion and snatch him up: 150

Then blame not me that slay a silly man
Not half so lovely as Endymion.

Here enters MICHAEL.

Michael. Mistress, my master is coming hard by.

Alice. Who comes with him?

Michael. Nobody but Mosbie.

Alice. That's well, Michael. Fetch in the tables, and when
thou hast done, stand before the counting-house door.

Michael. Why so? 160

Alice. Black Will is locked within to do the deed.

Michael. What? shall he die to-night?

Alice. Ay, Michael.

Michael. But shall not Susan know it?

Alice. Yes, for she'll be as secret as ourselves.

Michael. That's brave. I'll go fetch the tables.

Alice. But, Michael, hark to me a word or two:

When my husband is come in, lock the street-door;
He shall be murdered, or the guests come in.

[Exit Michael.]

Here enters ARDEN and MOSBIE.

Husband, what mean you to bring Mosbie home? 170

Although I wished you to be reconciled,

'Twas more for fear of you than love of him.

Black Will and Greene are his companions,

And they are cutters, and may cut you short:

Therefore I thought it good to make you friends,

But wherefore do you bring him hither now?

You have given me my supper with his sight.

Mosbie. Master Arden, methinks your wife would have me gone.

Arden. No, good master Mosbie; women will be prating.

Alice, bid him welcome; he and I are friends. 180

Alice. You may enforce me to it, if you will;

But I had rather die than bid him welcome.

His company hath purchased me ill friends,

And therefore will I ne'er frequent it more.

Mosbie. —Oh, how cunningly she can dissemble!

Arden. Now he is here, you will not serve me so.

Alice. I pray you be not angry or displeased;

I'll bid him welcome, seeing you'll have it so.

You are welcome, Master Mosbie; will you sit down?

- Mosbie.* I know I am welcome to your loving husband; 190
But for yourself, you speak not from your heart.
- Alice.* And if I do not, sir, think I have cause.
- Mosbie.* Pardon me, Master Arden; I'll away.
- Arden.* No, good Master Mosbie.
- Alice.* We shall have guests enough, though you go hence.
- Mosbie.* I pray you, Master Arden, let me go.
- Arden.* I pray thee, Mosbie, let her prate her fill.
- Alice.* The doors are open, sir, you may be gone.
- Michael.* —Nay, that's a lie, for I have locked the doors.
- Arden.* Sirrah, fetch me a cup of wine, I'll make them friends.
And, gentle Mistress Alice, seeing you are so stout, 201
You shall begin! frown not, I'll have it so.
- Alice.* I pray you meddle with that you have to do.
- Arden.* Why, Alice! how can I do too much for him
Whose life I have endangered without cause?
- Alice.* 'Tis true; and, seeing 'twas partly through my means,
I am content to drink to him for this once.
Here, Master Mosbie! and I pray you, henceforth
Be you as strange to me as I to you.
Your company hath purchased me ill friends, 210
And I for you, God knows, have undeserved
Been ill spoken of in every place;
Therefore henceforth frequent my house no more.
- Mosbie.* I'll see your husband in despite of you.
Yet, Arden, I protest to thee by heaven,
Thou ne'er shalt see me more after this night,
I'll go to Rome rather than be forsworn.
- Arden.* Tush, I'll have no such vows made in my house.
- Alice.* Yes, I pray you, husband, let him swear;
And, on that condition, Mosbie, pledge me here. 220
- Mosbie.* Ay, as willingly as I mean to live.
- Arden.* Come, Alice, is our supper ready yet?
- Alice.* It will by then you have played a game at tables.
- Arden.* Come, Master Mosbie, what shall we play for?
- Mosbie.* Three games for a French crown, sir, and please you.
- Arden.* Content.

[*Then they play at the tables. Enter Will and Shakebag.*]

Will. —Can he not take him yet? what a spite is that?

Alice. —Not yet, Will; take heed he see thee not.

Will. —I fear he will spy me as I am coming.

Michael. —To prevent that, creep betwixt my legs. 230

Mosbie. One ace, or else I lose the game.

Arden. Marry, sir, there's two for failing.

Mosbie. Ah, Master Arden, "now I can take you."

[Then Will pulls him down with a towel.

Arden. Mosbie! Michael! Alice! what will you do?

Will. Nothing but take you up, sir, nothing else.

Mosbie. There's for the pressing iron you told me of.

[Stabs him.

Shakebag. And there's for the ten pound in my sleeve.

[Stabs him.

Alice. What! groans thou? nay, then give me the weapon!

Take this for hindering Mosbie's love and mine.

[She stabs him.

Michael. O, mistress!

240

Will. Ah, that villain will betray us all.

Mosbie. Tush, fear him not; he will be secret.

Michael. Why, dost thou think I will betray myself?

Shakebag. In Southwark dwells a bonny northern lass,

The widow Chambly; I'll to her house now,

And if she will not give me harborough,

I'll make booty of the quean even to her smock.

Will. Shift for yourselves; we two will leave you now.

Alice. First lay the body in the counting-house.

[Then they lay the body in the Counting-house.

Will. We have our gold; Mistress Alice, adieu;

250

Mosbie, farewell, and Michael, farewell too.

[Exeunt.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Mistress, the guests are at the doors.

Hearken, they knock: what, shall I let them in?

Alice. Mosbie, go thou and bear them company. [Exit Mosbie.

And, Susan, fetch water and wash away this blood.

Susan. The blood cleaveth to the ground and will not out.

Alice. But with my nails I'll scrape away the blood;—

The more I strive, the more the blood appears!

Susan. What's the reason, Mistress, can you tell?

Alice. Because I blush not at my husband's death.

260

Here enters MOSBIE.

Mosbie. How now? what's the matter? is all well?

Alice. Ay, well, if Arden were alive again.

In vain we strive, for here his blood remains.

Mosbie. Why, strew rushes on it, can you not?

This wench doth nothing: fall unto the work.

Alice. 'Twas thou that made me murder him.

Mosbie. What of that?

Alice. Nay, nothing, *Mosbie*, so it be not known.

Mosbie. Keep thou it close, and 'tis impossible.

Alice. Ah, but I cannot! was he not slain by me?

270

My husband's death torments me at the heart.

Mosbie. It shall not long torment thee, gentle *Alice*;

I am thy husband, think no more of him.

Here enters ADAM FOWLE and BRADSHAW.

Bradshaw. How now, Mistress *Arden*? what ail you weep?

Mosbie. Because her husband is abroad so late.

A couple of ruffians threatened him yesternight,

And she, poor soul, is afraid he should be hurt.

Adam. Is't nothing else? tush, he'll be here anon.

Here enters GREENE.

Greene. Now, Mistress *Arden*, lack you any guests?

Alice. Ah, Master *Greene*, did you see my husband lately? 280

Greene. I saw him walking behind the Abbey even now.

Here enters FRANKLIN.

Alice. I do not like this being out so late.—

Master *Franklin*, where did you leave my husband?

Franklin. Believe me I saw him not since morning.

Fear you not, he'll come anon; meantime

You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

Alice. Ay, so they shall; Master *Bradshaw*, sit you there;

I pray you, be content, I'll have my will.

Master *Mosbie*, sit you in my husband's seat.

Michael. —Susan, shall thou and I wait on them?

290

Or, an thou sayest the word, let us sit down too.

Susan. —Peace, we have other matters now in hand.

I fear me, *Michael*, all will be bewrayed.

Michael. —Tush, so it be known that I shall marry thee in the morning, I care not though I be hanged ere night. But to prevent the worst, I'll buy some ratsbane.

Susan. —Why, *Michael*, wilt thou poison thyself?

Michael. —No, but my mistress, for I fear she'll tell.

Susan. —Tush, Michael; fear not her, she's wise enough.

Mosbie. Sirrah Michael, give's a cup of beer.—

300

Mistress Arden, here's to your husband.

Alice. My husband!

Franklin. What ails you, woman, to cry so suddenly?

Alice. Ah, neighbours, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart;

My husband being forth torments my mind.

I know something's amiss, he is not well;

Or else I should have heard of him ere now.

Mosbie. —She will undo us through her foolishness.

Greene. Fear not, Mistress Arden, he's well enough.

Alice. Tell not me; I know he is not well:

310

He was not wont for to stay thus late.

Good Master Franklin, go and seek him forth,

And if you find him, send him home to me,

And tell him what a fear he hath put me in.

Franklin. —I like not this; I pray God all be well.

I'll seek him out, and find him if I can.

[*Exeunt Franklin, Mosbie, and Greene.*]

Alice. —Michael, how shall I do to rid the rest away?

Michael. —Leave that to my charge, let me alone.

'Tis very late, Master Bradshaw,

And there are many false knaves abroad,

320

And you have many narrow lanes to pass.

Bradshaw. Faith, friend Michael, and thou sayest true.

Therefore I pray thee light's forth and lend's a link.

[*Exeunt Bradshaw, Adam, and Michael.*]

Alice. Michael, bring them to the doors, but do not stay;

You know I do not love to be alone.

—Go, Susan, and bid thy brother come:

But wherefore should he come? Here is nought but fear;

Stay, Susan, stay, and help to counsel me.

Susan. Alas, I counsel! fear frights away my wits.

[*Then they open the counting-house door,
and look upon Arden.*]

Alice. See, Susan, where thy quondam master lies,

330

Sweet Arden, smeared in blood and filthy gore.

Susan. My brother, you, and I shall rue this deed.

Alice. Come, Susan, help to lift his body forth,

And let our salt tears be his obsequies.

Here enters MOSBIE and GREENE.

Mosbie. Now now, Alice, whither will you bear him?

Alice. Sweet Mosbie, art thou come? Then weep that will:

I have my wish in that I joy thy sight.

Greene. Well, it behoves us to be circumspect.

Mosbie. Ay, for Franklin thinks that we have murdered him.

Alice. Ay, but he cannot prove it for his life.

340

We'll spend this night in dalliance and in sport.

Here enters MICHAEL.

Michael. O mistress, the Mayor and all the watch

Are coming towards our house with glaives and bills.

Alice. Make the door fast; let them not come in.

Mosbie. Tell me, sweet Alice, how shall I escape?

Alice. Out at the back-door, over the pile of wood,

And for one night lie at the Flower-de-luce.

Mosbie. That is the next way to betray myself.

Greene. Alas, Mistress Arden, the watch will take me here,

And cause suspicion, where else would be none.

350

Alice. Why, take that way that Master Mosbie doth;

But first convey the body to the fields.

[Then they bear the body into the fields.]

Mosbie. Until to-morrow, sweet Alice, now farewell:

And see you confess nothing in any case.

Greene. Be resolute, Mistress Alice, betray us not,

But cleave to us as we will stick to you.

[Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.]

Alice. Now, let the judge and juries do their worst:

My house is clear, and now I fear them not.

Susan. As we went, it snowed all the way,

Which makes me fear our footsteps will be spied.

360

Alice. Peace, fool, the snow will cover them again.

Susan. But it had done before we came back again.

Alice. Hark, hark, they knock! go, Michael, let them in.

Here enters the MAYOR and the Watch.

How now, Master Mayor, have you brought my husband home?

Mayor. I saw him come into your house an hour ago,

Alice. You are deceived; it was a Londoner.

Mayor. Mistress Arden, know you not one that is called Black Will?

Alice. I know none such: what mean these questions?

Mayor. I have the Council's warrant to apprehend him.

Alice. —I am glad it is no worse.

370

Why, Master Mayor, think you I harbour any such?

Mayor. We are informed that here he is;

And therefore pardon us, for we must search.

Alice. Ay, search, and spare you not, through every room:

Were my husband at home, you would not offer this.

Here enters FRANKLIN.

Master Franklin, what mean you come so sad?

Franklin. Arden, thy husband and my friend, is slain.

Alice. Ah, by whom? Master Franklin, can you tell?

Franklin. I know not; but behind the Abbey

There he lies murdered in most piteous case.

380

Mayor. But, Master Franklin, are you sure 'tis he?

Franklin. I am too sure; would God I were deceived.

Alice. Find out the murderers, let them be known.

Franklin. Ay, so they shall: come you along with us.

Alice. Wherefore?

Franklin. Know you this hand-towel and this knife?

Susan. —Ah, Michael, through this thy negligence

Thou hast betrayed and undone us all.

Michael. —I was so afraid I knew not what I did:

I thought I had thrown them both into the well.

390

Alice. It is the pig's blood we had to supper.

But wherefore stay you? find out the murderers.

Mayor. I fear me you'll prove one of them yourself.

Alice. I one of them? what mean such questions?

Franklin. I fear me he was murdered in this house

And carried to the fields; for from that place

Backwards and forwards may you see

The print of many feet within the snow.

And look about this chamber where we are,

And you shall find part of his guiltless blood;

400

For in his slipshoe did I find some rushes,

Which argueth he was murdered in this room.

Mayor. Look in the place where he was wont to sit.

See, see! his blood! it is too manifest.

Alice. It is a cup of wine that Michael shed.

Michael. Ay, truly.

Franklin. It is his blood, which, strumpet, thou hast shed.

But if I live, thou and thy 'complices

Which have conspired and wrought his death shall rue it.

Alice. Ah, Master Franklin, God and heaven can tell 410

I loved him more than all the world beside.

But bring me to him, let me see his body.

Franklin. Bring that villain and Mosbie's sister too;

And one of you go to the Flower-de-luce,

And seek for Mosbie, and apprehend him too. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*An obscure street in London.*

Here enters SHAKEBAG solus.

Shakebag. The widow Chambly in her husband's days I kept;

And now he's dead, she is grown so stout

She will not know her old companions.

I came thither, thinking to have had harbour

As I was wont, 420

And she was ready to thrust me out at doors;

But whether she would or no, I got me up,

And as she followed me, I spurned her down the stairs,

And broke her neck, and cut her tapster's throat,

And now I am going to fling them in the Thames.

I have the gold; what care I though it be known!

I'll cross the water and take sanctuary. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Arden's house at Feversham.*

*Here enters the MAYOR, MOSBIE, ALICE, FRANKLIN, MICHAEL,
and SUSAN.*

Mayor. See, Mistress Arden; where your husband lies;
Confess this foul fault and be penitent.

Alice. Arden, sweet husband, what shall I say? 430

The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds;

This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth

Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.

Forgive me, Arden: I repent me now,

And, would my death save thine, thou should'st not die.
 Rise up, sweet Arden, and enjoy thy love,
 And frown not on me when we meet in heaven:
 In heaven I'll love thee, though on earth I did not.

Mayor. Say, Mosbie, what made thee murder him?

Franklin. Study not for an answer; look not down: 440

His purse and girdle found at thy bed's head

Witness sufficiently thou didst the deed;

It bootless is to swear thou didst it not.

Mosbie. I hired Black Will and Shakebag, ruffians both,

And they and I have done this murderous deed.

But wherefore stay we? Come and bear me hence.

Franklin. Those ruffians shall not escape; I will up to London,

And get the Council's warrant to apprehend them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Kentish Coast.*

Here enters WILL.

Will. Shakebag, I hear, hath taken sanctuary,

But I am so pursued with hues and cries 450

For petty robberies that I have done,

That I can come unto no sanctuary.

Therefore must I in some oyster-boat

At last be fain to go on board some hoy,

And so to Flushing. There is no staying here.

At Sittingburgh the watch was like to take me,

And had not I with my buckler covered my head,

And run full blank at all adventures,

I am sure I had ne'er gone further than that place;

For the constable had twenty warrants to apprehend me,

Besides that, I robbed him and his man once at Gadshill.

Farewell, England; I'll go to Flushing now. 462

[*Exit Will.*]

SCENE V.—*Justice-room at Feversham.*

*Here enters the MAYOR, MOSBIE, ALICE, MICHAEL, SUSAN, and
 BRADSHAW.*

Mayor. Come, make haste, and bring away the prisoners.

Bradshaw. Mistress Arden, you are now going to God,

And I am by the law condemned to die

About a letter I brought from Master Greene.
I pray you, Mistress Arden, speak the truth:
Was I ever privy to your intent or no.

Alice. What should I say? You brought me such a letter,
But I dare swear thou knewest not the contents. 470
Leave now to trouble me with worldly things,
And let me meditate upon my saviour Christ,
Whose blood must save me for the blood I shed.

Mosbie. How long shall I live in this hell of grief?

Convey me from the presence of that strumpet.

Alice. Ah, but for thee I had never been a strumpet.
What cannot oaths and protestations do,
When men have opportunity to woo?
I was too young to sound thy villainies,
But now I find it and repent too late. 480

Susan. Ah, gentle brother, wherefore should I die?
I knew not of it till the deed was done.

Mosbie. For thee I mourn more than for myself;
But let it suffice, I cannot save thee now.

Michael. And if your brother and my mistress
Had not promised me you in marriage,
I had ne'er given consent to this foul deed.

Mayor. Leave to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall give.
Bear Mosbie and his sister to London straight, 490
Where they in Smithfield must be executed;
Bear Mistress Arden unto Canterbury,
Where her sentence is she must be burnt;
Michael and Bradshaw in Feversham must suffer death.

Alice. Let my death make amends for all my sins.

Mosbie. Fie upon women! this shall be my song;
But bear me hence, for I have lived too long.

Susan. Seeing no hope on earth, in heaven is my hope.

Michael. Faith, I care not, seeing I die with Susan.

Bradshaw. My blood be on his head that gave the sentence. 500

Mayor. To speedy execution with them all! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Here enters FRANKLIN.

Franklin. Thus have you seen the truth of Arden's death.
As for the ruffians, Shakebag and Black Will,

The one took sanctuary, and, being sent for out,
Was murdered in Southwark as he passed
To Greenwich, where the Lord Protector lay.
Black Will was burned in Flushing on a stage;
Greene was hanged at Osbridge in Kent;
The painter fled and how he died we know not.
But this above the rest is to be noted:
Arden lay murdered in that plot of ground
Which he by force and violence held from Reede;
And in the grass his body's print was seen
Two years and more after the deed was done.
Gentlemen, we hope you'll pardon this naked tragedy,
Wherein no filèd points are foisted in
To make it gracious to the ear or eye;
For simple truth is gracious enough,
And needs no other points of glosing stuff.

510

[Exit.

DAVID AND BETHSABE

The love of King David and Fair Bethsabe. With the Tragedie of Absalon. As it hath ben diuers times plaied on the stage. Written by George Peele. London, Printed by Adam Islip. 1599. 4to.

This play was reprinted by Hawkins in the second volume of *The Origin of the English Drama*, 1773; and, excepting one or two errors of the press, the text was, on the whole, accurately given. Octavius Gilchrist (*Letter to Gifford on Ford's Works*, p. 11), talks rather too contemptuously of Hawkins.

DAVID AND BETHSABE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DAVID.

AMNON, son of David by Ahinoam.

CHILEAB, son of David by Abigail.

ABSALON, son of David by Maacah.

ADONIA, son of David by Haggith.

SALOMON, son of David by Bethsabe.

JOAB, captain of
the host to
David, } nephews of David
and sons of his
sister Zeruah.

ABISAI,
AMASA, nephew of David and son of
his sister Abigail; captain of the
host to Absalon.

JONADAB, nephew of David and son
of his brother Shimeah; friend to
Amnon.

URIAS, husband of Bethsabe, and a
warrior in David's army.

NATHAN, a prophet.

SADOC, high-priest.¹

AHIMAAS, his son.

ABIATHAR, a priest.

JONATHAN, his son.

ACHITOPHEL, chief counsellor to
Absalon.

CUSAY.

ITHAY.

SEMEI.

JETHRAY.

HANON, King of Ammon.

MACHAAS, King of Gath.

Messenger, Soldiers, Shepherds, and
Attendants.

THAMAR, daughter of David by
Maacah.

BETHSABE, wife of Urias.

Woman of Thecoa.

Concubines to David.

Maid to Bethsabe.

Chorus.

THE LOVE OF DAVID AND FAIR BETHSABE, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALON,

PROLOGUS

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew
Arch-angels still'd from the breath of Jove,²
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heavens rain'd on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.

¹ So he is described in the play, p. 157—

"Sadoc, high-priest, preserver of the ark," etc.

The 4to gives no list of *Dram. Pers.*

² Equivalent to—Jehovah. See note on Marlowe's *Works*, p. 80, ed.

Dyce, 1858, and note on Shakespeare's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 203, ed. Dyce.

Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
 The cherubins and angels laid their breasts:
 And, when his consecrated fingers struck
 The golden wires of his ravishing harp, 10
 He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
 That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
 Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
 Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
 And of his beauteous son, I prease ¹ to sing.
 Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
 Upon the wings of my well-temper'd verse
 The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
 And guide them so in this thrice-haughty flight,
 Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire 20
 That none can temper but thy holy hand:
 To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
 And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

The Prologue-speaker, before going out, draws a curtain and discovers BETHSABE, with her Maid, bathing over a spring: she sings, and DAVID sits above viewing her.

THE SONG.

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
 Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
 Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
 Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:
 Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
 Make not my glad cause cause of [my] mourning,
 Let not my beauty's fire 30
 Inflame unstaidd desire,
 Nor pierce any bright eye
 That wandereth lightly.

Beth. Come, gentle Zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
 That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
 And stroke my bosom with thy ² silken fan:
 This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
 Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
 And purer than the substance of the same,

¹ i.e., press.

² The 4to "the."

Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce: 40
 Thou, and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
 Goddess of life, and governess of health,
 Keep every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
 No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
 Nor bushy¹ thicket bar thy subtle breath:
 Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
 And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
 To play the wanton² with us through the leaves.

Dav. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce 50
 My soul, incensèd with a sudden fire?
 What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
 Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
 Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
 Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
 Struck with the accents of arch-angels' tunes,
 Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
 Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
 May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight
 Be still enamell'd with discolour'd³ flowers;
 That precious fount bear sand of purest gold; 60
 And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
 That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
 Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
 The brims let be embrac'd with golden curls
 Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
 For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
 Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
 Bear manna every morn instead of dew,
 Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
 That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill, 70
 Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.—
 Cusay, come up, and serve thy lord the king.

Enter CUSAY above.

Cu. What service doth my lord the king command?

Dav. See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
 The fairest daughter that obeys the king
 In all the land the Lord subdu'd to me;

¹ The 4to "bushly."—Qy. "busky"=bosky?

² The 4to "wantons."

³ *i.e.*, variously coloured.

Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
 Brighter than inside-bark of new-hewn cedar,
 Sweeter than flames of fine-perfumèd¹ myrrh,
 And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
 On Zephyr's² wings before the King of Heaven.

80

Cu. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
 Urias, now at Rabbah³ siege with Joab?

Dav. Go know, and bring her quickly to the king;
 Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.

Cu. I will, my lord.

[Exit.

Dav. Bright Bethsabe shall wash, in David's bower,
 In water mix'd with purest almond-flower,
 And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids:
 Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires;⁴
 Verdure to earth; and to that verdure flowers;
 To flowers sweet odours; and to odours wings
 That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings.

90

*Enter CUSAY, below, to BETHSABE, she starting as something
 affright.*

Cu. Fair Bethsabe, the King of Israel
 From forth his princely tower hath seen thee bathe;
 And thy sweet graces have found grace with him:
 Come, then, and kneel unto him where he stands;
 The king is gracious, and hath liberal hands.

Beth. Ah, what is Bethsabe to please the king?
 Or what is David, that he should desire,
 For fickle beauty's sake, his servant's wife?

100

Cu. David, thou know'st, fair dame, is wise and just,
 Elected to the heart of Israel's God;
 Then do not thou expostulate with him
 For any action that contents his soul.

Beth. My lord the king, elect to God's own heart,

¹ *England's Parnassus*, 1600 (where this passage is given, p. 397, under the head "*Descriptions of Beauty and Personage*"), "*fire-perfumèd*."

² *England's Parnassus*, "*Zephyrus*."

³ In the earlier part of our play the 4to spells the name of this city "*Rabath*."

⁴ Here "*earth*" (in spite of the repetitions, "*earth, earth*"; "*verdure, verdure*"; "*flowers, flowers*"; "*odours, odours*") seems unintelligible: but assuredly the right reading is not "*birth*"—as Mr. Collier boldly asserts that it is, *Hist. of the Engl. Stage*, p. 34, note, *Shakespeare*, vol. i. ed. 1858.

Should not his gracious jealousy incense
Whose thoughts are chaste: I hate incontinence.

Cu. Woman, thou wrong'st the king, and doubt'st his honour,
Whose truth maintains the crown of Israel, 110
Making him stay that bade me bring thee straight.

Beth. The king's poor handmaid will obey my lord.

Cu. Then come, and do thy duty to his grace;
And do what seemeth favour in his sight.
[Exit, below, with Bethsabe.]

Dav. Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy ¹ her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,²
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests 120
In oblique turnings, wind their ³ nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.—
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and, as you open, sing,
Welcome, fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.

Enter, above, CUSAY, with BETHSABE.

Welcome, fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.
Thy bones' fair covering, erst discover'd fair,
And all mine eyes ⁴ with all thy beauties pierc'd: 130
As heaven's bright eye burns most when most he climbs
The crookèd zodiac with his fiery sphere,
And shineth furthest from this earthly globe;
So, since thy beauty scorch'd my conquer'd soul,
I call'd thee nearer for my nearer cure.

Beth. Too near, my lord, was your unarmèd heart
When furthest off my hapless beauty pierc'd;
And would this dreary day had turn'd to night,
Or that some pitchy cloud had cloak'd the sun,

¹ *i.e.*, enjoy.

² Is not this an error originating in the word "joy" a little above?
The sense seems to require "charms."

³ Walker's correction, *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, etc., vol. ii.
p. 231.—The 4to "the."

⁴ To connect this with what precedes, a friend would read "Have all
mine eyes," etc.: but the probability is, that a line has dropt out.

Before their lights had caus'd my lord to see
His name disparag'd and my chastity!

140

Dav. My love, if want of love have left thy soul
A sharper sense of honour than thy king,
(For love leads princes sometimes from their seats,)
As erst my heart was hurt, displeasing thee,
So come and taste thy ease with easing me.

Beth. One medicine cannot heal our different harms;
But rather make both rankle at the bone:
Then let the king be cunning in his cure,
Lest flattering both, both perish in his hand.

150

Dav. Leave it to me, my dearest Bethsabe,
Whose skill is conversant in deeper cures.—
And, Cusay, haste thou to my servant Joab,
Commanding him to send Urias home
With all the speed can possibly be us'd.

Cu. Cusay will fly about the king's desire. [Exeunt.]

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, URIAS, and others, with drum and ensign.

Joab. Courage, ye mighty men of Israel,
And charge your fatal instruments of war
Upon the bosoms of proud Ammon's sons,
That have disguis'd your king's ambassadors,
Cut half their beards and half their garments off,
In spite of Israel and his daughters' sons!
Ye fight the holy battles of Jehovah,
King David's God, and ours, and Jacob's God,
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,
Orders your footsteps, and directs your thoughts
To stratagems that harbour victory:
He casts his sacred eyesight from on high,
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours and their hopes to scorn;
While 'twixt your bodies and their blunted swords
He puts on armour of his honour's proof,
And makes their weapons wound the senseless winds,

160

170

Abis. Before this city Rabbah we will lie,
And shoot forth shafts as thick and dangerous
As was the hail that Moses mix'd with fire,
And threw with fury round about the fields,
Devouring Pharaoh's friends and Egypt's fruits.

Ur. First, mighty captains, Joab and Abisai,
 Let us assault, and scale this kingly tower,
 Where all their conduits and their fountains are;
 Then we may easily take the city too.

180

Joab. Well hath Urias counsell'd our attempts;
 And as he spake us, so assault the tower:
 Let Hanon now, the king of Ammon's sons,¹
 Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

Enter HANON, MACHAAS, and others, upon the walls.

Ha. What would the shepherd's-dogs of Israel
 Snatch from the mighty issue of King Ammon,
 The valiant Ammonites and haughty Syrians?
 'Tis not your late successive victories
 Can make us yield, or quail our courages;
 But if ye dare assay to scale this tower,
 Our angry swords shall smite ye to the ground,
 And venge our losses on your hateful lives.

190

Joab. Hanon, thy father Nahas gave relief
 To holy David in his hapless exile,
 Livèd his fixèd date, and died in peace:
 But thou, instead of reaping his reward,
 Hast trod it under foot, and scorn'd our king;
 Therefore thy days shall end with violence,
 And to our swords thy vital blood shall cleave.

200

Mach. Hence, thou that bear'st poor Israel's shepherd's-hook,
 The proud lieutenant of that base-born king,
 And keep within the compass of his fold;
 For, if ye seek to feed on Ammon's fruits,
 And stray into the Syrians' fruitful meads,
 The mastives of our land shall worry² ye,
 And pull the weesels³ from your greedy throats.

Abis. Who can endure these pagans' blasphemies?

Ur. My soul repines at this disparagement.

210

Joab. Assault, ye valiant men of David's host,
 And beat these railing dastards from their doors.

¹ The 4to "sonne."—Compare the third line of Joab's first speech in this scene, and more particularly, line 431, page 140.

² The 4to "werry."

³ i.e., weasands. (This word is spelt by some of our old writers "wesils.")

Assault, and they win the tower ; and then JOAB speaks above.

Thus have we won the tower, which we will keep,
Maugre the sons of Ammon and of Syria.

Enter CUSAY below.

Cu. Where is Lord Joab, leader of the host?

Joab. Here is Lord Joab, leader of the host.

Cusay, come up, for we have won the hold.

Cu. In happy hour,¹ then, is Cusay come.

CUSAY goes up.

Joab. What news, then, brings Lord Cusay from the king?

Cu. His majesty commands thee out of hand 220
To send him home Urias from the wars,
For matter of some service he should do.

Ur. 'Tis for no choler hath surpris'd the king,
I hope, Lord Cusay, 'gainst his servant's truth?

Cu. No; rather to prefer Urias' truth.

Joab. Here, take him with thee, then, and go in peace;
And tell my lord the king that I have fought
Against the city Rabbah with success,
And scalèd where the royal palace is,
The conduit-heads and all their sweetest springs: 230
Then let him come in person to these walls,
With all the soldiers he can bring besides,
And take the city as his own exploit,
Lest I surprise it, and the people give
The glory of the conquest to my name.

Cu. We will, Lord Joab; and great Israel's God
Bless in thy hands the battles of our king!

Joab. Farewell, Urias; haste away the king.

Ur. As sure as Joab breathes a victor here,
Urias will haste him and his own return. 240

[Exeunt Cusay and Urias.]

Abis. Let us descend, and ope the palace' gate,
Taking our soldiers in to keep the hold.

Joab. Let us, Abisai:—and, ye sons of Judah,
Be valiant, and maintain your victory. [Exeunt.]

¹ A dissyllable here (and so spelt in the 4to—"hower").

Enter AMNON,¹ JONADAB, JETHRAY, and AMNON's Page.

Jonad. What means my lord, the king's belovèd son,
That wears upon his right triumphant arm
The power of Israel for a royal favour,
That holds upon the tables of his hands
Banquets of honour and all thought's content,
To suffer pale and grisly abstinence 250
To sit and feed upon his fainting cheeks,
And suck away the blood that cheers his looks?

Am. Ah, Jonadab, it is my sister's looks,
On whose sweet beauty I bestow my blood,
That make me look so amorously lean;
Her beauty having seiz'd upon my heart,
So merely² consecrate to her content,
Sets now such guard about his vital blood,
And views the passage with such piercing eyes,
That none can scape to cheer my pining cheeks, 260
But all is thought too little for her love.

Jonad. Then from her heart thy looks shall be reliev'd,
And thou shalt joy³ her as thy soul desires.

Am. How can it be, my sweet friend Jonadab,
Since Thamar is a virgin and my sister?

Jonad. Thus it shall be: lie down upon thy bed,
Feigning thee fever-sick and ill-at-ease;
And when the king shall come to visit thee,
Desire thy sister Thamar may be sent
To dress some dainties for thy malady: 270
Then when thou hast her solely with thyself,
Enforce some favour to thy manly love.
See where she comes: entreat her in with thee.

Enter THAMAR.

Tha. What aileth Amnon, with such sickly looks
To daunt the favour⁴ of his lovely face?

Am. Sweet Thamar, sick, and wish some wholesome cates
Dress'd with the cunning of thy dainty hands.

¹ The 4to throughout "Ammon."

² *i.e.*, wholly, absolutely.—The 4to "merrily."

³ *i.e.*, enjoy.

⁴ *i.e.*, beauty.

Tha. That hath the king commanded at my hands:

Then come and rest thee, while I make thee ready
Some dainties easeful to thy crazèd soul. 280

Am. I go, sweet sister, easèd with thy sight.

[*Exeunt Thamar, Amnon, Jethray, and Page.*]

Jonad. Why should a prince, whose power may command,

Obeys the rebel passions of his love,
When they contend but 'gainst his conscience,
And may be govern'd or suppress'd by will?
Now, Amnon, loose those loving knots of blood,
That suck'd the courage from thy kingly heart,
And give it passage to thy wither'd cheeks.

Now, Thamar, ripen'd are the holy fruits

That grew on plants of thy virginity; 290

And rotten is thy name in Israel:

Poor Thamar, little did thy lovely hands

Foretell an action of such violence

As to contend with Amnon's lusty arms

Sinew'd with vigour of his kindless¹ love:

Fair Thamar, now dishonour hunts thy foot,

And follows thee through every covert shade,

Discovering thy shame and nakedness,

Even from the valleys of Jehosaphat

Up to the lofty mounts of Lebanon; 300

Where cedars, stirr'd with anger of the winds,

Sounding in storms the tale of thy disgrace,

Tremble with fury, and with murmur shake

Earth with their feet and with their heads the heavens,

Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack,²

To bear this wonder round about the world. [Exit.

Re-enter AMNON thrusting out THAMAR, and JETHRAY.

Am. Hence from my bed, whose sight offends my soul

As doth the parbreak³ of disgorgèd bears!

Tha. Unkind, unprincely, and unmanly Amnon,

To force, and then refuse⁴ thy sister's love, 310

Adding unto the fright of thy offence

¹ i.e., unnatural.

² i.e., moving masses of vapour. "The winds in the upper region which move the clouds above (which we call the rack)," etc.—Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum, or A Naturall Historie*, § 115, p. 32, ed. 1658.

³ i.e., vomit.

⁴ i.e., reject.

The baneful torment of my publish'd shame!
 O, do not this dishonour to thy love,
 Nor clog thy soul with such increasing sin!
 This second evil far exceeds the first.

Am. Jethray, come thrust this woman from my sight,
 And bolt the door upon her if she strive. [Exit.

Jeth. Go, madam, go; away; you must be gone;
 My lord hath done with you: I pray, depart.
 [Shuts her out.—Exit.

Tha. Whither, alas, ah, whither shall I fly, 320
 With folded arms and all-amazèd soul?
 Cast as was Eva from that glorious soil,
 (Where all delights sat bating, wing'd with thoughts,
 Ready to nestle in her naked breasts,)
 To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
 To desert woods, and hills with lightning scorch'd,
 With death, with shame, with hell, with horror sit;¹
 There will I wander from my father's face;
 There Absalon, my brother Absalon,
 Sweet Absalon shall hear his sister mourn; 330
 There will I lure² with my windy sighs
 Night-ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,
 Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
 And make them passage to my panting heart.
 Why talk'st thou, wretch, and leav'st the deed undone?
 Rend hair and garments, as thy heart is rent
 With inward fury of a thousand griefs,
 And scatter them by these unhallow'd doors,
 To figure Amnon's resting cruelty,
 And tragic spoil of Thamar's chastity. 340

Enter ABSALON.

Abs. What causeth Thamar to exclaim so much?

Tha. The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.

Abs. Say; I thy brother will revenge that cause.

Tha. Amnon, our father's son, hath forcèd me,
 And thrusts me from him as the scorn of Israel.

Abs. Hath Amnon forcèd thee? by David's hand,
 And by the covenant God hath made with him,

¹ An error, I believe: but qy. as to the right reading?

² Lure is here a dissyllable. The 4to "liue."

Amnon shall bear his violence to hell;
 Traitor to heaven, traitor to David's throne,
 Traitor to Absalon and Israel.

350

This fact hath Jacob's ruler seen from heaven,
 And through a cloud of smoke and tower of fire,
 As he rides vaunting him upon the greens,
 Shall tear his chariot-wheels with violent winds,
 And throw his body in the bloody sea;
 At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
 And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,¹
 Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
 Myself, as swift as thunder or his spouse,
 Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
 To work false Amnon an ungracious end.—
 Go in, my sister; rest thee in my house;
 And God in time shall take this shame from thee.

360

Tha. Nor God nor time will do that good for me.

[*Exit.*

Enter DAVID with his train.

Dav. My Absalon, what mak'st thou here alone,
 And bear'st such discontentment in thy brows?

Abs. Great cause hath Absalon to be displeas'd,
 And in his heart to shroud the wounds of wrath.

Dav. 'Gainst whom should Absalon be thus displeas'd?

Abs. 'Gainst wicked Amnon, thy ungracious son,
 My brother and fair Thamar's by the king,
 My step-brother by mother and by kind:²
 He hath dishonour'd David's holiness,
 And fix'd a blot of lightness on his throne,
 Forcing my sister Thamar when he feign'd
 A sickness, sprung from root of heinous lust.

370

Dav. Hath Amnon brought this evil on my house,
 And suffer'd sin to smite his father's bones?
 Smite, David, deadlier than the voice of heaven,
 And let hate's fire be kindled in thy heart:
 Frame in the arches of thy angry brows,
 Making thy forehead, like a comet, shine,
 To force false Amnon tremble at thy looks.

380

¹ Hawkins (Preface to *The Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. p. 11) thinks this "a metaphor worthy of Æschylus."

² i.e., nature.

Sin, with his sevenfold crown and purple robe,
 Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
 There sits he watching with his hundred eyes
 Our idle minutes and our wanton thoughts;
 And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
 Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell:
 But with the spirit of my kingdom's God
 I'll thrust the flattering tyrant ¹ from his throne,
 And scourge his bondslaves from my hallow'd court
 With rods of iron and thorns of sharpen'd steel.
 Then, Absalon, revenge not thou this sin;
 Leave it to me, and I will chasten him.

390

Abs. I am content: then grant, my lord the king,
 Himself with all his other lords would come
 Up to my sheep-feast on the plain of Hazor.

Dav. Nay, my fair son, myself with all my lords
 Will bring thee too much charge; yet some shall go. 400

Abs. But let my lord the king himself take pains;
 The time of year is pleasant for your grace,
 And gladsome summer in her shady robes,
 Crownèd with roses and with painted ² flowers,
 With all her nymphs, shall entertain my lord,
 That, from the thicket of my verdant groves,
 Will sprinkle honey-dews about his breast,
 And cast sweet balm upon his kingly head:
 Then grant thy servant's boon, and go, my lord.

Dav. Let it content my sweet son Absalon,
 That I may stay, and take my other lords. 410

Abs. But shall thy best-belovèd Amnon go?

Dav. What needeth it, that Amnon go with thee?

Abs. Yet do thy son and servant so much grace.

Dav. Amnon shall go, and all my other lords,
 Because I will give grace to Absalon.

Enter CUSAY and URIAS, with others.

Cu. Pleaseth my lord the king, his servant Joab
 Hath sent Urias from the Syrian wars.

Dav. Welcome, Urias, from the Syrian wars,
 Welcome to David as his dearest lord. 420

¹ Tyrant, for *tyrant*, is a form frequently used by our old poets.

² The 4to "planted."

Ur. Thanks be to Israel's God and David's grace,
Urias finds such greeting with the king.

Dav. No other greeting shall Urias find
As long as David sways th' elected seat
And consecrated throne of Israel.
Tell me, Urias, of my servant Joab;
Fights he with truth the battles of our God,
And for the honour of the Lord's anointed?

Ur. Thy servant Joab fights the chosen wars
With truth, with honour, and with high success, 430
And, 'gainst the wicked king of Ammon's sons,
Hath, by the finger of our sovereign's God,
Besieg'd the city Rabbah, and achiev'd
The court of waters, where the conduits run,
And all the Ammonites' delightsome springs:
Therefore he wisheth David's mightiness
Should number out the host of Israel,
And come in person to the city Rabbah,
That so her conquest may be made the king's,
And Joab fight as his inferior. 440

Dav. This hath not God and Joab's prowess done
Without Urias' valour,¹ I am sure,
Who, since his true conversion from a Hethite
To an adopted son of Israel,
Hath fought like one whose arms were lift by heaven,
And whose bright sword was edg'd with Israel's wrath.
Go, therefore, home, Urias, take thy rest;
Visit thy wife and household with the joys
A victor and a favourite of the king's
Should exercise with honour after arms. 450

Ur. Thy servant's bones are yet not half so craz'd,
Nor constitute on such a sickly mould,
That for so little service he should faint,
And seek, as cowards, refuge of his home:
Nor are his thoughts so sensually stirr'd,
To stay the arms with which the Lord would smite
And fill their circle with his conquer'd foes,
For wanton bosom of a flattering wife.
Dav. Urias hath a beauteous sober wife,
Yet young, and fram'd of tempting flesh and blood; 460
Then, when the king hath summon'd thee from arms,

¹ The 4to " valours."

If thou unkindly shouldst refrain her bed,
 Sin might be laid upon Urias' soul,
 If Bethsabe by frailty hurt her fame:
 Then go, Urias, solace in her love;
 Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to loose.

Ur. The king is much too tender of my ease:
 The ark and Israel and Judah dwell
 In palaces and rich pavilions;
 But Joab and his brother in the fields,
 Suffering the wrath of winter and the sun:
 And shall Urias (of more shame than they)
 Banquet, and loiter in the work of heaven?
 As sure ¹ as thy soul doth live, my lord,
 Mine ears shall never lean to such delight,
 When holy labour calls me forth to fight.

470

Dav. Then be it with Urias' manly heart
 As best his fame may shine in Israel.

Ur. Thus shall Urias' heart be best content,
 Till thou dismiss me back to Joab's bands:
 This ground before the king my master's doors
 Shall be my couch, and this unwearied arm
 The proper pillow of a soldier's head;
 For never will I lodge within my house,
 Till Joab triumph in my secret vows.

480

[*Lies down.*]

Dav. Then fetch some flagons of our purest wine,
 That we may welcome home our hardy friend
 With full carouses to his fortunes past
 And to the honours of his future arms;
 Then will I send him back to Rabbah siege,
 And follow with the strength of Israel.

490

Enter one with flagons of wine.

Arise, Urias; come and pledge the king.

Ur. If David think me worthy such a grace,
 I will be bold and pledge my lord the king.

[*Rises.*]

Dav. Absalon and Cusay both shall drink
 To good Urias and his happiness.

Abs. We will, my lord, to please Urias' soul.

Dav. I will begin, Urias, to thyself,
 And all the treasure of the Ammonites,

¹ A dissyllable here.

Which here I promise to impart to thee,
And bind that promise with a full carouse.

500
[Drinks.]

Ur. What seemeth pleasant in my sovereign's eyes,
That shall Urias do till he be dead.

Dav. Fill him the cup. [*Urias drinks.*—Follow, ye lords that love

Your sovereign's health, and do as he hath done.

Abs. Ill may he thrive, or live in Israel,
That loves not David, or denies his charge.—

Urias, here is to Abisai's health,

Lord Joab's brother and thy loving friend.

[Drinks.]

Ur. I pledge Lord Absalon and Abisai's health.

510
[Drinks.]

Cu. Here now, Urias, to the health of Joab,
And to the pleasant journey we shall have
When we return to mighty Rabbah siege.

[Drinks.]

Ur. Cusay, I pledge thee all with all my heart.—
Give me some drink, ye servants of the king;
Give me my drink.

[Drinks.]

Dav. Well done, my good Urias! drink thy fill,
That in thy fulness David may rejoice.

Ur. I will, my lord.

Abs. Now, Lord Urias, one carouse to me.

520

Ur. No, sir, I'll drink to the king;
Your father is a better man than you.

Dav. Do so, Urias; I will pledge thee straight.

Ur. I will indeed, my lord and sovereign;
I'll ¹ once in my days be so bold.

Dav. Fill him his glass.

Ur. Fill me my glass.²

Dav. Quickly, I say.

Ur. Quickly, I say.—Here, my lord, by your favour now I
drink to you.

[Drinks.]

Dav. I pledge thee, good Urias, presently.

[Drinks.]

Abs. Here, then, Urias, once again for me,
And to the health of David's children.

532
[Drinks.]

Ur. David's children!

Abs. Ay, David's children: wilt thou pledge me, man?

¹ The 4to "I."

² Here the 4to has a stage direction "*He giues him the glasse,*" which means, I suppose, that Urias gives the glass to the person who pours out the wine, to be filled.

Ur. Pledge me, man!

Abs. Pledge me, I say, or else thou lov'st us not.

Ur. What, do you talk? do you talk? I'll no more; I'll lie down here.

Dav. Rather, Urias, go thou home and sleep. 540

Ur. O, ho, sir! would you make me break my sentence? [*Lies down.*] Home, sir! no, indeed, sir: I'll sleep upon mine arm, like a soldier; sleep like a man as long as I live in Israel.

Dav. [*aside.*] If naught will serve to save his wife's renown,
I'll send him with a letter unto Joab
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect.—
Help him in, sirs. [*Exeunt David and Absalon.*]

Cu. Come, rise, Urias; get thee in and sleep. 550

Ur. I will not go home, sir; that's flat.

Cu. Then come and rest thee upon David's bed,

Ur. On, afore, my lords, on, afore. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell!
Like as the fatal raven,¹ that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens and delightsome parks,² 560

¹ Imitated from Du Bartas:

“Ainsi que les corbeaux d'une penne venteuse
Passans les bois pleurans de l'Arabie heureuse,
Mesprisent les iardins et parcs delicieux,
Qui de fleurs esmaillez vont parfumant les cieux,
Et s'arrestent, gloutons, sur la salle carcasse
D'un criminel rompu n'aguere à coups de masse,” etc.
*L'Arche,—Premiere Partie au Second Jour de la Seconde
Semaine, p. 270, ed. 1632, 12°.*

(In Chapman and Shirley's *Chabot, Admiral of France*, act iv. sc. 1, we find—

“like crows and carrion birds,
They fly o'er flowery meads, clear springs, fair gardens,
And stoop at carcasses”—

which I formerly supposed (see my note on Shirley's *Works*, vi. 132) to have been borrowed from the passage of our text, as I was not then acquainted with the lines of Du Bartas just cited.)

² *England's Parnassus*, 1600 (where several lines of his Chorus are given, p. 195, under the head “*Man*”), has “delightfull parts.”

Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclams,
 And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
 Upon a piece of hateful carrion;
 So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights
 Would yield a quickening savour to his soul,
 Pursues with eager and unstanched thirst
 The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh,
 If holy David so shook hands with sin,
 What shall our baser spirits glory in?
 This kingly ¹ giving lust her rein
 Pursues the sequel with a greater ill.
 Urias in the forefront of the wars
 Is murder'd by the hateful heathens' sword,
 And David joys his too dear Bethsabe.
 Suppose this past, and that the child is born,
 Whose death the prophet solemnly doth mourn.

570

[Exit.

*Enter BETHSABE with her Maid.*²

Beth. Mourn, Bethsabe, bewail thy foolishness,
 Thy sin, thy shame, the sorrow of thy soul:
 Sin, shame, and sorrow swarm about thy soul;
 And, in the gates and entrance of my heart,
 Sadness, with wreathèd arms, hangs her complaint.
 No comfort from the ten-string'd instrument,
 The tinkling ³ cymbal, or the ivory lute;
 Nor doth the sound of David's kingly harp
 Make glad the broken heart of Bethsabe:
 Jerusalem is fill'd with thy complaint,
 And in the streets of Sion sits thy grief.
 The babe is sick, sick to the death, I fear,
 The fruit that sprung from thee to David's house;
 Nor may the pot of honey and of oil
 Glad David or his handmaid's countenance.
 Urias—wo is me to think hereon!
 For who is it among the sons of men
 That saith not to my soul, "The king hath sinn'd;
 David hath done amiss, and Bethsabe
 Laid snares of death unto Urias' life"?

580

590

¹ A mutilated line. (In my former eds. I queried if "*kingly*" should be "king by.")

² Here the 4to "handmaid;" but see *ante*, p. 128.

³ The 4to "twinkling."

My sweet Urias, fall'n into the pit
 Art thou, and gone even to the gates of hell
 For Bethsabe, that wouldst not shroud her shame.
 O, what is it to serve the lust of kings! 600
 How lion-like th[e]y rage when we resist!
 But, Bethsabe, in humbleness attend
 The grace that God will to his handmaid send. [Exeunt.]

Enter DAVID in his gown, walking sadly ; Servants attending.

Dav. [aside.] The babe is sick, and sad is David's heart,
 To see the guiltless bear the guilty's pain.
 David, hang up thy harp; hang down thy head;
 And dash thy ivory lute against the stones.
 The dew, that on the hill of Hermon falls,
 Rains not on Sion's tops and lofty towers;
 The plains of Gath and Askaron rejoice,¹ 610
 And David's thoughts are spent in pensiveness:
 The babe is sick, sweet babe, that Bethsabe
 With woman's pain brought forth to Israel.

Enter NATHAN.

But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?
Na. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king.
 There were two men both dwellers in one town:
 The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
 In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
 The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
 Nor other cattle, save one little lamb 620
 Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
 And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
 And eat and drank as he and his were wont,
 And in his bosom slept, and was to him²
 As was his daughter or his dearest child.
 There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
 And he refus'd and spar'd to take his own,
 Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
 But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,³
 And dress'd it for this stranger in his house. 630
 What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?

¹ This and the next line are transposed in the 4to.

² The 4to "liue."

³ Some deep corruption here.

Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judg'd and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

Na. Thou art the man; and thou hast judg'd thyself.
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
I thee anointed king in Israel,
And sav'd thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess;
His wives into thy bosom did I give,
And Judah and Jerusalem withal;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more:

640

Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinnèd in my sight?
Urias thou hast killèd with the sword;
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Thou hast him slain: wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine;
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee:
Wherefore, behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee;
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess:
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame,

650

Dav. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinnèd; O, sinnèd grievously! and, lo,
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell! 660

[Falls down.]

Na. [*raising him.*] David, stand up: thus saith the Lord by me:
David the king shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But, for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel
To triumph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
And say, he set a wicked man to reign
Over his lovèd people and his tribes,—
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.¹

670

[Exit.]

¹ i.e., "disgrace, reproach." Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, etc., vol. ii. p. 81.

Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
 But must it die that David loveth so?
 O, that the Mighty One of Israel
 Nill ¹ change his doom, and says the babe must die!
 Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion-gates;
 Wither, ye cedar-trees of Lebanon;
 Ye sprouting almonds, with your flowering tops,
 Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams:
 The babe must die that was to David born, 680
 His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn. [*Sits sadly.*]

Enter CUSAY.

First Serv. What tidings bringeth Cusay to the king?

Cu. To thee, the servant of King David's court,
 This bringeth Cusay, as the prophet spake;
 The Lord hath surely stricken to the death
 The child new-born by that Urias' wife,
 That by the sons of Ammon erst was slain.

First Serv. Cusay, be still; the king is vexèd sore:
 How shall he speed that brings this tidings first,
 When, while the child was yet alive, we spake, 690
 And David's heart would not be comforted?

Dav. Yea, David's heart will not be comforted!
 What murmur ye, the servants of the king?
 What tidings telleth Cusay to the king?
 Say, Cusay, lives the child, or is he dead?

Cu. The child is dead, that of Urias' wife
 David begat.

Dav. Urias' wife, saist thou?
 The child is dead, then ceaseth David's shame:
 Fetch me to eat, and give me wine to drink; 700
 Water to wash, and oil to clear my looks;
 Bring down your shalms, your cymbals, and your pipes;
 Let David's harp and lute, his hand and voice,
 Give laud to him that loveth Israel,
 And sing his praise that shendeth ² David's fame,

¹ *i.e.*, will not.

² "In the following passage," says Nares in his *Glossary*, "it [*shend*] seems to mean to protect, which must be considered as an error, being contrary to all analogy—

'This I must succour, this I must defend,
 And from the wild boare's rooting ever *shend*.'

Brown, *Brit. Past.* part ii. p. 144."

In the passage just cited "*shend*" is certainly equivalent to "defend," as in our text "*shendeth*" is equivalent to "defendeth."

That put away his sin from out his sight,
 And sent his shame into the streets of Gath.
 Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
 That I may wipe the tears from off her face,
 And give her comfort with this hand of mine,
 And deck fair Bethsabe with ornaments,
 That she may bear to me another son,
 That may be lovèd of the Lord of Hosts;
 For where he is, of force must David go,
 But never may he come where David is.

710

*They bring in water, wine, and oil. Music and a banquet; and
 enter BETHSABE.*

Fair Bethsabe, sit thou, and sigh no more:—
 And sing and play, you servants of the king:
 Now sleepeth David's sorrow with the dead,
 And Bethsabe liveth to Israel.

They use all solemnities together and sing, etc.

Now arms and warlike engines for assault
 Prepare at once, ye men of Israel,
 Ye men of Judah and Jerusalem,
 That Rabbah may be taken by the king,
 Lest it be callèd after Joab's name,
 Nor David's glory shine in Sion streets.
 To Rabbah marcheth David with his men,
 To chastise Ammon and the wicked ones.

720

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ABSALON with several others.

Abs. Set up your mules, and give them well to eat,
 And let us meet our brothers at the feast.
 Accursèd is the master of this feast,
 Dishonour of the house of Israel,
 His sister's slander, and his mother's shame:
 Shame be his share that could such ill contrive,
 To ravish Thamar, and, without a pause,
 To drive her shamefully from out his house:
 But may his wickedness find just reward!
 Therefore doth Absalon conspire with you,
 That Amnon die what time he sits to eat;

730

For in the holy temple have I sworn
 Wreak of his villany in Thamar's rape.
 And here he comes: bespeak him gently, all,
 Whose death is deeply gravèd in my heart.

740

Enter AMNON, ADONIA, and JONADAB.

Am. Our shearers are not far from hence, I wot;
 And Amnon to you all his brethren
 Giveth such welcome as our fathers erst
 Were wont in Judah and Jerusalem;—
 But, specially, Lord Absalon, to thee,
 The honour of thy house and progeny:
 Sir down and dine with me, King David's son,
 Thou fair young man, whose hairs shine in mine eye
 Like golden wires of David's ivory lute. 750

Abs. Amnon, where be thy shearers and thy men,
 That we may pour-in plenty of thy wines,¹
 And eat thy goats'-milk, and rejoice with thee?

Am. Here cometh Amnon's shearers and his men:—
 Absalon, sit and ² rejoice with me.

Enter a company of Shepherds, who dance and sing.

Drink, Absalon, in praise of Israel;
 Welcome to Amnon's fields from David's court.

Abs. [*stabbing Amnon.*] Die with thy draught; perish, and die
 accurs'd;

Dishonour to the honour of us all; 760

Die for the villany to Thamar done,
 Unworthy thou to be King David's son! [*Exit with others.*

Jonad. O, what hath Absalon for Thamar done,
 Murder'd his brother, great King David's son!

Ad. Run, Jonadab, away, and make it known,
 What cruelty this Absalon hath shown.
 Amnon, thy brother Adonia shall
 Bury thy body 'mong the dead men's bones;
 And we will make complaint to Israel
 Of Amnon's death and pride of Absalon.

770

[*Exeunt.*

¹ The 4to "vines."

² Qy. "sit down and," etc.?

Enter DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, CUSAY, and others, with drum and ensign against RABBAH.

Dav. This is the town of the uncircumcis'd,
The city of the kingdom, this is it,
Rabbah, where wicked Hanon sitteth king.
Despoil this king, this Hanon of his crown;
Unpeople Rabbah and the streets thereof;
For in their blood, and slaughter of the slain,
Lieth the honour of King David's line.
Joab, Abisai, and the rest of you,
Fight ye this day for great Jerusalem.

Enter HANON and others on the walls.

Joab. And see where Hanon shows him on the walls; 780
Why, then, do we forbear to give assault,
That Israel may, as it is promised,
Subdue the daughters of the Gentiles' tribes?
All this must be perform'd by David's hand.

Dav. Hark to me, Hanon, and remember well:
As sure as He doth live that kept my host,
What time our young men, by the pool of Gibeon,
Went forth against the strength of Isboseth,
And twelve to twelve did with their weapons play;
So sure ¹ art thou and thy men of war 790
To feel the sword of Israel this day,
Because thou hast defied Jacob's God,
And suffer'd Rabbah with the Philistine
To rail upon the tribe of Benjamin.

Ha. Hark, man: as sure as Saul thy master fell,
And gor'd his sides upon the mountain-tops,
And Jonathan, Abinadab, and Melchisua,
Water'd the dales and deeps of Askaron
With bloody streams, that from Gilboa ran
In channels through the wilderness of Ziph, 800
What time the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Was drunken with the blood of Israel;
So sure shall David perish with his men
Under the walls of Rabbah, Hanon's town.

¹ A dissyllable here.

Joab. Hanon, the God of Israel hath said,
 David the king shall wear that crown of thine
 That weighs a talent of the finest gold,
 And triumph in the spoil of Hanon's town,
 When Israel shall hale thy people hence,
 And turn them to the tile-kiln, man and child,
 And put them under harrows made of iron,
 And hew their bones with axes, and their limbs
 With iron swords divide and tear in twain.
 Hanon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
 Because thou hast defied Israel.—
 To arms, to arms, that Rabbah feel revenge,
 And Hanon's town become King David's spoil!

810

*Alarum, excursions, assault; exeunt. Then the trumpets sound,
 and re-enter DAVID with HANON's crown, JOAB, etc.*

Dav. Now clattering arms and wrathful storms of war
 Have thunder'd over Rabbah's razèd towers;
 The wreakful ire of great Jehovah's arm,
 That for his people made the gates to rend,
 And cloth'd the cherubins in fiery coats
 To fight against the wicked Hanon's town.
 Pay thanks, ye men of Judah, to the King,
 The God of Sion and Jerusalem,
 That hath exalted Israel to this,
 And crownèd David with this diadem.

820

Joab. Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
 As when the sun,¹ attir'd in glistening robe,
 Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
 And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
 His radiant beams, such doth King David show,
 Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
 Shining in riches like the firmament,
 The starry vault that overhangs the earth:

830

¹ Hawkins, who (Preface to *The Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. p. 11) justly praises this simile, had forgotten the following lines of Spenser:

"At last, the golden orientall gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
 And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
 And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre."

The Faerie Queene, B. i. c. 5, st. 2.

So looketh David King of Israel.

Abis. Joab, why doth not David mount his throne
Whom heaven hath beautified with Hanon's crown?
Sound trumpets, shalms, and instruments of praise,
To Jacob's God for David's victory.

840

[*Trumpets, etc.*

Enter JONADAB.

Jonad. Why doth the King of Israel rejoice?
Why sitteth David crown'd with Rabbah's rule?
Behold, there hath great heaviness befall'n
In Amnon's fields by Absalon's misdeed;
And Amnon's shearers and their feast of mirth
Absalon hath o'erturnèd with his sword;
Nor liveth any of King David's sons
To bring this bitter tidings to the king.

Dav. Ay me, how soon are David's triumphs dash'd,
How suddenly declineth David's pride!
As doth the daylight settle in the west,
So dim is David's glory and his gite.¹
Die, David; for to thee is left no seed
That may revive thy name in Israel.

850

Jonad. In Israel is left of David's seed.
Comfort your lord, you servants of the king.—
Behold, thy sons return in mourning weeds,
And only Amnon Absalon hath slain.

Enter ADONIA with other SONS of DAVID.

Dav. Welcome, my sons; dearer to me you are
Than is this golden crown or Hanon's spoil.
O, tell me, then, tell me, my sons, I say,
How cometh it to pass that Absalon
Hath slain his brother Amnon with the sword?

860

Ad. Thy sons, O king, went up to Amnon's fields,
To feast with him and eat his bread and oil;
And Absalon upon his mule doth come,
And to his men he saith, "When Amnon's heart
Is merry and secure, then strike him dead,

¹ Gite in the present passage, as well as in the following line of our author's *Tale of Troy*, seems to mean—splendour, brightness:

"Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious gite."

Because he forcèd Thamar shamefully,
And hated her, and threw her forth his doors." 870
And this did he; and they with him conspire,
And kill thy son in wreak of Thamar's wrong.

Dav. How long shall Judah and Jerusalem
Complain, and water Sion with their tears!
How long shall Israel lament in vain,
And not a man among the mighty ones
Will hear the sorrows of King David's heart!
Amnon, thy life was pleasing to thy lord,
As to mine ears the music of my lute,
Or songs that David tuneth to his harp; 880
And Absalon hath ta'en from me away
The gladness of my sad distressed soul.

[*Exeunt Joab and some others.*¹

*Enter Woman of Thecoa.*²

Wo. of T. [kneeling.] God save King David, King of Israel,
And bless the gates of Sion for his sake!

Dav. Woman, why mournest thou? rise from the earth;
Tell me what sorrow hath befall'n thy soul.

Wo. of T. [rising.] Thy servant's soul, O king, is troubled sore,
And grievous is the anguish of her heart;
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.

Dav. Tell me, and say, thou woman of Thecoa, 890
What aileth thee or what is come to pass.

Wo. of T. Thy servant is a widow in Thecoa.
Two sons thy handmaid had; and they, my lord,
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,
And so the one did smite and slay the other.
And, lo, behold, the kindred doth arise,
And cry on him³ that smote his brother,
That he therefore may be the child of death;
"For we will follow and destroy the heir."
So will they quench that sparkle that is left, 900
And leave nor name nor issue on the earth

¹ The 4to has "*Exeunt omnes. Manet David.*" But see David's last speech on page 155, line 957.

² The 4to "widdow of Thecoa": but she is only a *pretended widow*.

³ Some slight omission here. The words of Scripture are: "And they said, Deliver him that smote his brother, that we may kill him for the life of his brother whom he slew; and we will destroy the heir also," etc.
—*Sec. Samuel*, xiv. 7.

To me or to thy handmaid's husband dead.

Dav. Woman, return; go home unto thy house:

I will take order that thy son be safe.

If any man say otherwise than well,

Bring him to me, and I shall chástise him;

For, as the Lord doth live, shall not a hair

Shed from thy son or fall upon the earth.

Woman, to God alone belongs revenge:

Shall, then, the kindred slay him for his sin?

910

Wo. of T. Well hath King David to his handmaid spoke:

But wherefore, then, hast thou determinèd

So hard a part against the righteous tribes,

To follow and pursue the banishèd,

Whenas ¹ to God alone belongs revenge?

Assuredly thou saist against thyself:

Therefore call home again the banishèd;

Call home the banishèd, that he may live,

And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.

Dav. Thou woman of Thecoa, answer me,

920

Answer me one thing I shall ask of thee:

Is not the hand of Joab in this work?

Tell me, is not his finger in this fact?

Wo. of T. It is, my lord; his hand is in this work:

Assure thee, Joab, captain of thy host,

Hath put these words into thy handmaid's mouth;

And thou art as an angel from on high,

To understand the meaning of my heart:

Lo, where he cometh to his lord the king.

Re-enter JOAB.

Dav. Say, Joab, didst thou send this woman in

930

To put this parable for Absalon?

Joab. Joab, my lord, did bid this woman speak,

And she hath said; and thou hast understood.

Dav. I have, and am content to do the thing.

Go fetch my son, that he may live with me.

Joab. [*kneeling.*] Now God be blessèd for King David's life!

Thy servant Joab hath found grace with thee,

In that thou sparest Absalon thy child.

[*Rises.*]

A beautiful and fair young man is he,

¹ i.e., When.

In all his body is no blemish seen;
 His hair is like the wire of David's harp,
 That twines about his bright and ivory neck;
 In Israel is not such a goodly man;
 And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

94°

JOAB *brings in* ABSALON.

Dav. Hast thou ¹ slain in the fields of Hazor——

Ah, Absalon, my son! ah, my son, Absalon!
 But wherefore do I vex thy spirit so?
 Live, and return from Gesur to thy house;
 Return from Gesur to Jerusalem:
 What boots it to be bitter to thy soul?
 Amnon is dead, and Absalon survives.

95°

Abs. Father, I have offended Israel,
 I have offended David and his house;
 For Thamar's wrong hath Absalon misdone:
 But David's heart is free from sharp revenge,
 And Joab hath got grace for Absalon.

Dav. Depart with me, you men of Israel,
 You that have follow'd Rabbah with the sword,
 And ransack Ammon's richest treasures.—
 Live, Absalon, my son, live once in peace:
 Peace [be] with thee, and with Jerusalem!

96°

[*Exeunt all except Absalon.*]

Abs. David is gone, and Absalon remains,
 Flowering in pleasant spring-time of his youth:
 Why liveth Absalon and is not honour'd
 Of tribes and elders and the mightiest ones,
 That round about his temples he may wear
 Garlands and wreaths set on with reverence;
 That every one that hath a cause to plead
 Might come to Absalon and call for right?
 Then in the gates of Sion would I sit,
 And publish laws in great Jerusalem;
 And not a man should live in all the land
 But Absalon would do him reason's due:
 Therefore I shall address me, as I may,
 To love the men and tribes of Israel.

97°

[*Exit.*]

¹ Qy. "Hast thou slain Amnon in the fields of Hazor?" for I cannot think that this line of nine syllables is to be defended on the supposition that David here avoids mentioning the name of his murdered son.

Enter DAVID, ITHAY, SADOE, AHIMAAS, JONATHAN, *and others* ;
DAVID *barefoot, with some loose covering over his head ; and*
all mourning.

Dav. Proud lust, the bloodiest traitor to our souls,
Whose greedy throat nor earth, air, sea, or heaven,
Can glut or satisfy with any store,
Thou art the cause these torments suck my blood,
Piercing with venom of thy poison'd eyes 980
The strength and marrow of my tainted bones,
To punish Pharaoh and his cursèd host,
The waters shrunk ¹ at great Adonai's voice
And sandy bottom of the sea appear'd,
Offering his service at his servant's feet ;
And, to inflict a plague on David's sin,
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
Winding about his heart with mortal gripes.
Ah, Absalon, the wrath of heaven inflames
Thy scorched bosom with ambitious heat, 990
And Satan sets thee on a lofty ² tower,
Showing thy thoughts the pride of Israel,
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthless stones !—
Weep with me, then, ye sons of Israel ;
Lie down with David, and with David mourn
Before the Holy One that sees our hearts ;
[*Lies down, and all the rest after him.*

Season this heavy soil with showers of tears,
And fill the face of every flower with dew ;
Weep, Israel, for David's soul dissolves,
Lading the fountains of his drownèd eyes, 1000
And pours her substance on the senseless earth.

Sa. Weep, Israel ; O, weep for David's soul,
Strewing the ground with hair and garments torn,
For tragic witness of your hearty woes !

Ahi. O, would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,
And that our hearts were seas of liquid blood,
To pour in streams upon this holy mount,
For witness we would die for David's woes !

Jonath. Then should this Mount of Olives seem a plain
Drown'd with a sea, that with our sighs should roar, 1010

¹ The 4to "shrinke."

² The 4to "lustie."

And, in the murmur of his mounting waves,
Report our bleeding sorrows to the heavens,
For witness we would die for David's woes.

Ith. Earth cannot weep enough for David's woes:
Then weep, you heavens, and, all you clouds, dissolve,
That piteous stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden tears upon the ground,
For witness how they weep for David's woes.

Sa. Now let my sovereign raise his prostrate bones,
And mourn not as a faithless man would do; 1020
But be assur'd that Jacob's righteous God,
That promis'd never to forsake your throne,
Will still be just and pure ¹ in his vows.

Dav. Sadoc, high-priest, preserver of the ark,
Whose sacred virtue keeps the chosen crown,
I know my God is spotless in his vows,
And that these hairs shall greet my grave in peace:
But that my son should wrong his tender'd soul,
And fight against his father's happiness,
Turns all my hopes into despair of him, 1030
And that despair feeds all my veins with grief.

Ith. Think of it, David, as a fatal plague
Which grief preserveth, but preventeth not;
And turn thy drooping eyes upon the troops
That, of affection to thy worthiness,
Do swarm about the person of the king:
Cherish their valours and their zealous loves
With pleasant looks and sweet encouragements.

Dav. Methinks the voice of Ithay fills mine ears.

Ith. Let not the voice of Ithay loathe thine ears, 1040
Whose heart would balm thy bosom with his tears.

Dav. But wherefore go'st thou to the wars with us?

Thou art a stranger here in Israel,
And son to Achis, mighty King of Gath;
Therefore return, and with thy father stay:
Thou cam'st but yesterday; and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with us?
Keep both thyself and all thy soldiers safe:
Let me abide the hazards of these arms,
And God requite the friendship thou hast show'd. 1050

Ith. As sure as Israel's God gives David life,

¹ A dissyllable here.

What place or peril shall contain the king,
The same will Ithay share in life and death.

Dav. Then, gentle Ithay, be thou still with us,
A joy to David, and a grace to Israel.—
Go, Sadoc, now, and bear the ark of God
Into the great Jerusalem again:
If I find favour in his gracious eyes,
Then will he lay his hand upon my heart
Yet once again before I visit death;
Giving it strength, and virtue to mine eyes,
To taste the comforts and behold the form
Of his fair ark and holy tabernacle:
But, if he say, “ My wonted love is worn,
And I have no delight in David now,”
Here lie I armèd with an humble heart
T’ embrace the pains that anger shall impose,
And kiss the sword my lord shall kill me with.
Then, Sadoc, take Ahimaas thy son,
With Jonathan son to Abiathar;
And in these fields will I repose myself,
Till they return from you some certain news.

1060

Sa. Thy servants will with joy obey the king,
And hope to cheer his heart with happy news.

[*Exeunt Sadoc, Ahimaas, and Jonathan.*]

1070

Ith. Now that it be no grief unto the king,
Let me for good inform his majesty,
That, with unkind and graceless Absalon,
Achitophel your ancient counsellor
Directs the state of this rebellion.

Dav. Then doth it aim with danger at my crown.—
O thou, that hold’st his raging bloody bound
Within the circle of the silver moon,
That girds earth’s centre with his watery scarf,
Limit the counsel of Achitophel,
No bounds extending to my soul’s distress,
But turn his wisdom into foolishness!

1080

Enter CUSAY with his coat turned and head covered.

Cu. Happiness and honour to my lord the king!

Dav. What happiness or honour may betide
His state that toils in my extremities?

Cu. O, let my gracious sovereign cease these griefs.
 Unless he wish his servant Cusay's death,
 Whose life depends upon my lord's relief!
 Then let my presence with my sighs perfume
 The pleasant closet of my sovereign's soul.

109c

Dav. No, Cusay, no; thy presence unto me
 Will be a burden, since I tender thee,
 And cannot brook ¹ thy sighs for David's sake:
 But if thou turn to fair Jerusalem,
 And say to Absalon, as thou hast been
 A trusty friend unto his father's seat,
 So thou wilt be to him, and call him king,
 Achitophel's counsel may be brought to naught.
 Then having Sadoc and Abiathar,
 All three may learn the secrets of my son,
 Sending the message by Ahimaas,
 And friendly Jonathan, who both are there.

1100

Cu. Then rise, referring the success to heaven.²

Dav. Cusay, I rise; though with unwieldy bones
 I carry arms against my Absalon.

[*Exeunt.*]

*ABSALON, AMASA, ACHITOPHEL, with the Concubines of DAVID,
 and others, are discovered in great state; ABSALON crowned.*

Abs. Now you that were my father's concubines,
 Liquor to his inchaste and lustful fire,
 Have seen his honour shaken in his house,
 Which I possess in sight of all the world;
 I bring ye forth for foils to my renown,
 And to eclipse the glory of your king,
 Whose life is with his honour fast enclos'd
 Within the entrails of a jetty cloud,
 Whose dissolution shall pour down in showers
 The substance of his life and swelling pride:
 Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,
 And heaven shall burn in love with Absalon,
 Whose beauty will suffice to chase ³ all mists,
 And clothe the sun's sphere with a triple fire,
 Sooner than his clear eyes should suffer stain,
 Or be offended with a lowering day.

1110

1120

¹ The 4to "breake."

² This line is given in the 4to to David.
³ The 4to "chast."

First Conc. Thy father's honour, graceless Absalon,
 And ours thus beaten with thy violent arms,
 Will cry for vengeance to the host of heaven,
 Whose power is ever arm'd against the proud,
 And will dart plagues at thy aspiring head
 For doing this disgrace to David's throne.

1130

Second Conc. To David's throne, to David's holy throne,
 Whose sceptre angels guard with swords of fire,
 And sit as eagles on his conquering fist,
 Ready to prey upon his enemies:
 Then think not thou, the captain of his foes,
 Wert thou much swifter than Azahell¹ was,
 That could outpace the nimble-footed roe,
 To scape the fury of their thumping beaks
 Or dreadful scope of their commanding wings.

1140

Ach. Let not my lord the King of Israel
 Be angry with a silly woman's threats;
 But, with the pleasure he hath erst enjoy'd,
 Turn them into their cabinets again,
 Till David's conquest be their overthrow.

Abs. Into your bowers, ye daughters of disdain,
 Gotten by fury of unbridled lust,
 And wash your couches with your mourning tears,
 For grief that David's kingdom is decay'd.

First Conc. No, Absalon, his kingdom is enchain'd
 Fast to the finger of great Jacob's God,
 Which will not loose it for a rebel's love.

1150

[*Exeunt Concubines.*]

Ama. If I might give advice unto the king,
 These concubines should buy their taunts with blood.

Abs. Amasa, no; but let thy martial sword
 Empty the veins² of David's armèd men,
 And let these foolish women scape our hands
 To recompense the shame they have sustain'd.
 First, Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
 Proclaim'd through Hebron King of Israel;
 And now is set in fair Jerusalem
 With complete state and glory of a crown:
 Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run,

1160

¹ "And there were three sons of Zeruiah there, Joab, and Abishai, and Asabel: and Asabel was as light of foot as a wild roe."—*Sec. Samuel*, ii. 18.

² The 4to "paines."

And to the air whose rupture rings my fame,
 Where'er I ride, they offer reverence.
 Why should not Absalon, that in his face
 Carries the final purpose of his God,
 That is, to work him grace in Israel,
 Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
 The state that most may satisfy his joy,
 Keeping his statutes and his covenants pure?
 His thunder is entangled in my hair,
 And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd:
 I am the man he made to glory in,
 When by the errors of my father's sin
 He lost the path that led into the land
 Wherewith our chosen ancestors were bless'd,

1170

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. Long may the beauteous King of Israel live,
 To whom the people do by thousands swarm!

Abs. What meaneth Cusay so to greet his foe?
 Is this the love thou show'st¹ to David's soul,
 To whose assistance thou hast vow'd thy life?
 Why leav'st thou him in this extremity?

1180

Cu. Because the Lord and Israel chooseth thee;
 And as before I serv'd thy father's turn
 With counsel acceptable in his sight,
 So likewise will I now obey his son.

Abs. Then welcome, Cusay, to King Absalon.—
 And now, my lords and loving counsellors,
 I think it time to exercise our arms
 Against forsaken David and his host.

1190

Give counsel first, my good Achitophel,
 What times and orders we may best observe
 For prosperous manage of these high exploits.

Ach. Let me choose out twelve thousand valiant men:
 And, while the night hides with her sable mists
 The close endeavours cunning soldiers use,
 I will assault thy discontented sire;
 And, while with weakness of their weary arms,
 Surcharg'd with toil, to shun thy sudden power,
 The people fly in huge disorder'd troops

1200

¹ The 4th "shewdst."

To save their lives, and leave the king alone,
Then will I smite him with his latest wound,
And bring the people to thy feet in peace.

Abs. Well hath Achitophel given his advice.

Yet let us hear what Cusay counsels us,
Whose great experience is well worth the ear.

Cu. Though wise Achitophel be much more meet

To purchase hearing with my lord the king,

For all his former counsels, than myself,

1210

Yet, not offending Absalon or him,

This time it is not good nor worth pursuit;

For, well thou know'st, thy father's men are strong,

Chafing as she-bears robbèd of their whelps:

Besides, the king himself a valiant man,

Train'd up in feats and stratagems of war;

And will not, for prevention of the worst,

Lodge with the common soldiers in the field;

But now, I know, his wonted policies

Have taught him lurk within some secret cave,

1220

Guarded with all his stoutest soldiers;

Which, if the forefront of his battle faint,

Will yet give out that Absalon doth fly,

And so thy soldiers be discouragèd:

David himself withal, whose angry heart

Is as a lion's lettèd of his walk,

Will fight himself, and all his men to one,

Before a few shall vanquish him by fear.

My counsel therefore is, with trumpet's sound

To gather men from Dan to Bersabe,

1230

That they may march in number like sea-sands,

That nestle close in [one] another's neck:

So shall we come upon him in our strength,

Like to the dew that falls in showers from heaven,

And leave him not a man to march withal.

Besides, if any city succour him,

The numbers of our men shall fetch us ropes,

And we will pull it down the river's stream,

That not a stone be left to keep us out.

Abs. What says my lord to Cusay's counsel now?

1240

Ama. I fancy Cusay's counsel better far

Than that is given us from Achitophel;

And so, I think, doth every soldier here.

All. Cusay's counsel is better than Achitophel's.

Abs. Then march we after Cusay's counsel all:
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Israel,
And muster all the men will serve the king,
That Absalon may glut his longing soul
With sole fruition of his father's crown.

Ach. [*aside.*] Ill shall they fare that follow thy attempts, 1250
That scorns the counsel of Achitophel.

[*Exeunt all except Cusay.*]

Cu. Thus hath the power of Jacob's jealous God
Fulfill'd his servant David's drifts by me,
And brought Achitophel's advice to scorn.

Enter SADOE, ABIATHAR, AHIMAAS, and JONATHAN.

Sa. God save Lord Cusay, and direct his zeal
To purchase David's conquest 'gainst his son!

Abi. What secrets hast thou glean'd from Absalon?

Cu. These, sacred priests that bear the ark of God:—
Achitophel advis'd him in the night
To let him choose twelve thousand fighting men, 1260
And he would come on David at unwares,
While he was weary with his violent toil:
But I advis'd to get a greater host,
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
To come upon him strongly in the fields.
Then send Ahimaas and Jonathan
To signify these secrets to the king,
And will ¹ him not to stay this night abroad;
But get him over Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people kiss the sword. 1270

Sa. Then go, Ahimaas and Jonathan,
And straight convey this message to the king.

Ahi. Father, we will, if Absalon's chief spies
Prevent not this device, and stay us here. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Semei.

Sem. The man of Israel that hath rul'd as king,
Or rather as the tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne

¹ *i.e.*, desire.

That God unworthily hath bless'd him with,
 Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
 And be depos'd from his detested chair. 1280
 O, that my bosom could by nature bear
 A sea of poison, to be pour'd upon
 His cursèd head that sacred balm hath grac'd
 And consecrated King of Israel!
 Or would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
 Infected with the sighs of damnèd souls,
 Or with the reeking of that serpent's gorge
 That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
 That, as I open'd my revenging lips
 To curse the shepherd for his tyranny, 1290
 My words might cast rank poison to his pores,
 And make his swoln and rankling sinews crack,
 Like to the combat-blows that break the clouds
 When Jove's ¹ stout champions fight with fire.
 See where he cometh that my soul abhors!
 I have prepar'd my pocket full of stones
 To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,
 Which, bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

Enter DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, and others.

Come forth, thou murderer and wicked man:
 The lord hath brought upon thy cursèd head 1300
 The guiltless blood of Saul and all his sons,
 Whose royal throne thy baseness hath usurp'd;
 And, to revenge it deeply on thy soul,
 The Lord hath given the kingdom to thy son,
 And he shall wreak the traitorous wrongs of Saul:
 Even as thy sin hath still importun'd heaven,
 So shall thy murders and adultery
 Be punish'd in the sight of Israel,
 As thou deserv'st, with blood, with death, and hell.
 Hence, murderer, hence! 1310

[Throws ² stones and earth at David.]

Abis. Why doth [t]his dead dog curse my lord the king?
 Let me alone to take away his head.

¹ A mutilated line.

² In the 4to this stage direction and the end of the speech are confounded thus:

"Hence murtherer, hence, he threw at him."

Dav. Why meddleth thus the son of Zeruia
 To interrupt the action of our God?
 Semei useth me with this reproach
 Because the Lord hath sent him to reprove
 The sins of David, printed in his brows
 With blood, that blusheth for his conscience' guilt;
 Who dares, then, ask him why he curseth me?

Sem. If, then, thy conscience tell thee thou hast sinn'd, 1320
 And that thy life is odious to the world,
 Command thy followers to shun thy face;
 And by thyself here make away thy soul,
 That I may stand and glory in thy shame.

Dav. I am not desperate, Semei, like thyself,
 But trust unto the covenant of my God,
 Founded on mercy, with repentance built,
 And finish'd with the glory of my soul.

Sem. A murderer, and hope for mercy in thy end!
 Hate and destruction sit upon thy brows 1330
 To watch the issue of thy damnèd ghost,
 Which with thy latest gasp they'll take and tear,
 Hurling in every pain of hell a piece.
 Hence, murderer, thou shame to Israel,
 Foul lecher, drunkard, plague to heaven and earth!

[*Throws again at David.*]

Joab. What, is it piety in David's thoughts,
 So to abhor from laws of policy
 In this extremity of his distress,
 To give his subjects cause of carelessness?
 Send hence the dog with sorrow to his grave. 1340

Dav. Why should the sons of Zeruia seek to check ¹
 His spirit, which the Lord hath thus inspir'd?
 Behold, my son which issu'd from my flesh,
 With equal fury seeks to take my life:
 How much more then the son of Jemini,
 Chiefly since he doth naught but God's command?
 It may be, he will look on me this day
 With gracious eyes, and for his cursing bless
 The heart of David in his bitterness.

Sem. What, dost thou fret my soul with sufferance? 1350

¹ "The sons of Zeruia," be it remembered, are Abisai (who a little before has said "Let me alone to take away his [Semei's] head") and Joab.—In this line "*seek to*" would seem to be an interpolation.

O, that the souls of Isboseth and Abner,
 Which thou sent'st swimming to their graves in blood,
 With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for revenge,
 Were here to execute my burning hate!
 But I will hunt thy foot with curses still:
 Hence, monster, murderer, mirror of contempt!
[Throws again at David.]

Enter AHIMAAS and JONATHAN.

Ahi. Long life to David, to his enemies death!

Dav. Welcome, Ahimaas and Jonathan:

What news sends Cusay to thy lord the king?

Ahi. Cusay would wish ¹ my lord the king 1360
 To pass the river Jordan presently,
 Lest he and all his people perish here;
 For wise Achitophel hath counsell'd Absalon
 To take advantage of your weary arms,
 And come this night upon you in the fields.
 But yet the Lord hath made his counsel scorn,
 And Cusay's policy with praise preferr'd;
 Which was to number every Israelite,
 And so assault you in their pride of strength.

Jonath. Abiathar besides entreats the king 1370
 To send his men of war against his son,
 And hazard not his person in the field.

Dav. Thanks to Abiathar, and to you both,
 And to my Cusay, whom the Lord requite;
 But ten times treble thanks to his soft hand
 Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
 And play him praises in my zealous breast,
 That turn'd the counsel of Achitophel
 After the prayers of his servant's lips.
 Now will we pass the river all this night, 1380
 And in the morning sound the voice of war,
 The voice of bloody and unkindly war.

Joab. Then tell us how thou wilt divide thy men,
 And who shall have the special charge herein.

Dav. Joab, thyself shall for thy charge conduct
 The first third part of all my valiant men;
 The second shall Abisai's valour lead;

¹ Another mutilated line.

The third fair Ithay, which I most should grace
 For comfort he hath done to David's woes;
 And I myself will follow in the midst.

1390

Ith. That let not David; for, though we should fly,
 Ten thousand of us were not half so much
 Esteem'd with David's enemies as himself:
 Thy people, loving thee, deny thee this.

Dav. What seems them best, then, that will David do.

But now, my lords and captains, hear his voice
 That never yet pierc'd piteous heaven in vain;
 Then let it not slip lightly through your ears;—
 For my sake spare the young man Absalon.
 Joab, thyself didst once use friendly words
 To reconcile my heart incens'd to him;
 If, then, thy love be to thy kinsman sound,

1400

And thou wilt prove a perfect Israelite,
 Friend him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,—
 Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
 Delight to play, and love to make it curl,
 Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
 And make sweet bowers in every golden tress
 To sing their lover every night asleep:

O, spoil not, Joab, Jove's fair ornaments,

1410

Which he hath sent to solace David's soul!

The best, ye see, my lords, are swift to sin;

To sin our feet are wash'd with milk of roes,¹

And dried again with coals of lightning.²

O Lord, thou see'st the proudest sin's poor slave,

And with his bridle³ pull'st him to the grave!

For my sake, then, spare lovely Absalon.

Ith. We will, my lord, for thy sake favour him.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Walker, who (*Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 18) quotes this as if the reading of the old copy was "*milk of roses*," justly calls it "a strange passage."

² Lightning is here a trisyllable. (Indeed, the 4to has "lightening.")

³ Mr. Collier, quoting the present passage in his *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry*, iii. 204, gives,

"And with his bridle pulls him to the grave;"

remarking (*ibid*): "This line, as printed by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, exhibits almost the solitary verbal blemish of his edition: it there stands,

'And with his bridle pull'st him to the grave:'

as if David, addressing the Lord, said, 'Thou pull'st man to the grave with the bridle of sin;' whereas the meaning is, that 'sin with his bridle pulls man to the grave.' The passage would read better, could we alter and in the last line to 'who.'"

Enter ACHITOPHEL with a halter.

Ach. Now hath Achitophel order'd his house,
 And taken leave of every pleasure there: 1420
 Hereon depend Achitophel's delights,
 And in this circle must his life be clos'd.
 The wise Achitophel, whose counsel prov'd
 Ever as sound for fortunate success
 As if men ask'd the oracle of God,
 Is now us'd like the fool of Israel:
 Then set thy angry soul upon her wings,
 And let her fly into the shade of death;
 And for my death let heaven for ever weep,
 Making huge floods upon the land I leave, 1430
 To ravish them and all their fairest fruits.
 Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace,
 Hang on my hedges like eternal mists,
 As mourning garments for their master's death.
 Ope, earth, and take thy miserable son
 Into the bowels of thy cursèd womb:
 Once in a surfeit thou didst spew him forth;
 Now for fell hunger suck him in again,
 And be his body poison to thy veins.
 And now, thou hellish instrument of heaven, 1440
 Once execute th' arrest of Jove's just doom,
 And stop his breath ¹ that curseth Israel. [Exit.

Enter ABSALON, with AMASA and the rest of his train.

Abs. Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
 To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
 And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
 Now, Jove, let forth the golden firmament,
 And look on him, with all thy fiery eyes,
 Which thou hast made to give their glories light:
 To show thou lov'st the virtue of thy hand,
 Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head, 1450
 Whose influence may govern Israel
 With state exceeding all her other kings.
 Fight, lords and captains, that your sovereign's face

¹ The 4to "breast."

May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
 And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
 Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields
 That with sweet milk and honey overflow'd.
 God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
 Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees,¹
 To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs, 1460
 As whilom he was good to Moses' men.
 By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
 To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
 And in the night a pillar, bright as fire,
 Shall go before you, like a second sun,
 Wherein the essence of his godhead is;
 That day and night you may be brought to peace,
 And never swerve from that delightsome path
 That leads your souls to perfect happiness.
 This shall he do for joy when I am king. 1470
 Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly
 Into your bosoms with sweet victory. [Exeunt.

*The battle ; and then ABSALON hangs by the hair.*²

Abs. What angry angel, sitting in these shades,
 Hath laid his cruel hands upon my hair,
 And holds my body thus 'twixt heaven and earth?
 Hath Absalon no soldier near his hand
 That may untwine me this unpleasant curl,
 Or wound this tree that ravisheth his lord?
 O God, behold the glory of thy hand,
 And choicest fruit of nature's workmanship, 1480
 Hang, like a rotten branch, upon this tree,
 Fit for the axe and ready for the fire!
 Since thou withhold'st all ordinary help
 To loose my body from this bond of death,
 O, let my beauty fill these senseless plants
 With sense and power to loose me from this plague,

¹ "And it shall be, when thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle: for God is gone first before thee," etc.—*First Chron.* xiv. 15.

² The following entry occurs in Henslowe's *Diary*, under Octr. 1602:

"Pd for poleyas and workmanship for to hange Absalome . xiiijd." p. 241, ed. Shake. Soc. Does Henslowe allude to the present play, or to some other drama in which Absalon was "hung"?

And work some wonder to prevent his death
Whose life thou mad'st a special miracle!

Enter JOAB with a Soldier.

Sold. My lord, I saw the young Prince Absalon
Hang by the hair upon a shady oak, 1490
And could by no means get himself unloos'd.

Joab. Why slew'st thou not the wicked Absalon,
That rebel to his father and to heaven,
That so I might have given thee for thy pains
Ten silver shekels ¹ and a golden waist? ²

Sold. Not for a thousand shekels would I slay
The son of David, whom his father charg'd
Nor thou, Abisai, nor the son of Gath,³
Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.
The charge was given in hearing of us all; 1500
And, had I done it, then, I know, thyself,
Before thou wouldst abide the king's rebuke,
Wouldst have accus'd me as a man of death.

Joab. I must not now stand trifling here with thee.

Abs. Help, Joab, help, O, help thy Absalon!
Let not thy angry thoughts be laid in blood,
In blood of him that sometimes nourish'd thee,
And soften'd thy sweet heart with friendly love:
O, give me once again my father's sight,
My dearest father and my princely sovereign! 1510
That, shedding tears of blood before his face,
The ground may witness, and the heavens record,
My last submission sound and full of ruth.

Joab. Rebel to nature, hate to heaven and earth!
Shall I give help to him that thirsts the soul
Of his dear father and my sovereign lord?
Now see, the Lord hath tangled in a tree
The health and glory of thy stubborn heart,
And made thy pride curb'd with a senseless plant:
Now, Absalon, how doth the Lord regard 1520
The beauty whereupon thy hope was built,
And which thou thought'st his grace did glory in?
Find'st thou not now, with fear of instant death,

¹ The 4to "sickles."

² *i.e.*, girdle.—The 4to "wast."

³ *i.e.*, the native of Gath, viz. Ithai (Ittai).

That God affects not any painted shape
 Or goodly personage, when the virtuous soul
 Is stuff'd with naught but pride and stubbornness?
 But, preach I to thee, while I should revenge
 Thy cursèd sin that staineth Israel,
 And makes her fields blush with her children's blood?
 Take that as part of thy deservèd plague,
 Which worthily no torment can inflict. 1530
[Stabs him.]

Abs. O Joab, Joab, cruel, ruthless Joab!
 Herewith thou wound'st thy kingly sovereign's heart,
 Whose heavenly temper hates his children's blood,
 And will be sick, I know, for Absalon.
 O, my dear father, that thy melting eyes
 Might pierce this thicket to behold thy son,
 Thy dearest son, gor'd with a mortal dart!
 Yet, Joab, pity me: pity my father, Joab;
 Pity his soul's distress that mourns my life, 1540
 And will be dead, I know, to hear my death.

Joab. If he were so remorseful¹ of thy state,
 Why sent he me against thee with the sword?
 All Joab means to pleasure thee withal
 Is, to despatch thee quickly of thy pain:
 Hold, Absalon, Joab's pity is in this;
 In this, proud Absalon, is Joab's love.
[Stabs him again; and then exit with Soldier.]

Abs. Such love, such pity Israel's God send thee,
 And for his love to David pity me!
 Ah, my dear father, see thy bowels bleed;
 See death assault thy dearest Absalon; 1550
 See, pity, pardon, pray for Absalon!

Enter five or six Soldiers.

First Sold. See where the rebel in his glory hangs.—
 Where is the virtue of thy beauty, Absalon?
 Will any of us here now fear thy looks,
 Or be in love with that thy golden hair
 Wherein was wrapt rebellion 'gainst thy sire,
 And cords prepar'd to stop thy father's breath?
 Our captain Joab hath begun to us;
 And here's an end to thee and all thy sins. 1560
[They stab Absalon; who dies.]

¹ i.e., compassionate.

Come, let us take the beauteous rebel down,
 And in some ditch, amidst this darksome wood,
 Bury his bulk ¹ beneath a heap of stones,
 Whose stony heart did hunt his father's death.

Re-enter, in triumph with drum and ensign, JOAB; ABISAI and Soldiers.

Joab. Well done, tall ² soldiers! take the traitor down,
 And in this miry ditch inter his bones,
 Covering his hateful breast with heaps of stones.
 This shady thicket of dark Ephraim
 Shall ever lower on his cursèd grave;
 Night-ravens and owls shall ring his fatal knell, 1570
 And sit exclaiming on his damnèd soul;
 There shall they heap their preys of carrion,
 Till all his grave be clad with stinking bones,
 That it may loathe the sense of every man:
 So shall his end breed horror to his name,
 And to his traitorous fact eternal shame. [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. O dreadful precedent of his just doom,
 Whose holy heart is never touch'd with ruth
 Of fickle beauty or of glorious shape,³
 But with the virtue of an upright soul, 1580
 Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
 Though in his person loathsome and deform'd!
 Now, since this story lends us other store,
 To make a third discourse of David's life,
 Adding thereto his most renownèd death,
 And all their deaths that at his death he judg'd,
 Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
 We will supply with treble willingness.⁴ [Exit.

¹ i.e., body.

² i.e., brave.

³ The 4to "shapes."

⁴ In the 4to, after this speech of the Chorus, the page ends with the following fragment, which belongs to some earlier scene of the play that has been lost:

"Absalon with three or foure of his seruants or gentlemen.

Abs. What boots it Absalon, vnhappy Absalon,
 Sighing I say what boots it Absalon,
 To haue disclos'd a farre more worthy wombe

Then "

Trumpets sound. Enter JOAB, AHIMAAS, CUSAY; AMASA, with all the other followers of ABSALON.

Joab. Soldiers of Israel, and ye sons of Judah,
 That have contended in these irksome broils, 1590
 And ript old Israel's bowels with your swords;
 The godless general of your stubborn arms
 Is brought by Israel's helper to the grave,
 A grave of shame, and scorn of all the tribes:
 Now, then, to save your honours from the dust,
 And keep your bloods in temper by your bones,
 Let Joab's ensign shroud your manly heads,
 Direct your eyes, your weapons, and your hearts,
 To guard the life of David from his foes.
 Error hath mask'd your much-too-forward minds, 1600
 And you have sinn'd against the chosen state,
 Against his life, for whom your lives are bless'd,
 And follow'd an usurper to the field;
 In whose just death your deaths are threaten'd;
 But Joab pities your disorder'd souls,
 And therefore offers pardon, peace, and love,
 To all that will be friendly reconcil'd
 To Israel's weal, to David, and to heaven.
 Amasa, thou art leader of the host
 That under Absalon have rais'd their arms; 1610
 Then be a captain wise and politic,
 Careful and loving for thy soldiers' lives,
 And lead them to this honourable league.

Am. I will; ¹ at least, I'll do my best:
 And for the gracious offer thou hast made
 I give thee thanks, as much as for my head.—
 Then, you deceiv'd poor souls of Israel,
 Since now ye see the errors you incurr'd,
 With thanks and due submission be appeas'd;
 And as ye see your captain's precedent, 1620
 Here cast we, then, our swords at Joab's feet,
 Submitting with all zeal and reverence
 Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.

[*Kneels with others.*

Joab. Stand up, and take ye all your swords again:

[*All stand up.*

¹ Qy. "Joab, *I will*," etc.? or "*I will*, my lord," etc.

David and Joab shall be bless'd herein.

Ahi. Now let me go inform my lord the king
How God hath freed him from his enemies.

Joab. Another time, Ahimaas, not now.—
But, Cusay, go thyself, and tell the king
The happy message of our good success.

Cu. I will, my lord, and thank thee for thy grace.

Ahi. What if thy servant should go too, my lord?

Joab. What news hast thou to bring since he is gone?

Ahi. Yet do Ahimaas so much content,
That he may run about so sweet a charge.

Joab. Run, if thou wilt; and peace be with thy steps.

[Exit Ahimaas. 1630]

Now follow, that you may salute the king
With humble hearts and reconcilèd souls.

Ama. We follow, Joab, to our gracious king;
And him our swords shall honour to our deaths.

[Exeunt. 1640]

Enter DAVID, BETHSABE, SALOMON, NATHAN, ADONIA, CHILEAB,
with their train.

Beth. What means my lord, the lamp of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspect,¹
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,
When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?
Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms:
Then why should passions of much meaner power
Bear head against the heart of Israel?

1650

Dav. Fair Bethsabe, thou mightst increase the strength
Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skill,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever serv'd for sacred balm
To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys:
But, Bethsabe, the daughter of the Highest,

1660

¹ The 4to "aspects."

Whose beauty builds the towers of Israel,
 She that in chains of pearl and unicorn
 Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
 The world that Adam held in paradise,
 Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
 And makes the meadows smile at her repair,—
 She, she, my dearest ¹ Bethsabe,
 Fair Peace, the goddess of our graces here,
 Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,
 The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,
 Leading my comforts in her golden chains,
 Link'd to the life and soul of Absalon.

1670

Beth. Then is the pleasure of my sovereign's heart
 So wrapt within the bosom of that son,
 That Salomon, whom Israel's God affects,
 And gave the name unto him for his love,
 Should be no salve to comfort David's soul?

Dav. Salomon, my love, is David's lord; ²
 Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:
 In him (for that, and since he is thy son,)
 Must David needs be pleasèd at the heart;
 And he shall surely sit upon my throne.
 But Absalon, the beauty of my bones,
 Fair Absalon, the counterfeit ³ of love,
 Sweet Absalon, the image of content,
 Must claim a portion in his father's care,
 And be in life and death King David's son.

1680

Nath. Yet, as my lord hath said, let Salomon reign,
 Whom God in naming hath anointed king.
 Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,
 Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth
 Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;
 While Absalon, incens'd with graceless pride,
 Usurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:
 Let Salomon be made thy staff of age,
 Fair Israel's rest, and honour of thy race.

1690

Dav. Tell me, my Salomon, wilt thou embrace
 Thy father's precepts gravèd in thy heart,
 And satisfy my zeal to thy renown
 With practice of such sacred principles

1700

¹ Qy. "She, she, alas, my dearest," etc.?

² Corrupted. ³ i.e., portrait.

As shall concern the state of Israel?

Sal. My royal father, if the heavenly zeal,
Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,
Were not sustain'd with virtue of mine own;
If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice
Should not each hour ¹ beat upon mine ears
As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him
That gaspeth scorched with the summer's sun;
I should be guilty of unpardon'd sin,
Fearing the plague of heaven and shame of earth: 1710
But since I vow myself to learn the skill
And holy secrets of his mighty hand
Whose cunning tunes the music of my soul,
It would content me, father, first to learn
How the Eternal fram'd the firmament;
Which bodies lend ² their influence by fire,
And which are fill'd with hoary winter's ice;
What sign is rainy, and what star is fair;
Why by the rules of true proportion
The year is still divided into months, 1720
The months to days, the days to certain hours;
What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
Or for what time shall this round building stand;
What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.

Dav. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves so ³ deep:
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts
Behold things present, and record things past;
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angels' eyes: 1730
For those, submit thy sense, and say—"Thou power,
That now art framing of the future world,
Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,
By frail conjectures of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificèd beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art;
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect ⁴

¹ A dissyllable here. (The 4to "hower.")

² The 4to "lead."

³ The 4to "too."

⁴ Qy. "archetype"? unless Peele uses the former word in the sense of the latter.

Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
 From Adam to the end of Adam's seed:
 O heaven, protect my weakness with thy strength!
 So look on me that I may view thy face,
 And see these secrets written in thy brows.
 O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon!
 That now mine eyes, eclipsèd to the earth,
 May brightly be refin'd and shine to heaven;
 Transform me from this flesh, that I may live,
 Before my death, regenerate with thee.
 O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite!
 That for the time a more than human skill
 May feed the organs of all my sense;
 That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
 And, when I speak, I may be made by choice
 The perfect echo of thy heavenly voice."
 Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.

1740

1750

1760

1770

Sal. A secret fury ravisheth my soul,
 Lifting my mind above her human bounds;
 And, as the eagle, rousèd from her stand
 With violent hunger, towering in the air,
 Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks to feed,
 But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
 Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldenèd
 With eyes intente to bedare ¹ the sun,
 And styeth ² close unto his stately sphere;
 So Salomon, mounted on the burning wings
 Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food,
 And cheers his senses with celestial air,
 Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,
 And holds his eyes fix'd on Jehovah's brows.
 Good father, teach me further what to do.

Nath. See, David, how his haughty spirit mounts,
 Even now of height to wield a diadem:
 Then make him promise that he may succeed,
 And rest old Israel's bones from broils of war.

Dav. Nathan, thou prophet, sprung from Jesse's root,
 I promise thee and lovely Bethsabe,
 My Salomon shall govern after me.

Beth. He that hath touch'd thee with this righteous thought
 Preserve the harbour of thy thoughts in peace!

1780

¹ i.e., defy.² i.e., soareth, ascendeth.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, thy servants of the watch have seen
One running hitherward from forth the wars.

Dav. If he be come alone, he bringeth news.

Mess. Another hath thy servant seen, my lord,
Whose running much resembles Sadoc's son.

Dav. He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter AHIMAAS.

Ahi. Peace and content be with my lord the king,
Whom Israel's God hath bless'd with victory,

Dav. Tell me, Ahimaas, lives my Absalon?

Ahi. I saw a troop of soldiers gather'd,
But know not what the tumult might import.

Dav. Stand by, until some other may inform
The heart of David with a happy truth.

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. Happiness and honour live with David's soul,
Whom God hath bless'd with conquest of his foes.

Dav. But, Cusay, lives the young man Absalon?

Cu. The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever like the young man Absalon!
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men
Sustain'd the stroke of well deserv'd death.

Dav. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
And make these curs'd news the bloody darts
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast,
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade the thunder slew,
And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon:
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,

1790

1800

1810

Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs;
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.

There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;

Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,

Threaten the forests with her hellish face, 1820

And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,

Rend up the wretched engine by the roots

That held my dearest Absalon to death.

Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,

Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,

To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.

[Goes to his pavilion and sits close a while.]

Beth. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,

To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell.

O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe,

Whose heart is piercèd with thy breathy swords,¹ 1830

And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs!

[Lies down.]

Now sit thy sorrows sucking of my blood:

O, that it might be poison to their powers,

And that their lips might draw my bosom dry,

So David's love might ease him, though she die!

Nath. These violent passions come not from above;

David and Bethsabe offend the Highest,

To mourn in this immeasurable sort.

Dav. *[looking forth.]* O Absalon, Absalon! O my son, my son!

Would God that I had died for Absalon! 1840

But he is dead; ah, dead! Absalon is dead:

And David lives to die for Absalon. *[Sits close again.]*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, and their train.

Joab. Why lies the queen so prostrate on the ground?

Why is this company so tragic-hu'd?

Why is the king now absent from his men,

¹ "We suggest whether it should not be 'breathed words;' but if the text is suffered to remain, we can only say, that 'thy breathy swords,' for 'the swords of thy breath,' is more barbaric than anything which we have met with in Peele." *Rev. J. Mitford—Gent. Mag.* for Feb., 1833, p. 103. "Barbaric" as the expression may be, I nevertheless believe that it is the genuine reading.

And marcheth not in triumph through the gates?

[Unfolds the pavilion.

David, awake; if sleep have shut thine eyes,

Sleep of affection, that thou canst not see

The honour offer'd to the victor's head:

Joab brings conquest piercèd on his spear,

1850

And joy from all the tribes of Israel.

Dav. Thou man of blood, thou sepulchre of death,

Whose marble breast intombs ¹ my bowels quick,

Did I not charge thee, nay, entreat thy hand,

Even for my sake, to spare my Absalon?

And hast thou now, in spite of David's health,

And scorn to do my heart some happiness,

Given him the sword and spilt his purple soul?

Joab. What, irks it David, that he victor breathes,

That Juda and the fields of Israel

1860

Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?

What, art thou weary of thy royal rule?

Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,

And he that set thee there so far from thanks,

That thou must curse his servant for his sake?

Hast thou not said that, as the morning light,

The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,

And not as flowers by the brightest rain

Which grow up quickly and as quickly fade?

Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,

1870

That cannot be preservèd ² with the hand,

And that the man shall touch them must be arm'd

With coats of iron and garments made of steel,

Or with the shaft of a defencèd spear?

¹ The 4to "intombe."

² *Qy.* "repressèd"?—The passage of Scripture to which our author here alludes is as follows:

"And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.

"Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow.

"But the sons of Belial shall be all of them as thorns thrust away, because they cannot be taken with hands [The Vulgate "*quæ non tolluntur manibus*"]:

"But the man that shall touch them must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear," etc.—*Sec. Samuel*, xxiii. 4, sqq.

And art thou angry he is now cut off
 That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
 And was more wicked than an host of men?
 Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
 And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
 Or, by the Lord that sways the heaven I swear, 1880
 I'll lead thine armies to another king
 Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry,
 And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
 When his fair looks, with oil and wine refresh'd,
 Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
 And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
 That when elsewhere stern war shall sound his trump,
 And call another battle to the field,
 Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
 And for their service happily confess 1890
 She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:
 Take thou this course and live; refuse and die.

Abis. Come, brother, let him sit there till he sink;
 Some other shall advance the name of Joab.

[*Offers to go out with Joab.*]

Beth. [*rising.*] O, stay, my lords, stay! David mourns no more,
 But riseth to give honour to your acts.

Dav. [*rising, and coming from his pavilion.*] Then happy art thou,
 David's fairest son,

That, freed from the yoke of earthly toils,
 And séquester'd from sense of human sins,
 Thy soul shall joy ¹ the sacred cabinet 1900
 Of those divine ideas that present
 Thy changèd spirit with a heaven of bliss.
 Then thou art gone; ah, thou art gone, my son!
 To heaven, I hope, my Absalon is gone:
 Thy soul there plac'd in honour of the saints,
 Or angels clad with immortality,
 Shall reap a sevenfold grace for all thy griefs;
 Thy eyes, now no more eyes but shining stars,
 Shall deck the flaming heavens with novel lamps;
 There shalt thou taste the drink of seraphins, 1910
 And cheer thy feelings with archangels' food;
 Thy day of rest, thy holy sabbath-day,
 Shall be eternal; and, the curtain drawn,

¹ *i.e.*, enjoy.

Thou shalt behold thy sovereign face to face,
With wonder, knit in triple unity,
Unity infinite and innumerable.—

Courage, brave captains! Joab's tale hath stirr'd,
And made the suit of Israel preferr'd.

Joab. Bravely resolv'd, and spoken like a king:

Now may old Israel and his daughters sing.

1920

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ghost of Andrea, a Spanish nobleman,
Revenge. } *Chorus.*

KING OF SPAIN.
CYPRIAN DUKE OF CASTILE, *his brother.*

LORENZO, *the Duke's son.*
BELLIMPERIA, *Lorenzo's sister.*

VICEROY OF PORTUGAL.
BALTHAZAR, *his son.*
DON PEDRO, *the Viceroy's brother.*

HIERONIMO, *Marshal of Spain.*
ISABELLA, *his wife.*
HORATIO, *their son.*

Spanish General.
Deputy.
DON BAZULTO, *an old man.*
Three Citizens.

Portuguese Ambassador.

ALEXANDRO, } *Portuguese Noblemen.*
VILLUPPO, }
Two Portuguese.

PEDRINGANO, *Bellimperia's servant.*
CHRISTOPHIL, *Bellimperia's custodian.*
Lorenzo's Page.
SERBERINE, *Balthazar's servant.*
Isabella's Maid.
Messenger.
Hangman.
Three Kings and three Knights in
the first Dumb-show.
Hymen and two torch-bearers in
the second.

BAZARDO, *a Painter.*
PEDRO and JAQUES, *Hieronimo's servants.*

Army. Banquet. Royal suites.
Noblemen. Halberdiers. Officers.
Three Watchmen. Trumpets. Ser-
vants, etc.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Induction.*

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.

host. When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court:
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth.
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possess'd a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Bellimperia by name.
But, in the harvest of my summer joys,
Death's winter nipp'd the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingal
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my wounds,
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
Said that, my rites of burial not perform'd,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slak'd his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand,
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.

10

20

There, pleasing Cerberus with honey'd speech, 30
I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth;
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
"This knight," quoth he, "both liv'd and died in love;
And for his love tried fortune of the wars;
And by war's fortune lost both love and life." 40
"Why then," said Aeacus, "convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle-trees and cypress shades."
"No, no," said Rhadamanth, "it were not well,
With loving souls to place a martialist:
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain."
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, 50
Made this device to end the difference:
"Send him," quoth he, "to our infernal king,
To doom him as best seems his majesty."
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, 60
Where lovers live and bloody martialists;
But either sort contain'd within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody Furies shake their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are chok'd with melting gold,
And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes,
And murd'ers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead, 70
And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.

'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant:
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I show'd my passport, humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begg'd that only she might give my doom:
Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss.
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
And bad thee lead me through the gates of horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here—
I wot not how—in twinkling of an eye.
Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingal,
Depriv'd of life by Bellimperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

80

90

SCENE II.—*The Court of Spain.*

Enter SPANISH KING, General, CASTILE, and HIERONIMO.

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?
Gen. All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.
King. But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?
Gen. Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.
King. Our Portingals will pay us tribute then?
Gen. Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.
King. Then bless'd be heaven and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.
Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt; recti soror est victoria juris.*
King. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.
But, General, unfold in brief discourse

100

Your form of battle and your war's success,
 That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
 Unto the height of former happiness,
 With deeper wage and greater dignity
 We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

110

Gen. Where Spain and Portingal do jointly knit
 Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
 There met our armies in their proud array:
 Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear,
 Both menacing alike with daring shows,
 Both vaunting sundry colours of device,
 Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
 Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky,
 That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound,
 And heav'n itself was frighted with the sound.
 Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron form,
 Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot;
 But ere we join'd and came to push of pike,
 I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
 From out our rearward, to begin the fight:
 They brought another wing t' encounter us.
 Meanwhile, our ordnance play'd on either side,
 And captains strove to have their valours tried.
 Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
 Did with his cornet bravely make attempt
 To break the order of our battle ranks:
 But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
 March'd forth against him with our musketeers,
 And stopp'd the malice of his fell approach.
 While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
 Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows,
 Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
 When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
 It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,
 And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands,
 Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
 Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
 And shiver'd lances dark the troubled air.

120

130

140

Pede pes et cuspidē cuspis;

Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.

On every side drop captains to the ground,
 And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slain outright:

Here falls a body sunder'd from his head,
 There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
 Mingled with weapons and unbowell'd steeds,
 That scatt'ring overspread the purple plain.
 In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
 The victory to neither part inclin'd;
 Till Don Andrea, with his brave lancers,
 In their main battle made so great a breach,
 That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd:
 But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince,
 Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay, 160
 Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
 And in that conflict was Andrea slain:
 Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar.
 Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
 Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
 Friendship and hardy valour, join'd in one,
 Prick'd forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
 To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
 Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
 But straight the prince was beaten from his horse, 170
 And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe.
 When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
 And our carbines pursu'd them to the death,
 Till, Phœbus waving to the western deep,
 Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.
ing. Thanks, good lord General, for these good news;
 And for some argument of more to come,
 Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.
 [Gives him his chain.
 But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?
n. No peace, my liege, but peace conditional, 180
 That if with homage tribute be well paid,
 The fury of your forces will be stay'd:
 And to this peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,
 [Gives the King a paper.
 And made a solemn vow that, during life,
 His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.
ing. These words, these deeds, become thy person well.
 But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy king,
 For 'tis thy son that wins this battle's prize.
ier. Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,

And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

190

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.

[*A tucket afar off.*

What means the warning of this trumpet's sound?

Gen. This tells me that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty:
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear,
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

200

The Army enters ; BALTHAZAR, between LORENZO and HORATIO, captive.

King. A gladsome sight! I long to see them here.

[*They enter and pass by.*

Was that the warlike prince of Portingal,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingal.

King. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

Hier. That was my son, my gracious sovereign;
Of whom though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys.

210

King. Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.
Bring hither the young prince of Portingal:
The rest march on; but, ere they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats and on every leader ten,
That they may know our largess welcomes them.

220

[*Exeunt all but Balthazar, Lorenzo, and Horatio.*

Welcome, Don Balthazar! welcome, nephew!
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.

- Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
 In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
 Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
 Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable,
al. The trespass that my father made in peace
 Is now controll'd by fortune of the wars; 230
 And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so.
 His men are slain, a weak'ning to his realm;
 His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name;
 His son distress'd, a cor'sive to his heart:
 These punishments may clear his late offence.
ing. Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this truce,
 Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
 Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,
 Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
 For in our hearing thy deserts were great, 240
 And in our sight thyself art gracious.
al. And I shall study to deserve this grace.
ing. But tell me—for their holding makes me doubt—
 To which of these twain art thou prisoner?
or. To me, my liege.
or. To me, my sovereign.
or. This hand first took his courser by the reins.
or. But first my lance did put him from his horse.
or. I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.
or. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons down.
ing. Let go his arm, upon our privilege. 250
 [They let him go.
 Say, worthy prince, to whether did'st thou yield?
al. To him in courtesy, to this perforce:
 He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
 He promis'd life, this other threaten'd death;
 He won my love, this other conquer'd me,
 And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.
ier. But that I know your grace for just and wise,
 And might seem partial in this difference,
 Enforc'd by nature and by law of arms
 My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right: 260
 He hunted well that was a lion's death,
 Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
 So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.
ing. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;

And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

Lor. I crave no better than your grace awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then, by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:

You both deserve, and both shall have reward. 270

Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his horse:

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.

Horatio, thou did'st force him first to yield:

His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee;

Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.

But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest:

Horatio's house were small for all his train,

Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,

And that just guerdon may befall desert, 280

To him we yield the armour of the prince.

How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

Bal. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,

That Don Horatio bear us company,

Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.—

Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,

And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Court of Portugal.*

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

Vic. Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain?

Alex. Two days, my liege, are past since his depart, 290

Vic. And tribute-payment gone along with him?

Alex. Ay, my good lord.

Vic. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest,

And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs;

For deepest cares break never into tears.

But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?

This better fits a wretch's endless moan.

[*Falls to the ground.*

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,

And therefore better than my state deserves.

Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
 Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
 Here let me lie; now am I at the lowest. 300

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo :

Nil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:
 Here, take it now;—let Fortune do her worst,
 She will not rob me of this sable weed:

O no, she envies none but pleasant things.

Such is the folly of despitful chance! 310

Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;

So is she deaf, and hears not my laments;

And could she hear, yet is she wilful-mad,

And therefore will not pity my distress.

Suppose that she could pity me, what then?

What help can be expected at her hands

Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,

And mind more mutable than fickle winds?

Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?

O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less. 320

My late ambition hath distain'd my faith;

My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars;

Those bloody wars have spent my treasure;

And with my treasure my people's blood;

And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,

My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.

O, wherefore went I not to war myself?

The cause was mine; I might have died for both:

My years were mellow, his but young and green;

My death were natural, but his was forc'd. 330

Alex. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

Vic. Survives! ay, where?

Alex. In Spain—a prisoner by mischance of war.

Vic. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of arms.

Vic. They reckon no laws that meditate revenge.

Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

Vic. No; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here.

Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

Vic. Tell me no more of news; for he is dead. 340

il. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,

And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be:

Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;

My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.

Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen:

When both the armies were in battle join'd,

Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,

To win renown did wondrous feats of arms:

350

Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,

In single fight with their lord-general;

Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits,

Under the colour of a duteous friend

Discharg'd his pistol at the prince's back,

As though he would have slain their general:

But therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;

And when he fell, then we began to fly:

But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery! O trait'rous miscreant!

360

Vic. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Villuppo, say,

Where then became the carcase of my son?

Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Vic. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.—

Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,

Wherein had Balthazar offended thee

That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?

Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes

That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?

Perchance, because thou art Terceira's lord,

370

Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,

If first my son and then myself were slain;

But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.

Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood:

[Takes the crown and puts it on again.]

But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.

Vic. Away with him; his sight is second hell.

Keep him till we determine of his death:

If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.

Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

[Exit Viceroy.]

Vil. Thus have I with an envious, forged tale

381

Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,

And hope for guerdon of my villany.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV

Enter HORATIO and BELLIMPERIA.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge; 390
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encounter'd hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth, 400
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask—
As Pallas was before proud Pergamus—
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunch'd his horse, and ding'd him to the ground.
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incens'd with just remorse, 410
I with my band set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.

el. Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love!
But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepp'd I back till I recover'd him:
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms;
And wielding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dew'd him with my tears,

And sigh'd and sorrow'd as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurp'd right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do:
I saw him honour'd with due funeral,
This scarf I pluck'd from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

420

Bel. I know the scarf: would he had kept it still;
For had he liv'd, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bellimperia's sake:
For 'twas my favour at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me;
For after him thou hast deserv'd it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Bellimperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

430

Hor. And, madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bellimperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;
For so the duke, your father, gave me charge.

440

Bel. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bellimperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my belov'd?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge!
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end,
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murd'rous deed.
For what was 't else but murd'rous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes that murder'd my delight.

450

[Exit Hor.]

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

- pr.* Sister, what means this melancholy walk? 460
el. That for a while I wish no company.
pr. But here the prince is come to visit you.
el. That argues that he lives in liberty.
el. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.
el. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.
el. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthrall'd.
el. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.
el. What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?
el. Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.
el. I die, if it return from whence it lies. 470
el. A heartless man, and live? A miracle!
el. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.
pr. Tush, tush, my lord! let go these ambages,
 And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.
el. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?
el. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
 In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
 On whose perfection all my thoughts attend;
 On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower;
 In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd. 480
el. Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,
 And but device to drive me from this place.
[She, in going in, lets fall her glove, which
Horatio, coming out, takes up.
pr. Madam, your glove.
el. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.
el. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time!
pr. I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd or hop'd.
pr. My lord, be not dismay'd for what is past:
 You know that women oft are humorous;
 These clouds will overblow with little wind:
 Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself. 490
 Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
 In some delightful sports and revelling.
pr. The king, my lords, is coming hither straight,
 To feast the Portingal ambassador;
 Things were in readiness before I came.
el. Then here it fits us to attend the king,

To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health.

SCENE V

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the KING, and Ambassador.

King. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son: 500
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

Amb. Sad is our king, and Portingal laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

Bal. So am I!—slain by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapp'd every hour in pleasures of the court,
And grac'd with favours of his majesty.

King. Put off your greetings, till our feast be done;
Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer, 510
[Sit to the banquet,

Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest;
Brother, sit down; and, nephew, take your place.
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup;
For well thou hast deserv'd to be honour'd.
Now, lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal,
And Portugal is Spain: we both are friends;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal?
He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest. 520

*Enter HIERONIMO with a drum, three knights, each his scutcheon;
then he fetches three kings, they take their crowns and them
captive.*

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.

Hier. The first arm'd knight, that hung his scutcheon up,
[He takes the scutcheon and gives it to the King.
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,

Arriv'd with five and twenty thousand men
In Portingal, and by success of war
Enforc'd the king, then but a Saracen,
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portingal, by this you see 530

That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less,
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hier. The second knight, that hung his scutcheon up,
[*He doth as he did before.*

Was Edmond, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise, and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingal in fight;
For which and other such-like service done
He after was created Duke of York.

540

King. This is another special argument,
That Portingal may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok'd.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hier. The third and last, not least, in our account,
[*Doing as before.*

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear.
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

550

Amb. This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquer'd Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleas'd both the ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love thy king.

[*Takes the cup of Horatio.*

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,
Unless our dainties were more delicate;
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be despatch'd:

560

I think our council is already set. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VI

Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of underground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?

Revenge. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,
Their hope into despair, their peace to war,
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

570

ACT II

SCENE I

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. My lord, though Bellimperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy:
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierc'd with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the suff'rance of your friendly pain.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. 10
But wherefore blot I Bellimperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude, and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill,
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labour's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
Ay, but that's slander'd by captivity. 20
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Ay, but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend:
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to uprear her state:
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lor. My lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. 30
Some cause there is that lets you not be lov'd;
First that must needs be known, and then remov'd.

What, if my sister love some other knight?

Bal. My summer's day will turn to winter's night.

Lor. I have already found a stratagem,
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me;
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see.
By force or fair means will I cast about
To find the truth of all this question out.
Ho, Pedringano!

40

Ped. *Signior!*

Lor. *Vien qui presto.*

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to command me?

Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import;
And—not to spend the time in trifling words—
Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou know'st,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love,
For which thou wert adjudg'd to punishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,
And since, thou know'st how I have favour'd thee.
Now to these favours will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
And lands and living join'd with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand:
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

50

Ped. Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me to tell the truth.

60

Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
Whom loves my sister Bellimperia?
For she reposeth all her trust in thee.
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

Ped. Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death
I have no credit with her as before;
And therefore know not, if she love or no.

Lor. Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe, [*Draws his sword.*]
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win:
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;

70

Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.

Ped. O, stay, my lord.

Lor. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.

Ped. If madam Bellimperia be in love——

Lor. What, villain! ifs and ands?

Ped. O, stay, my lord, she loves Horatio.

80

[*Balthazar starts back.*]

Lor. What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son?

Ped. Even him, my lord.

Lor. Now say, but how know'st thou he is her love?
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal:
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him letters, which myself perus'd,
Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

Lor. Swear on this cross that what thou say'st is true;
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

90

Ped. I swear to both, by him that made us all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward:
But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,
This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Ped. What I have said is true, and shall—for me—
Be still conceal'd from Bellimperia.
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, ev'n till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:

100

Be watchful, when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will, my lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal.

Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.

[*Exit Pedringano.*]

Why so: *tam armis quam ingenio* :

Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.

110

How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?

Bal. Both well and ill; it makes me glad and sad:

Glad, that I know the hind'rer of my love;

Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.

Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd;

Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge.

Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,

For love resisted grows impatient.

I think Horatio be my destin'd plague:

120

First, in his hand he brandishèd a sword,

And with that sword he fiercely wagèd war,

And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,

And by those wounds he forcèd me to yield,

And by my yielding I became his slave.

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,

Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits,

Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits,

Which sly deceits smooth Bellimperia's ears,

And through her ears dive down into her heart,

130

And in her heart set him, where I should stand.

Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,

And now by sleight would captivate my soul:

But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,

And either lose my life, or win my love.

Lor. Let's go, my lord; your staying stays revenge.

Do you but follow me, and gain your love:

Her favour must be won by his remove.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Enter HORATIO and BELLIMPERIA.

Hor. Now, madam, since by favour of your love

Our hidden smoke is turn'd to open flame,

140

And that with looks and words we feed our thought

(Two chief contents, where more cannot be had):

Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments,

Why show you sign of inward languishments?

[*Pedringano sheweth all to the Prince and
Lorenzo, placing them in secret.*]

Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea:

She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,
 She may repair what stormy times have worn,
 And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,
 That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
 Possession of thy love is th' only port,
 Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long toss'd,
 Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
 There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
 And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's quire
 That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

150

[*Balthazar and Lorenzo above.*]

Bel. O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profan'd;
 Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
 Die, heart: another joys what thou deserv'st.

Lor. Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoin'd;
 Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
 Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

160

Bel. Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bel. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

Hor. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me:

170

But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.

Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;

Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;

Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;

Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:

Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

Hor. But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
 Where trial of this war shall first be made.

Bel. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!

Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bow'r the field,

180

Where first we vow'd a mutual amity;

The court were dangerous, that place is safe.

Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,

That summons home distressful travellers:

There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;

Haply the gentle nightingale

Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
 And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
 Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance:
 Till then each hour will seem a year and more.

190

Hor. But, honey sweet and honourable love,
 Return we now into your father's sight:
 Dang'rous suspicion waits on our delight.

Lor. Ay, danger mixed with jealous despite
 Shall send thy soul into eternal night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Enter KING OF SPAIN, Portingal Ambassador,
 DON CYPRIAN, *etc.*

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
 What says your daughter Bellimperia?

Cyp. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
 And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
 I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.
 And were she froward, which she will not be,
 Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
 Which is to love him, or forgo my love.

200

King. Then, lord Ambassador of Portingal,
 Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
 For strength'ning of our late-confirmed league;
 I know no better means to make us friends.
 Her dowry shall be large and liberal:
 Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
 Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
 And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
 I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,
 And this it is—in case the match go forward—:
 The tribute which you pay, shall be releas'd;
 And if by Balthazar she have a son,
 He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

210

Amb. I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege,
 And work it, if my counsel may prevail.

King. Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
 I hope his presence here will honour us,
 In celebration of the nuptial day;
 And let himself determine of the time.

220

mb. Will't please your grace command me ought beside?

ing. Commend me to the king, and so farewell.

But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave?

mb. That is perform'd already, my good lord.

ing. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,

The prince's ransom must not be forgot:

That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;

And well his forwardness deserves reward:

230

It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son.

mb. Between us there's a price already pitch'd,

And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

ing. Then once again farewell, my lord.

mb. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest.

[*Exit.*

ing. Now, brother, you must take some little pains

To win fair Bellimperia from her will:

Young virgins must be rulèd by their friends.

The prince is amiable, and loves her well;

If she neglect him and forgo his love,

240

She both will wrong her own estate and ours.

Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince

With greatest pleasure that our court affords,

Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought:

If she give back, all this will come to naught.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Enter HORATIO, BELLIMPERIA, and PEDRINGANO.

or. Now that the night begins with sable wings

To overcloud the brightness of the sun,

And that in darkness pleasures may be done:

Come, Bellimperia, let us to the bow'r,

And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

250

l. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,

Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

or. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

l. No, he is as trusty as my second self.—

Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,

And let us know if any make approach.

ed. [*aside.*] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold

By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. [*Exit Pedringano.*

or. What means my love?

- Bel.* I know not what myself;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance. 260
- Hor.* Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,
And heav'ns have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.
- Bel.* Thou hast prevail'd; I'll conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.
- Hor.* The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers. 270
- Bel.* Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.
- Hor.* Hark, madam, how the birds record by night,
For joy that Bellimperia sits in sight.
- Bel.* No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.
- Hor.* If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far:
Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.
- Bel.* If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars. 280
- Hor.* Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.
- Bel.* Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.
- Hor.* But first my looks shall combat against thine.
- Bel.* Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee.
- Hor.* Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.
- Bel.* Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.
- Hor.* Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal:
Thus elms by vines are compass'd, till they fall. 290
- Bel.* O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.
- Hor.* O, stay a while, and I will die with thee;
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.
- Bel.* Who's there? Pedringano! we are betray'd!

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO,
disguised.

- Lor.* My lord, away with her, take her aside.—
O, sir, forbear: your valour is already tried.

Quickly despatch, my masters.

[They hang him in the arbour.

For.

What, will you murder me?

For. Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love.

[They stab him.

El. O, save his life, and let me die for him!

300

O, save him, brother; save him, Balthazar:

I lov'd Horatio; but he lov'd not me.

al. But Balthazar loves Bellimperia.

or. Although his life were still ambitious-proud,

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

el. Murder! murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

or. Come, stop her mouth; away with her.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V

Enter HIERONIMO in his shirt, etc.

Hier. What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,

And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,

Which never danger yet could daunt before?

310

Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am.

I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.

No, no, it was some woman cried for help;

And here within this garden did she cry;

And in this garden must I rescue her.—

But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?

A man hang'd up and all the murd'ers gone!

And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!

This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

[He cuts him down.

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen—:

320

Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!

O no, but he that whilom was my son!

O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?

O speak, if any spark of life remain:

I am thy father; who hath slain my son?

What savage monster, not of human kind,

Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,

And left thy bloody corpse dishonour'd here,

For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,

To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
 O heav'ns, why made you night to cover sin?
 By day this deed of darkness had not been.
 O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
 The vild profaner of this sacred bow'r?
 O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
 To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
 O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert,
 How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
 Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
 In leessing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

33°

34°

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb:—
 Hieronimo!

Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament;
 For sighs are stopp'd, and all my tears are spent.

Isab. What world of grief! my son Horatio!
 O, where's the author of this endless woe?

Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief;
 For in revenge my heart would find relief.

Isab. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
 O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears;
 Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
 For outrage fits our cursèd wretchedness.

35°

[Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!]

Hier. *He supp'd with us to-night, frolic and merry,
 And said he would go visit Balthazar
 At the duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.
 He had no custom to stay out so late:
 He may be in his chamber; some go see,
 Roderigo, ho!*

Enter PEDRO and JAQUES.

Isab. *Ay me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo,*

36°

Hier. *True, all Spain takes note of it.
 Besides, he is so generally belov'd;
 His majesty the other day did grace him
 With waiting on his cup: these be favours,
 Which do assure me he cannot be short-liv'd.*

sab. *Sweet Hieronimo !*

Hier. *I wonder how this fellow got his clothes !—*

Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all :

Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,

And bid my son Horatio to come home :

I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night.

Do ye hear me, sir ?

370

Jaques.

Ay, sir.

Hier.

Well, sir, be gone.

Pedro, come hither ; know'st thou who this is ?

Hed. *Too well, sir.*

Hier. *Too well ! who, who is it ? Peace, Isabella !*

Nay, blush not, man.

Hed.

It is my lord Horatio.

Hier. *Ha, ha, St. James ! but this doth make me laugh,*

That there are more deluded than myself.

Hed. *Deluded ?*

Hier.

Ay :

I would have sworn myself, within this hour,

That this had been my son Horatio :

His garments are so like.

Ha ! are they not great persuasions ?

380

sab. *O, would to God it were not so !*

Hier. *Were not, Isabella ? dost thou dream it is ?*

Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,

That such a black deed of mischief should be done

On one so pure and spotless as our son ?

Away, I am ashamed.

sab.

Dear Hieronimo,

Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief :

Weak apprehension gives but weak relief.

390

Hier. *It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up here ;*

A youth, as I remember : I cut him down.

If it should prove my son now after all—

Say you ? say you ?—Light ! lend me a taper ;

Let me look again.—O God !

Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,

Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,

That now is stiff with horror : kill me quickly !

Be gracious to me, thou infective night,

And drop this deed of murder down on me ;

Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,

400

And let me not survive to see the light

May put me in the mind I had a son.

Isab. *O sweet Horatio ! O my dearest son !*

Hier. *How strangely had I lost my way to grief !]*

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-pluck'd before thy time,

Fair, worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd,

I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stay'd.

Isab. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,

For once these eyes were only my delight.

Hier. See'st thou this handkercher besmear'd with blood?

It shall not from me, till I take revenge.

See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?

I'll not entomb them, till I have revenge.

Then will I joy amidst my discontent;

Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

Isab. The heav'ns are just; murder cannot be hid:

Time is the author both of truth and right,

And time will bring this treachery to light.

Hier. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,

Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile:

So shall we sooner find the practice out,

And learn by whom all this was brought about.

Come, Isabel, now let us take him up, [*They take him up.*]

And bear him in from out this cursèd place.

I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

[*Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.*]

Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori ;

Aut, si qui faciunt annorum obliviam, succos

Praebeat ; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem

Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras ;

Ipse bibam quicquid meditaturs saga veneni,

Quicquid et herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit :

Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis

Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.—

Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,

Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus ?

Emoriar tecum : sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.—

Attamen absistam properato cedere letho,

Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.

[*Here he throws it from him and bears the body away.*]

SCENE VI

Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.

Andrea. Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I look'd that Balthazar should have been slain:
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bellimperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she lov'd me more than all the world.

Revenge. Thou talk'st of harvest, when the corn is green:
The end is crown of every work well done;
The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe.
Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

450

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Court of Portugal.*

Enter VICEROY OF PORTINGAL, Nobles, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

Vic. Infortunate condition of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!
First we are plac'd upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd,
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
By hate deprivèd of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line.

Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate;
But now I see that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,
That feignèd love had colour'd in his looks,
When he in camp consorted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
That hourly coasts the centre of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.

Vic. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death:
Go some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemnèd, he may die.

Enter ALEXANDRO, with a Nobleman and halberts.

Nob. In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I use?

Nor discontents it me to leave the world,

With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. 'Tis heaven is my hope:

As for the earth, it is too much infect

To yield me hope of any of her mould.

Vic. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,

And let him die for his accursèd deed.

Alex. Not that I fear the extremity of death

40

(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)

Do I, O king, thus discontented live.

But this, O this, torments my labouring soul,

That thus I die suspected of a sin,

Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret thoughts,

So am I free from this suggestion.

Vic. No more, I say! to the tortures! when?

Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,

[They bind him to the stake.]

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires

Of Phlegethon, preparèd for his soul.

50

Alex. My guiltless death will be aveng'd on thee,

On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd thus,

Or for thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.

Vil. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,

I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,

Where those thy words shall perish with thy works:

Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Enter Ambassador.

Amb. Stay, hold a while;

And here—with pardon of his majesty—

Lay hands upon Villuppo.

Vic. Ambassador,

60

What news hath urg'd this sudden enterance?

Amb. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar doth live.

Vic. What say'st thou? liveth Balthazar our son?

Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
 And, well entreated in the court of Spain,
 Humbly commends him to your majesty.
 These eyes beheld—and these my followers—;
 With these, the letters of the king's commends

[*Gives him letters.*]

Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.

[*The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.*]

Vic. "Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd; 70
 Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.
 The rest resolve upon as things propos'd
 For both our honours and thy benefit."

Amb. These are his highness' farther articles.

[*He gives him more letters.*]

Vic. Accursèd wretch, to intimate these ill
 Against the life and reputation
 Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind him:
 Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
 To make a quital for thy discontent. [*They unbind him.*]

Alex. Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less, 80
 Upon report of such a damnèd fact;
 But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd
 The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
 By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Vic. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus
 Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
 Him, whom thou know'st that no unkindness else,
 But ev'n the slaughter of our dearest son,
 Could once have mov'd us to have misconceiv'd.

Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king: 90
 Wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
 My guilty soul submits me to thy doom:
 For not for Alexandro's injuries,
 But for reward and hope to be preferr'd,
 Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vic. Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy death—:
 And not so mean a torment as we here
 Devis'd for him who, thou said'st, slew our son,
 But with the bitt'rest torments and extremes 100
 That may be yet invented for thine end.

[*Alexandro seems to entreat.*]

Entreat me not! go, take the traitor hence:

[*Exit Villuppo.*]

And, Alexandro, let us honour thee
 With public notice of thy loyalty.—
 To end those things articulated here
 By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
 We with our council will deliberate.
 Come, Alexandro, keep us company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
 O life! no life, but lively form of death; 110
 O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
 Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!
 O sacred heav'ns! if this unhallow'd deed,
 If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
 If this incomparable murder thus
 Of mine, but now no more my son,
 Shall unreveal'd and unrevengèd pass,
 How should we term your dealings to be just,
 If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?
 The night, sad secretary to my moans, 120
 With direful visions wakes my vexèd soul,
 And with the wounds of my distressful son
 Solicits me for notice of his death.
 The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
 And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
 And fear my heart with fierce inflamèd thoughts.
 The cloudy day my discontents records,
 Early begins to register my dreams,
 And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
 Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day, 130
 See, search, shew, send some man, some mean, that may—
 [A letter falleth.

What's here? a letter? tush! it is not so!—

A letter written to Hieronimo!

[*Red ink.*]

“For want of ink, receive this bloody writ:
 Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
 Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:

For these were they that murderèd thy son,
 Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
 And better fare than Bellimperia doth."
 What means this unexpected miracle?
 My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
 What cause had they Horatio to malign?
 Or what might move thee, Bellimperia,
 To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
 Hieronimo, beware!—thou art betray'd,
 And to entrap thy life this train is laid.
 Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
 This is devisèd to endanger thee,
 That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
 And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
 Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
 Dear was the life of my belovèd son,
 And of his death behoves me be reveng'd:
 Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
 But live t' effect thy resolution.
 I therefore will by circumstances try,
 What I can gather to confirm this writ;
 And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house,
 Close, if I can, with Bellimperia,
 To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

140

150

160

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Now, Pedringano!

Ped.

Now, Hieronimo!

Hier. Where's thy lady?

Ped.

I know not; here's my lord.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

Hier.

My lord——

Ped. He asketh for my lady Bellimperia.

Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke, my father, hath,
 Upon some disgrace, awhile remov'd her hence;
 But if it be ought I may inform her of,
 Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

Hier. Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it shall not need,

I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate. 170

Lor. Why so, Hieronimo? use me.

Hier. Oh no, my lord; I dare not; it must not be;
I humbly thank your lordship.¹

Lor. Why then, farewell.

Hier. My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. [*Exit.*

Lor. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?

Ped. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damnèd villain Serberine,
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio's death.

Ped. My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done; 180
And since he hath not left my company.

Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flatt'ring words may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent
That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

[*Gives him more gold.*

And hearken to me—thus it is devis'd:
This night thou must (and, prithee, so resolve) 190
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park—
Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house—
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure:
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?

Lor. Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

Ped. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

¹ Line 173 and first part of 174 (O no . . . lordship) are replaced, in all the Qq. from 1602 onwards, by the following lines:

Hier. Who? you, my lord?

*I reserve your favour for a greater honour;
This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.*

Lor. All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

Hier. I' faith, my lord, it is an idle thing;
*I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy,
Too remiss unto your honour.*

Lor. How now, Hieronimo?

Hier. In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing:
*The murder of a son, or so—
A thing of nothing, my lord!*

Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they will, 200
 Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st my mind.

[*Exit Pedringano.*]

Che le Ieron !

Enter Page.

Page. My lord?

Lor. Go, sirrah,

To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
 The prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,
 Behind the house; this evening, boy!

Page. I go, my lord.

Lor. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
 Bid him not fail.

Page. I fly, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Lor. Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast
 Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,
 Upon precise commandment from the king,
 Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano

210

This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
 Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
 Thus must we practise to prevent mishap,
 And thus one ill another must expulse.

This sly enquiry of Hieronimo

For Bellimperia breeds suspicion,
 And this suspicion bodes a further ill.

As for myself, I know my secret fault,
 And so do they; but I have dealt for them:

220

They that for coin their souls endangerèd,
 To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;
 And better it's that base companions die,
 Than by their life to hazard our good haps.

Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:

I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;

For die they shall, slaves are ordain'd to no other end.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III

Enter PEDRINGANO, with a pistol.

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold,
 And hold on, Fortune! once more favour me;
 Give but success to mine attempting spirit, 230
 And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
 Here is the gold: this is the gold propos'd;
 It is no dream that I adventure for,
 But Pedringano is possess'd thereof.
 And he that would not strain his conscience
 For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretch'd,
 Unworthy such a favour, may he fail,
 And, wishing, want, when such as I prevail.
 As for the fear of apprehension,
 I know, if need should be, my noble lord 240
 Will stand between me and ensuing harms;
 Besides, this place is free from all suspect:
 Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1. I wonder much to what intent it is
 That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.
2. 'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.
3. But we were never wont to watch and ward
 So near the duke, his brother's, house before.
2. Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

Enter SERBERINE.

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace; 250
 For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
 That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.
 How fit a place—if one were so dispos'd—
 Methinks this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Here comes the bird that I must seize upon:

Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man!

Ser. I wonder that his lordship stays so long,
 Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this, Serberine!—and thou shalt ha't. [*Shoots the dag.*
So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd, 260

The Watch.

1. Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.
2. And here's one slain;—stay the murderer.
Ped. Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,
[*He strives with the watch.*
Who first lays hand on me, I'll be his priest.
3. Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?
Ped. Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.
3. Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.
2. Come, to the marshal's with the murderer! 270
1. On to Hieronimo's! help me here
To bring the murder'd body with us too.
Ped. Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will:
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Bal. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?
Lor. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.
Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?
Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And unexpected harms do hurt us most. 280
Bal. Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If ought concerns our honour and your own.
Lor. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one:
For I suspect—and the presumption's great—
That by those base confed'rates in our fault
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.
Bal. Betray'd, Lorenzo? tush! it cannot be.
Lor. A guilty conscience, urg'd with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err: 290
I am persuaded—and dissuade me not—

That all's revealed to Hieronimo.

And therefore know that I have cast it thus:—

Enter Page.

But here's the page. How now? what news with thee?

Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.

Bal. Who? Serberine, my man?

Page. Your highness' man, my lord.

Lor. Speak, page, who murder'd him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. Pedringano.

Bal. Is Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord so well?

Injurious villain, murd'rer of his friend!

300

Lor. Hath Pedringano murder'd Serberine?

My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains

To exasperate and hasten his revenge

With your complaints unto my lord the king.

This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,

Or else his highness hardly shall deny.

Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions:

For die he shall for this his damnèd deed. [*Exit Balthazar.*

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy,

310

And thus experience bids the wise to deal.

I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;

I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.

Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,

Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.

He runs to kill whom I have help to catch,

And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.

'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,

Or any one, in mine opinion,

320

When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Boy——

Page. My lord?

Lor. What's he?

Mes. I have a letter to your lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano that's imprison'd.

Lor. So he is in prison then?

Mes. Ay, my good lord.

Lor. What would he with us?—He writes us here,
To stand good lord, and help him in distress.—
Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;
And what we may, let him assure him of.
Fellow, begone: my boy shall follow thee.

330

[Exit Messenger.]

This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.
Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;
Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,
And be advis'd that none be there about:
Bid him be merry still, but secret;
And though the marshal-sessions be to-day,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
Tell him his pardon is already sign'd,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd:
For, were he ready to be turn'd off—
As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried—
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.
Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't;
But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life;
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown:
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.
Away!

340

Page. I go, my lord, I run.

Lor. But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly done.
Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.
One only thing is uneffected yet,
And that's to see the executioner.
But to what end? I list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence therein,
For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
That lie too open to advantages.

[Exit Page.]

350

E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;

Intendo io : quel mi basterà.

[Exit.]

SCENE V

Enter Boy, with the box.

Boy My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time; for we men's-kind, in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. —By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary.—I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say: "Mock on, here's thy warrant." Is't not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. [Exit.

SCENE VI

Enter HIERONIMO and the Deputy.

Hier. Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
 That know not how to remedy our own;
 And do them justice, when unjustly we,
 For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
 But shall I never live to see the day,
 That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
 To know the cause that may my cares allay?
 This toils my body, this consumeth age,
 That only I to all men just must be,
 And neither gods nor men be just to me.

380

Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
 A care to punish such as do transgress.

390

Hier. So is't my duty to regard his death
 Who, when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood,
 But come, for that we came for: let's begin;
 For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and PEDRINGANO, with a letter in his hand, bound.

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Ped. Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;
 For I had written to my lord anew
 A nearer matter that concerneth him,
 For fear his lordship had forgotten me.
 But sith he hath remember'd me so well—
 Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

400

Hier. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
 And here, for satisfaction of the world,
 Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
 For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short work: well, to your marshalship
 First I confess—nor fear I death therefore—:
 I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.
 But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
 Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

410

Dep. Ay, Pedringano.

Ped. Now I think not so.

Hier. Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so:
 For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
 Be satisfi'd, and the law discharg'd.
 And though myself cannot receive the like,
 Yet will I see that others have their right.
 Despatch: the fault's approv'd and confess'd,
 And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

Hangm. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine, officious knave?

420

Hangm. To go to this gear.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward: thou wouldst fain furnish me
 with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit. So I should
 go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope.
 But, hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change
 without boot, that's flat.

Hangm. Come, sir.

Ped. So, then, I must up?

Hangm. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for my coming down. 430

Hangm. Indeed, here's a remedy for that.

Ped. How? be turned off?

Hangm. Ay, truly; come, are you ready? I pray, sir, despatch;
the day goes away.

Ped. What, do you hang by the hour? if you do, I may chance
to break your old custom.

Hangm. Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your
young neck,

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? pray God, I be not pre-
served to break your knave's pate for this. 440

Hangm. Alas, sir! you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope
you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

Hangm. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Ped. Ay, that companion.

Hangm. I know him not; but what of him?

Ped. Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee
a new truss?

Hangm. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many a
honestest man than either thou or he. 450

Ped. What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

Hangm. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly; methinks
you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

Ped. Why, sirrah hangman, I take it that that is good for the
body is likewise good for the soul: and it may be, in that
box is balm for both.

Hangm. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh
that e'er groaned at my office door!

Ped. Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

Hangm. Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it
with a thief's name. 461

Ped. I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

Hangm. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion: my masters, you
see here's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some
other time; for now I have no great need.

Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.

O monstrous times, where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heaven,

Solely delights in interdicted things,
 Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,
 That intercepts itself of happiness.
 Murder! O bloody monster! God forbid
 A fault so foul should 'scape unpunishèd.
 Despatch, and see this execution done!—
 This makes me to remember thee, my son.

[Exit Hieronimo.]

Ped. Nay, soft, no haste.

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Ped. Why, ay!

Hangm. As how?

Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Hangm. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.

[He turns him off.]

Dep. So, executioner;—convey him hence;

But let his body be unburièd:

Let not the earth be chokèd or infect

With that which heav'n contemns, and men neglect.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,
 My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
 Or mine exclams, that have surcharg'd the air
 With ceaseless complaints for my deceased son?
 The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,
 At my lament have mov'd the leafless trees,
 Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,
 Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,
 And broken through the brazen gates of hell,
 Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul
 With broken sighs and restless passions,
 That wingèd mount; and, hov'ring in the air,
 Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
 Soliciting for justice and revenge:
 But they are plac'd in those empyreal heights,
 Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,
 I find the place impregnable; and they
 Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a letter.

Hangm. O lord, sir! God bless you, sir! the man, sir, Petergade, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits—

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hangm. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong. 510

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hangm. You will stand between the gallows and me?

Hier. Ay, ay.

Hangm. I thank your lord worship. [Exit Hangman.]

Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,

I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

“My lord, I write, as mine extremes requir’d,
That you would labour my delivery:

If you neglect, my life is desperate, 520
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.

You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confed’rate with the prince and you;

Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I holp to murder Don Horatio too.”—

Holp he to murder mine Horatio?

And actors in th’ accursèd tragedy

Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,

Of whom my son, my son deserv’d so well?

What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld? 530

O sacred heavens, may it come to pass

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smother’d, and so long conceal’d,

Shall thus by this be vengèd or reveal’d?

Now see I what I durst not then suspect,

That Bellimperia’s letter was not feign’d.

Nor feignèd she, though falsely they have wrong’d

Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.

Now may I make compare ’twixt hers and this,

Of every accident I ne’er could find 540

Till now, and now I feelingly perceive

They did what heav’n unpunish’d would not leave.

O false Lorenzo! are these thy flatt’ring looks?

Is this the honour that thou didst my son?
 And Balthazar—bane to thy soul and me!—
 Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for?
 Woe to the cause of these constrainèd wars!
 Woe to thy baseness and captivity,
 Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,
 Thy cursèd father, and thy conquer'd self!
 And bann'd with bitter execrations be
 The day and place where he did pity thee!
 But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
 When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?
 I will go plain me to my lord the king,
 And cry aloud for justice through the court,
 Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet;
 And either purchase justice by entreats,
 Or tire them all with my revenging threats.

550

[Exit.]

SCENE VIII

Enter ISABELLA and her Maid.

Isab. So that, you say, this herb, will purge the eye,
 And this, the head?—

560

Ah!—but none of them will purge the heart!

No, there's no medicine left for my disease,

Nor any physic to recure the dead. [She runs lunatic.]

Horatio! O, where's Horatio?

Maid. Good madam, affright not thus yourself

With outrage for your son Horatio:

He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

Isab. Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things,

Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,

570

To be revengèd on their villanies?

Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

Isab. My soul—poor soul! thou talk'st of things—

Thou know'st not what: my soul hath silver wings,
 That mounts me up unto the highest heavens;

To heav'n: ay, there sits my Horatio,

Back'd with a troop of fiery Cherubins,

Dancing about his newly healèd wounds,

Singing sweet hymns and chanting heav'nly notes:

Rare harmony to greet his innocence,

580

That died, ay died, a mirror in our days.
 But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
 That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
 To find them out that murderèd my son? [Exeunt.

SCENE IX

BELLIMPERIA *at a window.*

Bel. What means this outrage that is offer'd me?
 Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?
 No notice! Shall I not know the cause
 Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
 Accursèd brother, unkind murderer,
 Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me? 590
 Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs,
 Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
 Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st
 Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus,
 And him for me thus causeless murderèd!—
 Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
 To patience, and apply me to the time,
 Till heav'n, as I have hop'd, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHIL.

Chris. Come, madam Bellimperia, this may not be. [Exeunt.

SCENE X

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well. 600

Thou art assurèd that thou saw'st him dead?

Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,
 Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.—

Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
 And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,

And bring her hither straight.—

[Exit Page.

This that I did was for a policy,
 To smooth and keep the murder secret,
 Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,
 My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

610

Bal. And time, Lorenzo: for my lord the duke,
 You heard, enquirèd for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my lord, I hope you heard me say
 Sufficient reason why she kept away;
 But that's all one. My lord, you love her?

Bal. *Ay.*

Lor. Then in your love beware; deal cunningly:
 Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;
 And if she hap to stand on terms with us—
 As for her sweetheart and concealment so—
 Jest with her gently: under feignèd jest
 Are things conceal'd that else would breed unrest.—
 But here she comes.

620

Enter BELLIMPERIA.

Now, sister?

Bel. Sister?—No!

Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
 Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so:
 First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
 And with extremes abuse my company;
 And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
 Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
 And clap me up, where none might come at me,
 Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
 What madding fury did possess thy wits?
 Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

630

Lor. Advise you better, Bellimperia,
 For I have done you no disparagement;
 Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,
 I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel. Mine honour? why, Lorenzo, wherein is't
 That I neglect my reputation so,
 As you, or any, need to rescue it?

640

Lor. His highness and my father were resolv'd
 To come confer with old Hieronimo,
 Concerning certain matters of estate,

That by the viceroy was determinèd.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Bal. Have patience, Bellimperia; hear the rest.

Lor. Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And unexpected, in an arbour there, 650
Found Bellimperia with Horatio—

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why, then, remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for Don Andrea had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather—for I knew no readier mean—
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there. 660

Bel. Ev'n so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument?
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you conceal'd me since?

Lor. Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better was't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place. 670

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Ætna for Andrea's loss.

Bel. Hath not my father then enquir'd for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

[He whispereth in her ear.]

But, Bellimperia, see the gentle prince;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see 680
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an orator—
I know not, I, by what experience—
Too politic for me, past all compare,

Since last I saw you; but content yourself:
The prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. 'Tis of thy beauty then that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpris'd;
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no hav'n to rest my hope.

690

Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

Bal. 'Tis I that love.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. Bellimperia.

Bel. But I that fear.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. Bellimperia.

Lor. Fear yourself?

Bel. Ay, brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those

That, what they love, are loath and fear to lose.

Bal. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be.

Bel. No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we:

700

*Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem—
Est vanum stolidæ proditiōis opus.*

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.

Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heav'nly looks,
Wends poor, oppressèd Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI

Enter two Portingals, and HIERONIMO meets them.

1. By your leave, sir.

Hier. ['Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think; you're wide all:

710

*These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son! and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes—thereabout;*

*A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
 To ballace these light creatures we call women ;
 And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light,
 What is there yet in a son,
 To make a father dote, rave, or run mad ?
 Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
 What is there yet in a son ? He must be fed,
 Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet
 Why might not a man love a calf as well ?
 Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
 As for a son ? Methinks, a young bacon,
 Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
 Should move a man as much as doth a son :
 For one of these, in very little time,
 Will grow to some good use ; whereas a son,
 The more he grows in stature and in years,
 The more unsquar'd, unbevell'd, he appears,
 Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
 Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots ;
 Makes them look old, before they meet with age,
 This is a son !—And what a loss were this,
 Consider'd truly ?——O, but my Horatio
 Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours :
 He lov'd his loving parents ;
 He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
 The very arm that did hold up our house :
 Our hopes were stor'd up in him,
 None but a damn'd murderer could hate him.
 He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
 When his strong arm unhors'd
 The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind,
 Too full of honour, took him to his mercy—
 That valiant, but ignoble Portingal !
 Well, heaven is heaven still !
 And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
 And things call'd whips,
 And they sometimes do meet with murderers :
 They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort.
 Ay, ay, ay ; and then time steals on,
 And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
 Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
 And so doth bring confusion to them all.]*

720

730

740

750

Good leave have you: nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.

2. Pray you, which is the next way to my lord the duke's?

Hier. The next way from me.

1. To his house, we mean.

760

Hier. O, hard by: 'tis yon house that you see.

2. You could not tell us if his son were there?

Hier. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1. Ay, sir.

[He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.]

Hier. O, forbear!

For other talk for us far fitter were.

But if you be importunate to know

The way to him, and where to find him out,

Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.

There is a path upon your left-hand side,

That leadeth from a guilty conscience

Unto a forest of distrust and fear—

770

A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:

There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,

It will conduct you to Despair and Death—

Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,

Within a hugy dale of lasting night,

That, kindled with the world's iniquities,

Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes—:

Not far from thence, where murderers have built

A habitation for their cursèd souls,

780

There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove,

In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,

Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him

In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1. Ha, ha, ha!

Hier. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.]

2. Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,

Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.

Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XII

Enter HIERONIMO, with a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other.

Hier. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king; 790

The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit:

Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,

That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?—

Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.—

Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge:

Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,

Standeth a fiery tower; there sits a judge

Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,

And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand,

That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand. 800

Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone:

He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.

Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him straight;

Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath:

This way or that way!—Soft and fair, not so:

For if I hang or kill myself, let's know

Who will revenge Horatio's murther then?

No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that.

[He flings away the dagger and halter,

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king:

[He takes them up again.

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat; 810

And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,

And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king—nay, stay;

And here, ay here—there goes the hare away.

Enter KING, Ambassador, CASTILE, and LORENZO.

King. Now show, ambassador, what our viceroy saith:

Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?

Hier. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.

Lor. Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?

Hier. O, is he so?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hier. Not I. Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by!

Amb. Renownèd King, he hath receiv'd and read
 Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league;
 And, as a man extremely over-joy'd
 To hear his son so princely entertain'd,
 Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd,
 This for thy further satisfaction,
 And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know
 First, for the marriage of his princely son
 With Bellimperia, thy belovèd niece,
 The news are more delightful to his soul,
 Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens. 830
 In person, therefore, will he come himself,
 To see the marriage rites solemnised,
 And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
 To knit a sure inextricable band
 Of kingly love and everlasting league
 Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingal.
 There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
 And make a queen of Bellimperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?

Cast. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument 840
 Of honourable care to keep his friend,
 And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
 Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
 That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Amb. Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent
 (Although he send not that his son return)
 His ransom due to Don Horatio.

Hier. Horatio! who calls Horatio?

King. And well remember'd: thank his majesty.
 Here, see it given to Horatio. 850

Hier. Justice, O, justice, justice, gentle king!

King. Who is that? Hieronimo?

Hier. Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!
 My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!

Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well-advis'd.

Hier. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;
 For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
 Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!
 Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,

[*He diggeth with his dagger.*

And ferry over to th' Elysian plains, 860

And bring my son to show his deadly wounds,
Stand from about me!

I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avengèd on you all for this.

King. What means this outrage?

Will none of you restrain his fury?

Hier. Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need to strive:
For needs must he go that the devils drive.

870

[*Exit.*

King. What accident hath happ'd Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.

Lor. My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,
Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son—
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar—
Distract, and in a manner lunatic,

King. Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't:
This is the love that fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want;
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.

880

Lor. But if he be thus helplessly distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
And giv'n to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so.
'Tis best that we see further in it first,
Till when ourself will hold exempt the place,
And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bellimperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemniz'd,
That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here,

890

Amb. Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

King. On, then, and hear you, lord ambassador—— [Exeunt.

SCENE XIIA

Enter JAQUES and PEDRO.

Jaq. *I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,* 900
*When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.*

Ped. *O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,
And—now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet—like a desp'rate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him ;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,* 910
Cries out " Horatio, where is my Horatio ? "
*So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man :
See, where he comes.*

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. *I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven :
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.—
How now, who's there ? spirits, spirits ?* 920

Ped. *We are your servants that attend you, sir.*

Hier. *What make you with your torches in the dark ?*

Ped. *You bid us light them, and attend you here.*

Hier. *No, no, you are deceiv'd ! not I ;—you are deceiv'd !
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now ?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When-as the sun-god rides in all his glory ;
Light me your torches then.*

Ped. *Then we burn daylight.*

Hier. *Let it be burnt ; Night is a murd'rous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen ;* 930
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,

*Doth give consent to that is done in darkness,
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.*

*Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words:
The heav'ns are gracious, and your miseries
And sorrow makes you speak, you know not what.*

Hier. Villain, thou liest! and thou dost nought 940
But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad!
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night,
When my Horatio was murder'd?
She should have shone: search thou the book.—Had the moon
shone,
In my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know—nay, I do know—had the murd'rer seen him,
His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of naught but blood and death, 950
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter ISABELLA.

*Isab. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;
O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.*

*Hier. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;
Not I indeed; we are very merry, very merry.*

Isab. How? be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd? 960

Hier. Was—do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel:
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our son:

It bore thy fruit and mine—O wicked, wicked plant! 970
 [One knocks within at the door.

See, who knock there.

Ped. *It is a painter, sir.*

Hier. *Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
 For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
 Let him come in!—One knows not what may chance :
 God's will that I should set this tree!—but even so
 Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
 And then they hate them that did bring them up.*

Enter the Painter.

Paint. *God bless you, sir.*

Hier. *Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
 How, where, or by what means should I be bless'd?*

Isab. *What wouldst thou have, good fellow?*

Paint. *Justice, madam.* 980

Hier. *O ambitious beggar!
 Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?
 Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
 An ounce of justice!
 'Tis a jewel so inestimable. I tell thee,
 God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
 And there is none but what comes from him.*

Paint. *O, then I see
 That God must right me for my murder'd son.*

Hier. *How, was thy son murder'd?*

Paint. *Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.* 990

Hier. *What, not as thine? that's a lie,
 As massy as the earth: I had a son,
 Whose least unvalu'd hair did weigh
 A thousand of thy sons: and he was murder'd.*

Paint. *Alas, sir, I had no more but he.*

Hier. *Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine
 Was worth a legion. But all is one.
 Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,
 And this good fellow here and I
 Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
 Like to two lions reared of their young.
 Go in a-doors, I say.*

1000

[Exeunt. The painter and he sits down.

Come, let's talk wisely now.

Was thy son murder'd ?

Paint.

Ay, sir.

Hier.

So was mine.

How dost take it ? art thou not sometimes mad ?

Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes ?

Paint. *O Lord, yes, sir.*

Hier. *Art a painter ? canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan, or a sigh ? canst paint me such a tree as this ?*

Paint. *Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting : my name's Bazardo.*

1010

Hier. *Bazardo ! afore God, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, do you see, I'd have you paint me for my gallery, in your oil-colours matted, and draw me five years younger than I am—do ye see, sir, let five years go ; let them go like the marshal of Spain—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like purpose : “ God bless thee, my sweet son ; ” and my hand leaning upon his head, thus, sir ; do you see ?—may it be done ?*

Paint. *Very well, sir.*

1020

Hier. *Nay, I pray, mark me, sir : then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry ?*

Paint. *Seemingly, sir.*

Hier. *Nay, it should cry ; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer ?*

Paint. *I'll warrant you, sir ; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.*

Hier. *O, let them be worse, worse : stretch thine art, and let their beards be of Judas his own colour ; and let their eye-brows jutting over : in any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up thus :—and with these words :*

1034

“ What noise is this ? who calls Hieronimo ? ”

May it be done ?

Paint. *Yea, sir.*

Hier. *Well, sir ; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make*

the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying: "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance—and so forth.

1053

Paint. *And is this the end?*

Hier. *O no, there is no end: the end is death and madness! As I am never better than when I am mad: then methinks I am a brave fellow; then I do wonders: but reason abuseth me, and there's the torment, there's the hell. At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers; were he as strong as Hector, thus would I tear and drag him up and down.*

1060

[He beats the painter in, then comes out again, with a book in his hand.

SCENE XIII

Enter HIERONIMO, with a book in his hand.

Vindicta mihi!

Ay, heav'n will be reveng'd of every ill;

Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.

Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:

For mortal men may not appoint their time!—

"Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter."

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offer'd thee;

For evils unto ills conductors be,

And death's the worst of resolution.

For he that thinks with patience to contend

1070

To quiet life, his life shall easily end.—

"Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;

Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum:"

If destiny thy miseries do ease,

Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;
 If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
 Yet shalt thou be assurèd of a tomb—:
 If neither, yet let this thy comfort be:
 Heav'n cov'reth him that hath no burial.
 And to conclude, I will revenge his death!
 But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
 With open, but inevitable ills,
 As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
 Which under kindship will be cloakèd best.
 Wise men will take their opportunity
 Closely and safely, fitting things to time.—
 But in extremes advantage hath no time;
 And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
 Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
 Dissembling quiet in unquietness,
 Not seeming that I know their villanies,
 That my simplicity may make them think,
 That ignorantly I will let all slip;
 For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
 Nor ought avails it me to menace them
 Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
 Will bear me down with their nobility.
 No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
 Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
 To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
 Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
 Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
 Till to revenge thou know, when, where and how.

1080

1090

1100

[*A noise within.*]

How now, what noise? what coil is that you keep?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here are a sort of poor petitioners,
 That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
 That you should plead their cases to the king.

Hier. That I should plead their several actions?
 Why, let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens and an Old Man.

1. So, 1110

I tell you this: for learning and for law,
There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

Hier. Come near, you men, that thus importune me.—

[*Aside.*] Now must I bear a face of gravity;
For thus I us'd, before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as corregidor.—
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2. Sir, an action.

Hier. Of battery?

1. Mine of debt.

Hier. Give place. 1120

2. No, sir, mine is an action of the case.

3. Mine an *ejectione firmæ* by a lease.

Hier. Content you, sirs; are you determinèd
That I should plead your several actions?

1. Ay, sir, and here's my declaration.

2. And here's my band.

3. And here's my lease.

[*They give him papers.*

Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heav'n uprear'd?
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex. O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known, 1130
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthless tears.

Hier. Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?

Senex. No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

Hier. What's here? "The humble supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his murder'd son."

Senex. Ay, sir.

Hier. No, sir, it was my murder'd son:

O my son, my son, O my son Horatio!

But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content. 1140

Here, take my handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,

Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.

[He draweth out a bloody napkin.]

O no, not this; Horatio, this was thine;
And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revengèd I should be.
But here, take this, and this—what, my purse?—
Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.

1150

1. O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!

2. This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

Hier. See, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo;

See here a loving father to his son!

Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
That he deliv'reth for his son's decease!

If love's effects so strive in lesser things,

If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,

If love express such power in poor estates:

1160

Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,

Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturnest then

The upper billows course of waves to keep,

Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep:

Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect

The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?

Though on this earth justice will not be found,

I'll down to hell, and in this passion

Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,

Getting by force, as once Alcides did,

1170

A troop of Furies and tormenting hags

To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.

Yet lest the triple-headed porter should

Deny my passage to the slimy strand,

The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit:

Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,

And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,

Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's-grief,

Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant

Revenge on them that murderèd my son.

1180

Then will I rent and tear them, thus and thus,

Shiv'ring their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

[Tears the papers.]

1. O sir, my declaration! [Exit Hieronimo, and they after.
 2. Save my bond!

Enter HIERONIMO.

2. Save my bond!
 3. Alas, my lease! it cost me ten pound,
 And you, my lord, have torn the same.
Hier. That cannot be, I gave it never a wound;
 Show me one drop of blood fall from the same:
 How is it possible I should slay it then?
 Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can. 1190
 [Exeunt all but the Old Man. Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him in the face, speaks.
Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
 To ask for justice in this upper earth,
 To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,
 To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
 Whose lights are dimm'd with over-long laments?
 Go back, my son, complain to Aeacus,
 For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
 For justice is exilèd from the earth:
 Hieronimo will bear thee company.
 Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth 1200
 For just revenge against the murderers.
Senex. Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?
Hier. But let me look on my Horatio.
 Sweet boy, how art thou chang'd in death's black shade!
 Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
 But suffer'd thy fair crimson-colour'd spring
 With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?
 Horatio, thou art older than thy father:
 Ah, ruthless fate, that favour thus transforms!
Baz. Ay, my good lord, I am not your young son. 1210
Hier. What, not my son? thou then a Fury art,
 Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
 To summon me to make appearance
 Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
 To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
 And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.
Baz. I am a grievèd man, and not a ghost,
 That came for justice for my murder'd son.

Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son:

Thou art the lively image of my grief; 1220

Within thy face, my sorrows I may see.

Thy eyes are gumm'd with tears, they cheeks are wan,

Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips

Murmur sad words abruptly broken off;

By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,

And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:

And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.

Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel;

Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me, shalt stay,

And thou, and I, and she will sing a song, 1230

Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd—:

Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,

For with a cord Horatio was slain. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIV

*Enter KING OF SPAIN, the DUKE, VICEROY, and LORENZO,
BALTHAZAR, DON PEDRO, and BELLIMPERIA.*

King. Go, brother, 'tis the Duke of Castile's cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

Cast. I go.

Vic. Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.

Ped. It shall be so.

King. And now to meet these Portuguese:
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies. 1240
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honourable train!
'Tis not unknown to us for why you come,
Or have so kingly cross'd the seas:
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honourable niece
(For it beseems us now that it be known)
Already is betroth'd to Balthazar:
And by appointment and our condescent 1250
To-morrow are they to be married.

To this intent we entertain thyself,
 Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace.
 Speak, men of Portingal, shall it be so?
 If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.

Vic. Renownèd King, I come not, as thou think'st,
 With doubtful followers, unresolvèd men,
 But such as have upon thine articles
 Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
 Know, sovereign, I come to solemnise
 The marriage of thy belovèd niece,
 Fair Bellimperìa, with my Balthazar,
 With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see,
 Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;
 And let me live a solitary life,
 In ceaseless prayers,
 To think how strangely heav'n hath thee preserv'd.

1260

King. See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
 Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
 Thy friend with thine extremities:
 A place more private fits this princely mood.

1270

Vic. Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.

[*Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.*]

SCENE XV

CASTILE, LORENZO.

Cast. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you.
 See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

Lor. I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

Cast. And know'st thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
 And to confirm their promis'd marriage.

Cast. She is thy sister?

Lor. Who, Bellimperìa? ay,

My gracious lord, and this is the day,

That I have long'd so happily to see.

1280

Cast. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine
 Should intercept her in her happiness?

Lor. Heav'ns will not let Lorenzo err so much.

Cast. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:

It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.

Lor. That I, my lord——?

1290

Cast. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been asham'd
To answer for thee, though thou art my son.
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts within the court of Spain?
Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were 't among the kings
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?
Tell me—and look thou tell me truly too—
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

1300

Lor. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues:
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives that long contenteth all.

Cast. Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.

1310

Lor. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passions,
That ill beseem'd the presence of a king:
And for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo
As to my soul, my lord.

Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what's a silly man, distract in mind
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err!
But for his satisfaction and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me.

1320

Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter BALTHAZAR and BELLIMPERIA.

Bal. Come, Bellimperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordain'd thee to be mine: 1330
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

Bel. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.

Bal. New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my lord my father.

Bal. Truce, my love;
I'll go salute him.

Cast. Welcome, Balthazar,
Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace! 1340
And welcome, Bellimperia!—How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied:
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd;
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art gracèd with a happier love.—
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo;
I'll have a word with him.

Enter HIERONIMO and a Servant.

Hier. And where's the duke?

Serv. Yonder.

Hier. Ev'n so.—

What new device have they devisèd, trow?

Pocas palabras! mild as the lamb!

Is't I will be reveng'd? No, I am not the man.— 1350

Cast. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Lor. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Bal. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Hier. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

Cast. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.

Hier. What, so short?

Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't.

Cast. Nay, stay, Hieronimo!—go call him, son. 1360

Lor. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.

Hier. With me, sir? why, my lord, I thought you had done.

Lor. No; [*Aside*] would he had!

Cast. Hieronimo, I hear

You find yourself aggrievèd at my son,

Because you have not access unto the king;

And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?

Cast. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,

And would be loath that one of your deserts

Should once have reason to suspect my son, 1370

Consid'ring how I think of you myself.

Hier. Your son Lorenzo! whom, my noble lord?

The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend?

Grant me the combat of them, if they dare:

[*Draws out his sword.*]

I'll meet him face to face, to tell me so!

These be the scandalous reports of such

As love not me, and hate my lord too much:

Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent

Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?

My lord, I am asham'd it should be said. 1380

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

Hier. My good lord, I know you did not.

Cast. There then pause;

And for the satisfaction of the world,

Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,

The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;

And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:

But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,

Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.

Friends, quoth he? see, I'll be friends with you all: 1390

Especially with you, my lovely lord;

For divers causes it is fit for us

That we be friends: the world's suspicious,

And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

Lor. And that I hope: old grudges are forgot?

Hier. What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request;

Let us entreat your company to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

Hier. Your lordship's to command.—Pah! keep your way:

Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,

1401

Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XVI

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!

Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine!

To combat, Acheron and Erebus!

For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,

O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes

Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.

Revenge, awake!

Revenge.

Awake? for why?

Ghost. Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advis'd

1410

To sleep—awake! what, thou art warn'd to watch!

Revenge. Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

Ghost. Awake, Revenge, if love—as love hath had—

Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!

Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league,

And intercepts our passage to revenge:

Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone!

Revenge. Thus worldlings ground, what they have dream'd, upon,

Content thyself, Andrea: though I sleep,

Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.

1420

Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo

Cannot forget his son Horatio.

Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;

For in unquiet quietness is feign'd,

And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.—

Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how

Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,

What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb-Show.

Ghost. Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.

Revenge. Lo! the two first the nuptial torches bore

1430

As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
Clothèd in sable and a saffron robe,
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth me; thy meaning's understood,
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers,
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.—
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Revenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

1440

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter BELLIMPERIA and HIERONIMO.

Bel. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself
From this dishonour and the hate of men?
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
Whom both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeless slaughterèd!
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son:
Unhappy mothers of such children then,
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tender'd so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake:
For here I swear, in sight of heav'n and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

Hier. But may it be that Bellimperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?
Why, then I see that heav'n applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting

For vengeance on those cursèd murderers,
 Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so:
 I found a letter, written in your name,
 And in that letter, how Horatio died.
 Pardon, O pardon, Bellimperia,
 My fear and care in not believing it;
 Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
 To let his death be unreveng'd at full.
 And here I vow—so you but give consent,
 And will conceal my resolution—:
 I will ere long determine of their deaths
 That causeless thus have murderèd my son.

40

Bal. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
 And ought that may effect for thine avail,
 Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

Hier. On, then; and whatsoever I devise,
 Let me entreat you, grace my practices,
 For why the plot's already in mine head.
 Here they are.

50

Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO.

Bal. How now, Hieronimo?
 What, courting Bellimperia?

Hier. Ay, my lord;
 Such courting as (I promise you):
 She hath my heart, but you, my lord, have hers.

Lor. But now, Hieronimo, or never,
 We are to entreat your help.

Hier. My help?
 Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
 For you have giv'n me cause—:
 Ay, by my faith have you!

Bal. It pleased you,
 At the entertainment of the ambassador,
 To grace the king so much as with a show.
 Now, were your study so well furnishèd,
 As for the passing of the first night's sport
 To entertain my father with the like,
 Or any such-like pleasing motion,
 Assure yourself, it would content them well.

60

Hier. Is this all?

Bal. Ay, this is all.

Hier. Why then, I'll fit you: say no more.

When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

70

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marry, my good lord, thus:
(And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us):

When in Toledo there I studièd,

It was my chance to write a tragedy:

See here, my lords—

[He shows them a book.]

Which, long forgot, I found this other day.

Now would your lordships favour me so much

As but to grace me with your acting it—

80

I mean each one of you to play a part—

Assure you it will prove most passing strange,

And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy?

Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;

The prince but ask'd a question.

Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest,
I'll make one.

90

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat

Your sister Bellimperia to make one?

For what's a play without a woman in it.

Bel. Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;

For I must needs be employèd in your play.

Hier. Why, this is well: I tell you, lordings,

It was determinèd to have been acted,

By gentlemen and scholars too,

Such as could tell what to speak.

Bal.

And now

100

It shall be play'd by princes and courtiers,

Such as can tell how to speak:

If, as it is our country manner,

You will but let us know the argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The chronicles of Spain

Record this written of a knight of Rhodes:

He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
 To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
 Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld,
 Especially the soul of Soliman, 110
 Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
 By sundry means sought Soliman to win
 Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
 Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
 One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear;
 Her had this bashaw long solicited,
 And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
 But by her husband's death, this knight of Rhodes,
 Whom presently by treachery he slew.
 She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore, 120
 As cause of this slew Soliman,
 And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
 Did stab herself: and this the tragedy.

Lor. O excellent!

Bel. But say, Hieronimo, what then became
 Of him that was the bashaw?

Hier. Marry, thus:
 Mov'd with remorse of his misdeeds,
 Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.

Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?

Hier. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it: 130
 I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
 For I already have conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.

Lor. And I?

Hier. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.—

And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
 For each of you to note your parts,
 And act it, as occasion's offer'd you.
 You must provide a Turkish cap, 140
 A black mustachio and a falchion;

[Gives a paper to Balthazar.]

You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes;

[Gives another to Lorenzo.]

And, madam, you must attire yourself

[*He giveth Bellimperia another.*]

Like Phœbe, Flora, or the huntress,
Which to your discretion shall seem best.
And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And, with the ransom that the viceroy sent,
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.

150

Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

Hier. A comedy?

Fie! comedies are fit for common wits:
But to present a kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written tragedy;
Tragœdia cothurnata, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My lords, all this must be perform'd,
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action.

160

Lor. And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.

Hier. In Paris? mass! and well remember'd!

There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Bal. What's that, Hieronimo? forget not anything.

Hier. Each one of us

Must act his part in unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety:
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bellimperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

170

Bel. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

Bal. But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hier. It must be so; for the conclusion

Shall prove the invention and all was good:

And I myself in an oration,

180

And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known:

And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why, thus my lord:

We must resolve to soothe his humours up.

Bal. On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soon.

Hier. You'll ply this gear?

Lor. I warrant you.

[Exeunt all but Hieronimo.]

Hier. Why so:

Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heav'ns in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. 190

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter ISABELLA with a weapon.

Isab. Tell me no more!—O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murder'd my beloved son.

[She cuts down the arbour.]

Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine: 200

Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.

I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden-plot—:
Accursèd complot of my misery!

Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoe'er
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd!

An eastern wind, commix'd with noisome airs, 210

Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
The earth with serpents shall be pesterèd,
And passengers, for fear to be infect,
Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell:

"There, murder'd, died the son of Isabel."

Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace:

See, where his ghost solicits, with his wounds,

Revenge on her that should revenge his death.

Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;

For sorrow and despair hath cited me

220

To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth:

Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excus'd

Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths

Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath.—

Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,

Forgiv'st the murd'ers of thy noble son,

And none but I bestir me—to no end!

And as I curse this tree from further fruit,

So shall my womb be cursèd for his sake;

And with this weapon will I wound the breast,

230

The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.

[*She stabs herself.*]

SCENE III,

Enter HIERONIMO; he knocks up the curtain,

Enter the Duke of CASTILE.

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,
That you take all this pain?

Hier. O sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well.

But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,

To give the king the copy of the play:

This is the argument of what we show.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, my good lord.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me entreat your grace

240

That, when the train are pass'd into the gallery,

You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo.

[*Exit Castile.*]

Hier. What, are you ready, Balthazar?

Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with a chair.

Well done, Balthazar! hang up the title:
Our scene is Rhodes;—what, is your beard on?

Bal. Half on; the other is in my hand.

Hier. Despatch for shame; are you so long? [*Exit Balthazar.*

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs 250
Thou hast receiv'd by murder of thy son,
And lastly—not least!—how Isabel,
Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.
Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd!
The plot is laid of dire revenge:
On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge;
For nothing wants but acting of revenge!

[*Exit Hieronimo.*

SCENE IV.

*Enter SPANISH KING, VICEROY, the DUKE OF CASTILE,
and their train.*

King. Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor, 260
Perform'd—of pleasure—by your son the prince,
My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.

Vic. Who? Bellimperia?

King. Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do't themselves:
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain,
Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper:
This is the argument of that they show.

[*He giveth him a book.*

*Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was
thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the
easier understanding to every public reader.*

Enter BALTHAZAR, BELLIMPERIA, and HIERONIMO.

Bal. *Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heav'ns the honour,
And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet!*

*And be thou grac'd with every excellence
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less
Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,
The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.*

270

King. See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son,
That represents the emperor Soliman:

How well he acts his amorous passion!

Vic. Ay, Bellimperia hath taught him that.

280

Cast. That's because his mind runs all on Bellimperia.

Hier. Whatever joy earth yields, betide your majesty.

Bal. Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.

Hier. Let then Perseda on your grace attend.

Bal. She shall not wait on me, but I on her:

Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.

But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth,

Erasto, dearer than my life to me,

That he may see Perseda, my belov'd.

Enter ERASTO.

King. Here comes Lorenzo: look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

290

Bel. Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.

Lor. Thrice happy is Erasto that thou liv'st;

Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy:

Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.

Bal. Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto

And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.

Hier. Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,

And then Perseda will be quickly won.

Bal. Erasto is my friend; and while he lives,

300

Perseda never will remove her love.

Hier. Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.

Bal. Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your rival, let him die.

Bal. Why, let him die!—so love commandeth me.

Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.

Hier. Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,

*And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd.*

[Stabs him.

Bel.

Ay me!

310

Bal. *Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.*

*Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increas'd,
If by Perseda his grief be not releas'd.*

Bel. *Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits ;*

*Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seiz'd on my Erasto, harmless knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey :*

320

*But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince :*

[Stabs him.

And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.

[Stabs herself.

King. Well said!—Old marshal, this was bravely done!

Hier. But Bellimperia plays Perseda well!

Vic. Were this in earnest, Bellimperia.

You would be better to my son than so.

King. But now what follows for Hieronimo?

Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:

330

Here break we off our sundry languages,

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.

Haply you think—but bootless are your thoughts—

That this is fabulously counterfeit,

And that we do as all tragedians do:

To die to-day (for fashioning our scene)

The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,

And in a minute starting up again,

Revive to please to-morrow's audience.

No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,

340

The hopeless father of a hapless son,

Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,

Not to excuse gross errors in the play.

I see, your looks urge instance of these words;

Behold the reason urging me to this: [Shows his dead son.

See here my show, look on this spectacle,

Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end;

Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:

Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost;
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft: 350
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, fail'd, died, yea, all decay'd with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murder'd me that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate: Lorenzo and young Balthazar;
The love: my son to Bellimperia.
But night, the cov'rer of accursèd crimes,
With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure 360
To take advantage in my garden-plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio:
There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,
In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death.
He shrieks: I heard (and yet, methinks, I hear)
His dismal outcry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you see.
And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle? 370
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
'Tis like I wail'd for my Horatio.
And you, my lord, whose reconcilèd son
March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"—
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipp'd 380
Within the river of his bleeding wounds:
It as propitious, see, I have reserv'd,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, O, these accursèd murderers:
Which now perform'd my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the bashaw I became
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes, 390

That I might kill him more conveniently.
 So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
 That Soliman which Bellimperia,
 In person of Perseda, murderèd:
 Solely appointed to that tragic part
 That she might slay him that offended her.
 Poor Bellimperia miss'd her part in this:
 For though the story saith she should have died,
 Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
 Did otherwise determine of her end;
 But love of him whom they did hate too much
 Did urge her resolution to be such.—
 And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
 Author and actor in this tragedy,
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
 And will as resolute conclude his part,
 As any of the actors gone before.
 And, gentles, thus I end my play;
 Urge no more words: I have no more to say.

400

[He runs to hang himself.]

King. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!
 Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain! 410

Vic. We are betray'd; my Balthazar is slain!
 Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.
[They break in and hold Hieronimo.]
 Hieronimo,

Do but inform the king of these events;
 Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
 Which I this day have offer'd to my son.
 Accursèd wretch!

Why stay'st thou him that was resolv'd to die?

King. Speak, traitor! damnèd, bloody murd'rer, speak! 420
 For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
 Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Vic. Why hast thou murderèd my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butcher'd both my children thus?

Hier. *[But are you sure they are dead?]*

Cast. *Ay, slave, too sure.*

Hier. *What, and yours too?*

Vic. *Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.*

Hier. *Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends;*

Let us lay our heads together :

See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

430

Vic. *O damnèd devil, how secure he is !*

Hier. *Secure ? why, dost thou wonder at it ?*

*I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.*

*Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heav'ns to go to, as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.]*

O, good words !

440

*As dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revengèd thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heav'ns be yet aveng'd
With greater far than these afflictions.*

Cast. *But who were thy confederates in this ?*

Vic. *That was thy daughter Bellimperia ;*

For by her hand my Balthazar was slain :

450

I saw her stab him.

King.

Why speak'st thou not ?¹

¹ Instead of ll. 451 (second half: "Why speak'st thou not") to 462, the Qq. from 1602 onwards have the following passage (they have also put ll. 448-451, first half, before l. 440):

[Hier.] *Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,*

I cannot look with scorn enough on death.

King. *What, dost thou mock us, slave ? bring tortures forth.*

Hier. *Do, do, do : and meantime I'll torture you.*

You had a son, as I take it ; and your son

Should ha' been married to your daughter :

Ha, was it not so ?—You had a son too,

He was my liege's nephew ; he was proud

And politic ; had he liv'd, he might have come

To wear the crown of Spain (I think 'twas so)—

'Twas I that kill'd him ; look you, this same hand,

'Twas it that stabb'd his heart—do ye see this hand ?

For one Horatio, if you ever knew him : a youth,

One that they hang'd up in his father's garden ;

One that did force your valiant son to yield,

While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.

Vic. *Be deaf, my senses ; I can hear no more.*

King. *Fall, heav'n, and cover us with thy sad ruins.*

Cast. *Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.*

Hier. *Now do I applaud what I have acted.*

Nunc iners cadat manus !

Now to express the rapture of my part—

Hier. What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? then afford it me.
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

King. Fetch forth the tortures: traitor as thou art,
I'll make thee tell.

Hier. Indeed,
Thou may'st torment me, as his wretched son
Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio:
But never shalt thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vow'd inviolate. 460
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

[He bites out his tongue.]

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch!
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we requir'd.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch. 470

[Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.]

Cast. O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

Vic. Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth.—
Look to my brother! save Hieronimo!

[He with a knife stabs the duke and himself.]

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That Spain expected after my decease!—
Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our belovèd brother's death—:
That he may be entomb'd!—Whate'er befall,
I am the next, the nearest, last of all. 480

Vic. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untamèd gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,

To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingal.

[The trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Portingal bearing the body of his son.]

SCENE V.

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

- Ghost.* Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires: 490
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bellimperia stabb'd;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo;
My Bellimperia fall'n, as Dido fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by himself: 500
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul!—
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inur'd;
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain;
I'll lead my Bellimperia to those joys, 510
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge—for thou must help, or none—
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?
- Rev.* This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but Furies, bugs and tortures dwell.
- Ghost.* Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest,
Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe, 520

And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease
(Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimæra's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

530

Rev. Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes:
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes;
For here though death hath end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy.

[*Exeunt.*]

GLOSSARY

- ABHOR** (from), to be averse, contrary to
ABIDE, endure, suffer
ABSTRACT, summary
ABUSE, deceive; insult
ACCIDENT, incident
ADRAD, from verb *adread*, fill with fear, dread
ADVISE, consider, bethink
ADVISED, "WELL-," in sound senses
AGLET, tag of a lace, or cord, often ornamented
ALLOW, approve
ALL-TO, entirely, completely
AMBAGE, circumlocution
ANGEL, gold coin worth ten shillings, stamped with figure of the archangel Michael
ANSWER, recompense, repay
APPARENTLY, plainly
APPLY, agree with
APPROVE, prove, testify
APT, ready, willing, fit
ARCHITECT, (?) archetype (Dyce); (?) architecture
ARGUMENT, proof, token
ARTIFICER, artisan

BALLACE, ballast, steady
BASILISK, fabulous reptile, believed to slay with its eye
BATE, flutter with the wings, preparatory to flight (term of falconry)
BATTERY, assault
BEDARE, defy
BEDESMAN, prayer-man, generally one engaged to pray for another
BEHIGHT, promise
BEHOOVE, behove, be necessary, incumbent
BERAY, soil, defile
BESRAY, betray, reveal
BODE, from the verb *bide*, endure
BOLSTERED, (?) bolstered, matted
BOOK-KEEPER, prompter
BOOT, avail, help; something given into the bargain
BOOTLESS, without remedy, of no avail

BOTCHER, mender of old clothes, etc.
BOW, bend
BRABBLE (brabbling), brawl
BRAID, start
BRAVERY, bravado, defiance
"BREATHY-SWORDS," words like swords
BROOK, digest; endure, suffer
BRUIT, report
BUG, bugbear
BUTTING, abutting
BYE, aby, atone for

CAREFUL, full of, requiring care
CATES, provisions, dainties
CENSURE, judgment, sentence, opinion
CENSURE, pass sentence
CHARM, exercise magic influence
CHECK, chide
CHEER, countenance, disposition; entertainment
CHEERLY, cheerily
CIVIL, belonging to, employed for, civil war
CLEPE, call, name
CLOSE WITH, come to agreement; come to close quarters
CLOSELY, secretly
CLOY, satisfy, satiate
COCKSHUT, twilight, time when woodcocks were caught in a net, called a "cockshut" (Nares); time when poultry go to roost (?)
COIL, trouble, commotion, "to do"
COISTREL, low varlet
COLT(COWL)STAFF, pole for carrying a cowl, tub
COMPLAT, complot
CONCEIT, idea, fancy, conception, opinion
CONCEIT, conceive, devise
CONCEIVED, possessed
CONSENT, agree
CONSORT, accompany
CONTEMN, despise, disdain
CONTEND, strive, struggle
CONVEYANCE, secret management, artful contrivance
CONVINCE, convict

COPESMATE, companion

COR'SIVE, corrosive

COSTARD, head

COUCH (dishonour), uncertain meaning; perhaps to locate, supply details of time and place

COUNTENANCE, be in keeping with

COUNTER, city court prison

COUNTERFEIT, image, portrait

COUNTERMUR'D, with double wall

CUNNING, skill, knowledge

CUNNING, skilful, knowing

CURIOUS, elaborate, intricate

CURRENTLY, accordingly

CURST, shrewish

DAG, pistol

DANGERLESS, free from danger

DANK, damp

DAUNT, subdue

DEFEND, forbid, prevent

DELIVERY, deliverance

DEPART, departure, going away

DERIVE, pass, or receive, by inheritance

DESPITE, spite, malicious hate

DESPITEFUL, spiteful, malicious

DETECT, inform against, reveal

DING, fling, dash

DISCOLOURED, of various colours

DISCONTENT, sorrow, displeasure

DISCOVER, reveal, make known

DISTAIN, sully, disgrace

DOOM, sentence

DOTE, act, speak unreasonably

DRIFT, intention, design

DUCAT, gold coin of varying value, current in Europe; Venetian ducat worth about nine shillings

DURING, lasting

EAR, till, plough

EKE, also, likewise

ENGINE, instrument, agent

ENSUE, succeed

ENTREAT, beseech, persuade; treat

ERST, formerly

EXASPERATE, aggravate, provoke

EXCEPT, accept

EXTIRPEN, extirpate

FACT, deed, crime

FAVOUR, comeliness, beauty

FEAR, affright

FEATURE, general appearance

FETCH, stratagem, device

FILED, polished

FLAW, sudden gust or squall of wind

FOND, foolish

FORCE, "HOUSE OF —," fortified house

FORSLOW, delay

FOSTER, forester

FRETFUL, fretting, gnawing

FRIGHT, frighten

GEAR, matter, affair

GIGLOT, wanton

GITE, splendour,

"GIVE BACK," retreat, draw back

GRAVED, entombed

GREE, "MAKE A-," come to an agreement

GRIPE, griffin, vulture

GUERDON, recompense

HAGGARD, wild, untamed (a haggard was a wild female hawk caught in her adult plumage)

HANSEL, give something as a token of good luck, or as an earnest or pledge

HAP, chance, fortune

HAP, happen, chance

HARQUEBUS, fire-arm in use previous to the musket

HATEFUL, harbouring hate, malignant

HEARTY, heartfelt

HEST, command

HIGHT, called, named

HOUGH-MONDAY, Monday in Hocktide (second Monday after Easter).

A season of festivity and old ceremonies, said to have been instituted in commemoration of a victory over the Danes. At this season church dues were collected (see Brand "Antiquities")

HOUGHT, hocked, hamstrung

HUMOUROUS, full of whims, capricious

ILL-THEWED, ill-mannered (Oxford Dict.)

IMPETRATE, procure

INCENSE, inflame, kindle

INFECT, tainted, corrupt

INFECTIVE, infecting, infectious

INJURIOUS, insulting, pernicious

INSTANCE, proof, evidence

INSULT, show insolence and contempt, triumph over

INTEND, express, design to express

INTENT, "TO THIS —," to this end

INTENTIVE, intent, eagerly attentive

INTERCEPT, prevent, cut off from
 INTREAT, treat, use
 INURE, accustom, habituate
 INURED, practised continually,
 habitual
 IRK, annoy, trouble

JET, strut
 JETTY, black
 JOY, enjoy

KIND, nature; kindred
 KINDLESS, without natural feeling

LADE, load, fill
 LEAVE, leave off, cease
 LEESE, lose
 LET, hinder
 LEWD, base, ignorant
 LIKE, please
 LIME, catch with bird-lime, ensnare
 LIST, like, choose, wish; listen
 LOATHE, to cause loathing
 LORDAINE, clown
 LOT, allot

MACE, club, weapon of war
 "MAIN BATTLE," main body of an
 army

MATTED, dull, lustreless
 MEAN, measure, method
 MEED, reward

MERELY, entirely, absolutely
 MIND, intend

MINDFUL, bearing in remembrance
 MISCONSTER, misconstrue
 MITHRIDATE, an antidote to poison,
 so called after the famous King
 of Pontus who made himself
 poison-proof

MOTION, proposal, request
 MUSCADO, (?) a musket (Oxford
 Dict.)

MUTCHADO, moustache

NE, nor
 NICE(LY), fastidious(ly), scrupu-
 lous(ly)
 NILL, will not

OLD, hyperbolical expression:
 "grand," "rare"

ONCE, once for all; used for addi-
 tional emphasis

ORGANON, organ, instrument
 OVERTHROW, to fall over, or down

painted with scenes and mottoes,
 with which rooms were hung
 PANTOFLES, slippers, or other light
 foot-gear

PARBREAK, vomit

PART, apportion

PASSIONATE, melancholy, sorrowful

PATHAIRE, (?) a passionate outburst,
 (Oxford Dict.); variant of patar,
 petar, petard (Gollancz, Lamb's
 specimens, 1893)

PINED, afflicted

PITCH, set; fix, settle

PLAIN, make complaint

PLANCHER, planking, floor

PLAT, plan, plot

PLATFORM, scheme, plot

PLAUSIBLE, pleasing, worthy of
 applause

PLENISH, be replenished

POPULOUS, popular, belonging to,
 or befitting, the people

PORTINGAL, Portugal

PRACTICE, plot, connivance

PRACTISE, plot, conspire

PRECISIAN, puritan

PREASE, press, hasten

PREFER, promote

PRESENT(LY), immediate(ly)

PRETENCE, design, intention

PRETEND, intend

PREVENT, anticipate

PROTRACT, delay

QUAINT, artful, cunning

QUICK, alive, living

QUITAL, requital

QUITTANCE, repay

RACE, raze

RACK, drifting vapour, scud; clouds
 in the upper air driven by the wind

RAMPIER, rampart

RANDOM, act without restraint

RASCAL, base, pertaining to the
 rabble

REACHING, far-reaching

REAVE, bereave

RECK, heed, care for

RECORD, sing, warble

RECOURSE, flow, flowing into

RECURE, restore

REDE, counsel

REFUSE, reject

REMORSEFUL, compassionate

REPAIR, renew, restore

RESOLVE, decide

"PAINTED CLOTH," cloth, or canvas

RESPECT, consideration, motive

RESTING, (?) continued, unalterable;
 perhaps wresting, extorting
ROUND, bring round; whisper
ROUNDLY, without circumlocution
RUTH, pity
RUTHFUL, pitiful
SCONCE, fort, bulwark
SCORN, reproach, disgrace
SEAM RENT, ragged
SECRETARY, one to whom secrets
 are confided, confidant
SECURE(LY), confident(ly), unsus-
 pecting(ly)
SELD, seldom
SENSELESS, void of feeling
SENSIBLE, having power of perceiv-
 ing by the senses; able to feel
SHEND, protect, defend
SIGHTED, endowed with sight
SILLY, weak, helpless, simple,
 innocent
SITH, since
SKILLLESS, irrational, reckless
SLEIGHT, stratagem
SLIPSHOE, slipper
SOLICIT, advocate, plead for
SOOTHE, flatter; confirm, bear out
SORT, company, multitude
SORT, allot; choose, select
SPOIL, despoil, plunder
STANDING, point of vantage
STATE, "IN —," legally
STAY, restraint, support, condition
 of permanence
STAY, delay, check
STEAD, assist, befriend
STILL, distill
STRANGE, distant in behaviour
STY, mount, soar
SUFFERANCE, long-suffering, sub-
 mission, suffering
SURCEASE, cease

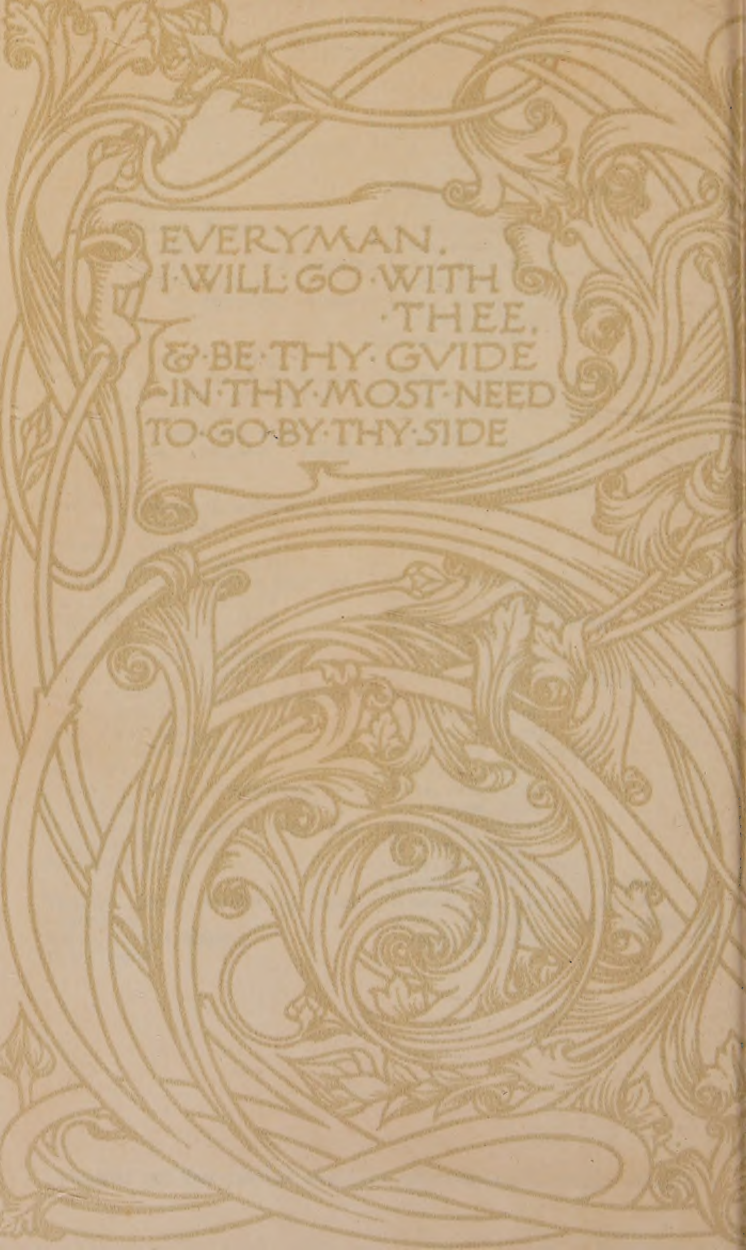
TABLES, game, similar to back-
 gammon
TAINT, attain, convict
TALL, brave

TENDER, cherish, regard with care
 and esteem
THOUGHTFUL, anxious
TOIL, snare
TOIL, fatigue, wear out
TOWARDNESS, willingness, docility,
 aptness
TRAIN, treachery
TRICK, deck, adorn
TROLL, circulate, send round
TROTH, truth
TRUSS, tie up for hanging
 "TURN OFF," hang
TWINK, twinkle

UNHAP, mischance, misfortune
UNKIND(LY), unnatural
UNRESOLVED, not having come to a
 decision
UNSKILFUL, lacking judgment and
 understanding
UNVALUED, invaluable
URE, habit, use

VILD, vile

WAGER, hire for wage
WANT, to be lacking
WARD, guard (in fencing)
WAIST, girdle
WATCHET, pale blue
WEESEL, weasand, windpipe
WHENAS, when
WHETHER, which
WHILOM, formerly
WHIPSTALK, whipstock
WHISTLY, silently
WILL, desire (him)
WIT, know, learn
WITHOUT, beyond
WREAK, avenge
WREAKFUL, avenging
WRITHE(N), twist, contort(ed)
WROKE, from the verb *wreak*
WRY, deviating from justice or
 truth, perverted



EVERYMAN.
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE



